

C-1504



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1874.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



IT was the mid of night: "Twelve" clashed from the great bell of St. Paul's. Almost at the same moment—allowing for the difference of longitude—"Twenty-four" clanged from the great bell of St. Peter's. Two venerable forms sat on the oblate part of the terrestrial spheroid, listening.

"*Urbi!*" shrilled PAPA PUNCH, as the last boom of St. Paul's died away.

"*Orbi!*" sighed PAPA PIUS, as if in unison with the dying thrill of St. Peter's.

Then, suddenly turning on their respective axes, they surveyed each other—these two INFALLIBLES!

"That's '*urbi et orbi*' between us," remarked PAPA PUNCH, blandly.

"I do not divide my Empire," grumbled PAPA PIUS, edging away from his companion.

"Why not?" said PAPA PUNCH, cheerfully. "The world has seen two Popes sharing St. Peter's Chair between 'em before this. But where CLEMENT and URBAN fought, let PUNCH and PIUS fraternise."

"*Apaga, Sathanas . . . Excommunico te—Anathema—*" But the hand of PAPA PUNCH was already on the lips of PAPA PIUS.

"*Connut, mon vieux. . .* 'It won't go off!'—you know. Keep your breath to cool your *pasta*. Cursing is the worst use the wind of man can be put to. Suppose we reasoned?"

"Cursing is in my line. Reasoning isn't," angrily retorted PAPA PIUS. "*Sum Pater infallibilis,*" he went on, "*et sum super ratiocinationem,*" and he closed his eyes, folded his hands over his abdomen, and smiled to himself with an air of ineffable self-satisfaction.

"But when there are two Infallibles, my dear PIUS, I really don't see how our respective claims are to be settled. Unless, indeed," added PAPA PUNCH, with a flash of happy inspiration, "you liked to toss for it."

"Agreed!" said PAPA PIUS, eagerly, whipping out a penny.

"One of Peter's?" asked PAPA PUNCH, winking interrogatively towards the coin.

"I believe you, my boy," replied PAPA PIUS, winking back. "There's more where that came from. Here goes!—'heads I win, tails you lose,'"—and he prepared to spin the consecrated coin.

"O fie, Papa," good-humouredly remonstrated PAPA PUNCH. "Not if I know it."

"That's our Roman game," said PAPA PIUS, pausing in act to spin, with an air of injured innocence. "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,*—you know."

"Yes, I know. So suppose, instead of tossing, we split our difference—divide the world between us?"

"'*Divide et impera,*' you mean, of course?" was PAPA PIUS's more complacent rejoinder. "An excellent principle, and one those dear Fathers of the Congregation understand to perfection, as they may show your BISMARCKS and your GLADSTONES one of these days."

"'*Divide et impera*' be it. The old women of both sexes, and the Priests in both Churches fall to you by a process of natural selection, and I'll throw you in all the *dilettante* who want Churches turned into playhouses, 'with appropriate music, dresses, and decorations,' and all who would rather *not* call their souls their own, but prefer to have their faiths fixed, and their minds made up for them. Then you may have all who have never read history, or seen through *pious* fiction; all who've forgotten there ever was such a thing as an Inquisition in Spain, or faggots in Smithfield."

"Ah, happy days!" sighed PAPA PIUS. "When the Secular Arm was in its proper place, under the orders of the Spiritual Head. There was a Christendom *then*!—now, 'tis a Chaos. And *you*," he went on, his urbanity gradually oozing away through his irritation, "you dare to sit there, and look me in the face, and call yourself Infallible! *You* Infallible, indeed!—Where's your *cathedra*?"

"In the office, 85, Fleet Street, Editor's room—first-floor front."

"And your Bark of St. Peter?"

"I'll back *Toby's* against it."

"And your pastoral staff?"

PAPA PUNCH held up his truncheon.

"And your Ring?"

"Roo-too-it!" chimed PAPA PUNCH, with one of his most tintinnabulary flourishes.

"And your Keys?"

"Wit and Wisdom!"

"And your Apostolic See?"

"Rome—like your own. I was established there from times even anterior to yours. Can I not trace my At-*lantic* succession from *Maccus* and *Pappus*—through *Pulcinellus*—down to PUNCH—your humble servant—simple as he stands here?"

"And your General Councils?"

"The Wise of all time."

"Your badges of Universality?—your '*quod semper*'?"

"My good sense and good humour."

"Your '*quod ubique*'?"

"My circulation."

"Your '*quod ab omnibus*'?"

"My welcome!"

"But you ain't Infallible. There can't be two Infallibles, I tell you—and I'm the only one now travelling, and here's my title-deed!" So saying, he drew from under his cassock a huge roll, inscribed, "Infallibility; Vatican Decree, 1870." "And I don't care for your DOLLINGERS, or GLADSTONES, or ACTONS, or PETRES, or CAMOYSES—e'er a one of 'em—and I dare any of 'em to tread on the tails of my coat." And the old gentleman, now thoroughly irritated by self-assertion, brandished the roll wildly, and prepared to come down with it—"whack"—on PUNCH's devoted head!

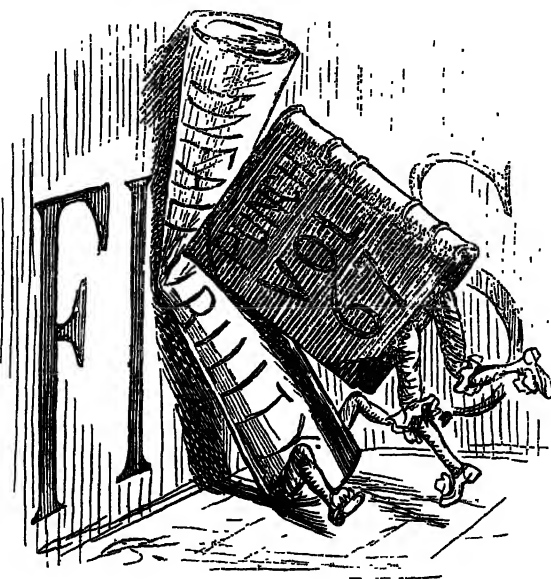
Luckily, that Protestant Papa Antipapa was able, by a nimble movement, to upheave VOLUME SIXTY-SEVEN as a buckler between the Holy Father's swashing blow and his devoted pate.

The untrustworthy weapon collapsed at contact with the sevenfold shield of Bull's-hide,—appropriate binding of Bull's bosom friend and breast-plate—PUNCH.

Hitherto that Hero had stood on the defensive; but, like *Fitz-James's* blade in the encounter with *Roderick Dhu*, PA PUNCH's book "was sword and shield."

From defence to offence was but a step.

When grey morning rose upon the encounter, PAPA PUNCH had PAPA PIUS on the reel—and, with the sharpest points of Volume Sixty-seven, was beating a terrible tattoo on the venerable bread-basket of the Holy Father, who vainly attempted to interpose between his midriff and that irresistible battering-ram the weak defence of the Vatican Infallibility Decree!





ARCH AND KEYSTONE.

(See the Report of the great Manchester Unions' Meeting. Times, Monday, June 22.)

"MARCH, with your ARCH, of one mind multitudinous!
Hurry in legions to Manchester town!
Union has wakened new life and strange mood in us:
Under our loads we'll no longer sit down.
March, not a man awry!
Wave Union banners high,
Through the thick smoke-wreath, the factories' crown.

"What do we want? Why the answer is summary;
What we've a right to is all we demand:
Anything less is sheer nonsense and flummery—
Make but the labourers lords of the land!
As sure as HALLIDAY
Says so, there shall a day
Come for fulfilling a notion so grand.

"Porches with woodbine and plots of geranium
Don't make the labourer's leaky thatch snug:
With no food in his stomach, and brains in his cranium.
Think of him, after all day he has dug,
Coming home wearily,
Supperless, dearly
Laid on his straw, aching bones and thin rug!

"Picturesqueness, indeed! and the charm of antiquity!
Ask HODGE of that in his tumble-down shed;
Ask country Parsons to strive with iniquity,
In flocks housed like pigs, but not half as well fed.
Whose is the knavery
Dooms to such slavery?
Knave there are *somewhere*—that's plain to be read."

ARCH, ARCH, much that you say is right;
Right too is much you provoke of replies:
If you must lead the blind, see that the way is right,
See that *you* make a good use of your eyes.
Farmer and labourer
Still next-door neighbour are—
Who sows strife 'tween them had need to be wise.

Have a care, Labourer, Farmer, and Bishop,
Heads soon get heated, twixt keen tongue and pen;
Hard words to fling at each other why fish up?
Hard words, so easily flung back again!
One key-stone strong, if small,
Holds up *this* Arch, and all,
"Do as you'd be done by"—the one rule for men!

BENEFIT FOR BABES.

THOUGH the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has withdrawn from his Friendly Societies Bill (to be reintroduced next Session) the intended prohibition of the Life Insurance of Infants under three years old, he proposes to subject that practice to restrictions which will render it unobjectionable. The objection to its unconditional allowance appears to be that, for little Children, what is termed Life Insurance is, on the contrary, not seldom the insurance of an untimely end. Perhaps this does not happen quite so often as to justify the suspicion of a real Massacre of the Innocents, but the idea of it is quite sufficient to necessitate every precaution that members of the institutions named Benefit Clubs shall not be suffered to insure their infants' lives to an amount which would exceed the sum-total of a reasonable undertaker's bill in the event of their deaths. Benefit Clubs are vulgarly called Coffin Clubs, not without reason. It seems that, in some cases, they facilitate the insurance not only of coffins for children but also of children for coffins.

Something Like Business.

THE Government having acceded to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY's request that "Letters of Business" may be granted to Convocation, let us hope that Convocation will make it their business to prepare, for the early consideration of Parliament, the project of an additional "Act of Uniformity" for the regulation, once for all, of ecclesiastical uniforms.

Conservative Schooling.

A PUBLIC meeting was convened the other day at the Mansion House by the LORD MAYOR, in aid of the Royal Normal College for the Education of the Blind. The assistance of the PREMIER should be solicited on behalf of this useful charity. He could instruct the teachers of the blind in the method of tuition by which he "educated his Party."

Reasonable Hours.

IN the opinion of MR. DISRAELI, half-past eleven in the House of Commons is "a time very favourable to the progress of business." But should not the House of Commons, by closing at a reasonable hour, set an example to other public houses?

EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL FEAT.

THE orator continued speaking for three-quarters of an hour, after having expressly stated at the outset that he really had no voice in the matter.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Though CROSS should have blundered
Into antics topsy-turvy,
Which the little WITTLER have sundred
From his great friend, the Conservative;
Though BAUCON would be upstetter
In BAUCON's colours have run,
And nbgdy's the better
After all's been said and done,

Take CAVENDISH's leaven
Of comfort, that if an angel
Had come down straight from Heaven,
With a Licensing-Bill-Evangel,
That Bill they had laid their claws on,—
These Publicans and sinners,—
And CROSS and WILFRID LAWSON
'Gainst angel had come off winners.

The Third Reading was carried by 328 to 39.

("Pass it, and have done with it," says *Punch* for all England, in and out of Parliament.
'Tis a bad piece of work, and the sooner it is got rid of the better.)

Everybody urged the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER not to press on his Friendly Societies Bill. So it was committed *pro forma*, and will stand over. The subject wants legislating for, if you can by any legislation weed out the rotten from the sound Societies. As it is, Government is putting its registration-mark on life-belts stuffed with straw; ignorant people persist in reading "Registered" into "Cork-Warranted"; and, when they come to trust themselves to the belt of straw, go down.

Better no stamp than a misleading one. Rather throw upon the public the responsibility of testing their own life-belts than induce trust in a supposed Government guarantee which guarantees nothing.

Tuesday.—Their Lordships had a talk over two claimants for their protection—Wild Birds and Pauper Babies. But as our statutory protection of our feathered friends (according to LORD CAIRNS) is like INSPECTOR BUCKLAND's kind treatment of the Salmon, meant merely to bring down their price in the market, it may be doubted if our *protégés* have so much reason to be

obliged to us as might seem at first sight.

LORD SALISBURY administered a very scientific wiggling to LORD SANDHURST for putting his criticisms of the India Council Bill into a letter to the *Times*, instead of a speech to the House of Lords. LORD SANDHURST has the reputation of being a master of the art of "wiggling." How does he like it? (Can he say (with BUTLER, slightly altered)—

"The pleasure is as big
Of being wiggled as to wig"?)

The Commons were in Committee on the Factories' Bill. PROFESSOR FAWCETT repeated his reasons against the Bill, and divided, 59 to 212, against the clause limiting the labour of adult women.

The Bill passed through Committee unaltered, in a single sitting. Fifty-six-and-a-half hours' factory work per week will soon be the law of the land. *Prosit!* And may we not soon have to alter the popular proverb into—"All play and no work makes JACK a dull boy"? *Punch* only wishes he could bring his week's work into fifty-six-and-a-half hours. To his friends under the Act he will only say—

"Now you have leisure,
Husband the treasure;
Spend with due measure,
Nor waste in low pleasure."

Monday, June 22.—The Judicature Bills (England and Ireland) were reported and read a Third Time, with a last word—not *sale*, but *male*. dictory—from LORD REDESDALE and LORD DENMAN—*par nobile fratrum*—brothers in saying *no* to the Bill.

MR. DISRAELI has promised MR. BUTT Thursday next for that great Irish v. English bull run—the Home-Rule Debate.

Intoxicating Liquors were passed round for the Third and last time, after a final protest from SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and a rattling broadside, double-shot, from GOSCHEN into CROSS. Fie! never hit a man when he's down!

Wednesday.—Was MR. PLIMSOLL'S, who moved his Bill, directing the Board of Trade to survey all unclassified ships, prohibiting deckloads between September and April, and requiring a lead-line to be marked on all ships' hulls. Everybody was anxious to forward the object of the Bill, many doubtful how far the Bill would effect its object, and a majority of three (173 to 170) of opinion that the Bill should not be pushed, till the report of the Unseaworthy Ships' Commission, just signed, and not yet distributed, could be considered. To lose the Bill by a majority of three under such circumstances was to carry it. The House, like the Country, has made up its mind against further toleration of floating cossins. MR. PLIMSOLL deserves the credit of having brought England to this mind, and MR. *Punch* hereby awards it him. Of course, MR. PLIMSOLL has been indiscreet. People who attack great evils and large interests, always are—more power to such indiscretion, says *Punch*. At the same time, in this as in all war upon evil, the less mud flung and the less ill blood stirred the better; and so *Punch* congratulates his friend PLIMSOLL on the most moderate measure, and the least aggressive speech, yet made on a subject fit to provoke a saint, and make an angel aggressive.

Thursday.—The Archbishop's Bill was read a Third Time, and passed. There is conflict of opinion about it among the talking Lords, but the voting Lords declared in its favour by a large majority. It is a Bill of procedure, not doctrine. Of course, if worked one-sidedly, it will only please one side—the one it is not worked against. But the evil has grown to such a head (said LORD SELBORNE), that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has no choice but to grapple with it by hook or by crook, and, in fact, the Bill is the hook and crook needed to catch and pull up a host of Ritualistic sheep, who will leap from the English pale into the Roman.

At the same time, it *may* be used to hook Low Church strays as well, if they overleap the Church fence, though it wasn't made or meant for *them*. LORD SALISBURY hates the Bill, and doesn't care who knows it. He gave it as many parting kicks as he could put into his farewell oration, and contemptuously christened it "a Bill to give £3000 a year to the DEAN OF ARCHES, and to re-enact certain minor provisions of the Church Discipline Act." Very good—A rod by any other name will flog as well. The monks use, or used to use, a scourge, technically called a discipline, on their own backs. Our monk-ily inclined Anglicans distinctly kick against all discipline administered to *them*. Their function they conceive is to lay the lash on others, not to bend and bare their own backs to the scourge of the law. It remains to be seen if the discipline is there, and the hands to lay it on. If not, it may come to a case of "Spare the rod, and split the Church of England."

The Wellington Monument, like the Rhone glacier, is moving, though, hitherto, not at a rate perceptible to the eye. The recumbent Duke, we rejoice to learn, is completed, and in the hands of the founder. We feared that the Iron Duke had made up his mind against being reduced to bronze, now that it is no longer used for gun-casting, and that he had vowed a vow—"Non (con)funder in eternum." After all that has been said, *Punch* is glad to learn that there is at last a chance of something being done—besides the Public; and that MR. STEPHENS really has a cast in his eye, instead of being totally blind to his obligations in this matter.

MR. BUTT had his kick at the Irish Judicial appointments, which he wants made non-political. Ireland must wait till she gets Home Rule, for appointments made on the score of merit apart from politics. MR. MITCHELL HENRY and MR. PLUNKETT had a very pretty bit of sparring—and of course a sprinkling of the other Irish Members struck in.

The "ruction" over, the House went into Committee of Supply. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and COLONEL BERRSFORD pressed the claims of the staff of the British Museum, the best officered and worst paid department in the public service. Candles are not used in the Museum. So there can be no good plea for economising candle-ends there. Then they took £35,000 for the Gold Coast establishment. MR. LOWTHER explained in detail the scheme already laid before the House in generals. CAPTAIN STRAHAN, R.A., Acting Administrator at Lagos, is to be the new Governor, with £3,000 a year, and £500 for travelling expenses, which we call going decidedly cheap, as he must carry his life in his hand. His seat of government is not yet fixed, but, if possible, it is not to be in the White Man's Grave, as it has been. KING COFFEE has sent down two hundred more ounces of gold, and asked to have his son educated in England at his own expense. (Are these facts stated as grounds for hope of pleasanter relations with Ashantee? Let those who can brew tea out of exhausted tea-leaves, extract hope out of Coffee-grounds.)

MR. HANBURY was for reducing the vote by £10,000, keeping neutral between Ashantees and Fantees, and drawing the teeth of both by preventing the import of guns—"If," as the Spartan said—"If we could, we would, but how can we?" Everybody, except SIR WILFRID (is he quite sure it is not SIR WILFUL) LAWSON, is agreed we can't withdraw from the Coast. MR. HORSMAN thinks £3000 too low a figure to secure a good Governor in such a climate, and perhaps he is right; but otherwise, the Government scheme seems about as good as could be devised, and the House voted it by 267 to 47.

Friday.—LORD STRATHNAIRN charged the late Secretary for War with bad faith, in not enlisting men for short and long service together. There was a promise, he says, that they would. Now, the practice is to enlist only for short service, without pensions. Hence desertion after enlistment, deterioration in the ranks, and destitution after discharge.

LORD CARDWELL explained that it was meant to make long and short enlistments simultaneously, but, as no men came in for short, a general order was issued in May, 1871, that none should be enlisted for long—which strikes one as rather a comical comment on "the system." However, there appears to have been no bad faith.

But it seems clear Britons don't show any liking for short service thus far. LORD LANSDOWNE says you can't get an Army Reserve without it. But how if it keeps your active Army short of men, or gives you only weeds of boys in their place, and not enough of them? It seems clear the system has not got into the right grooves yet. Let us hope it will.

Consular Jurisdiction in Egypt, the Suez Canal, Welsh County Court Judges, the wrongs of Serjeants in the Army, the rights of the NAWAB NAZIM, and the further restriction, or relaxation, of cattle importation, formed the very miscellaneous *menu* of the Commons.

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

THE *London Sun* professes to appear weekly. Those who have to live in London all the year round wish it kept up to its professions.

RIVAL PRONOUNS.



THE slightest correction only is required to render the subjoined passage in MR. DISRAELI's address to the Merchant Taylors exact:—

"We have combined religious equality with a National Church (*cheers*); we have maintained the authority of monarchical and aristocratical institutions with a large distribution of political power among the people (*cheers*); and we have made a free exchange of commodities consistent with the existence of a prosperous because an untaxed native industry. (*Cheers*)." *They?*"

It will be recollected that Household Suffrage was conceded by a Conservative Government to Liberal agitation and a Liberal House of Commons. Should not "We," in connection with every one of the assertions above-quoted, have been "They?" When "We"

took credit to ourselves for Free Trade, surely, if there is any truth in Spiritualism, and there had been a medium among the Merchant Taylors, the ghost of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK would have upset the table.

A FASHIONABLE LOVE SONG.

By a May Fair Chinamaniac.

O my little tea-pot,
My tiny chiny wee pot,
I love my little tea-pot vastly better than my life!
Call me silliest of ninnies,
For it cost me fifty guineas,
And with that a pretty present I could purchase for my wife.

I could buy her a new bonnet,
And an ostrich plume upon it,
With a quarter of the money for my tea-pot I have paid;
But I loved it with such madness
That I gave the price with gladness,
And counted myself lucky such a purchase to have made.

My tea-pot's spout is broken,
In a whisper be it spoken,
And pray don't touch the handle, for 'tis riveted, you see;
In the side there are sad cracks too,
And a lid my tea-pot lacks too,
And 'tis ugly as 'tis useless in respect of making tea.

Yet I'll nurse my tea-pot nightly,
Though in shape it is unsightly,
And its colours have all vanished like the flowers of last year;
But I love my little tea-pot,
My tiny chiny wee pot,
'Cause it is such a rarity, and 'cause it is so dear!

SIXES AND SEVENS.

If Government had adhered to the intention of fixing seven instead of six as the hour for restaurants' opening on a Sunday afternoon, their Licensing Act, for that matter, preventing lodgers and others from dining betimes on Sunday, might have been described as "An Act for Restraining People from going to Church on Sunday Evenings." Even six is too late to allow anyone to get his dinner and go to Church comfortably. As there are few, if any, Dissenters in the House of Lords, and the Soepies are not bigoted, their Lordships will perhaps, in their wisdom, be pleased to restore the hour to what it was previously to 1872; namely, five o'clock. They will thus remove the antagonism created by Sabbatarian legislation between religious duties and dining with the possibility of due digestion. Surely the Bishops must perceive the expediency, if not the justice, of abating a restriction which, intended to check excursions on a Sunday, discourages Church-going.



ALL THE CANDOUR OF YOUTH.

Aunt Bella (who has just read out aloud "The Burial of Sir John Moore"). "NOW, THEN, WHICH OF THE VERSES DO YOU LIKE BEST?"

Jack (with alacrity). "O! I KNOW—'FEW AND SHORT WERE THE PRAYERS WE SAID.'"

MAGUS AMONG THE MERCHANT TAYLORS.

RIVAL of PITT, more than rival of PERCIVAL,
Minter of words, if not moulder of men,
Regions of history ranging discursive all,
Trenchant in tongue-fence as pointed of pen!
Be it to prove aught but progress impossible,
Whether 'tis Tory or Whig away the realm,
Or to show all seas safe, and all cyclone-belts crossable,
So but Conservative hands hold the helm.

"Industry, Freedom, Religion" are three things,
Methinks, not invented by WILLIAM PITT;
Any old Dowager, over her tea-things,
With that triad for text, must, perforce, make a hit.
About the last thing a wise leader would venture is
A patent to claim for e'er one of the three,
Since sturdy JOHN BULL, through continuous centuries,
Has walked the old roads, law-abiding and free.

But why weigh post-prandial words? Wherefore criticise
The bunkum bestowed at Threadneedle Street board?
Though, if it awakened the grim ghost of PITT, his eyes
Must have gleamed with dark fire at those words glibly
poured.

As he thought of his work when State weather was wilder,
And England stood single 'gainst Europe in fray,
BILLY's ghost must have whispered to BEN,—"Draw it
milder,
Till you've to meet giants in battle-array."

But long-headed DERBY to truth ventures nearer—
There's something in him (thinks JOHN BULL) besides vox,
When he tells Merchant-Taylor, his practical hearer,
Only he that can drive has a right to the box.

Let DIZZY take hint from this cool-blooded STANLEY,
And make his mind up by what road he will drive:
If he keep his team straight like a whip bold and manly,
Solid work empty words after dinner will thrive.

WORK FOR SOMEBODY.

Will somebody explain the present position of affairs in France,
and the various parties in the Assembly?

Will somebody explain why Clergymen are the only class of men
who wear comfortable hats?

Will somebody explain the Twenty-fifth Clause?

Will somebody explain why Blue-Books are not published in a more
attractive style?

Will somebody explain the Transit of Venus?

Will somebody explain the difficulty of cooking potatoes properly?

Will somebody explain the National Debt?

Will somebody explain why people always quarrel over SHAK-
SPEARE?

Will somebody explain chinamania?

Will somebody explain the use of Convocation?

Will somebody explain the delays in erecting our public buildings
and monuments?

Will somebody explain the weather?

Paternal Protectionism.

It is a truly paternal legislation that interdicts the robbery of
birds' nests. Only Paterfamilias would hardly make it a criminal
offence for little boys. Perhaps he would prefer to protect the
feathered race by fine and imprisonment from the keepers of noble
lords and honourable gentlemen, who shoot down all the hawks,
kites, buzzards, ravens, crows, magpies, and jays they can, under
the name of "vermin."



THE GREAT "TRICK ACT."

RING-MASTER (MR. CROSS). "NOW, THEN, MR. WITTLER, STAND OUT O' THE WAY!"

CLOWN (LITTLE WITTLER). "OH AH, OF CORSE! OF CORSE I GAVE 'ER A LEG-UP, AND CHALK'D 'ER SHOES OF CORSE, AND OF CORSE I'M TO GET NOTHING FOR IT! THAT'S WHAT I CALL WITTLER'S ALLOWANCE!"

[Exit, disgusted.]

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

II.—*The Cats.*

ANTONEROLY was the stranger who had bought a Catalogue and entered the Show Rue du Boulanger.

True to his vocation, he waited on MADAME TOOSEW.

She gave her orders, the Waiter being in the room.

Then he left.

Part of his mission was to gain the coast before the dawn of the following day.

To do this he was compelled to traverse the Metropolis at night.

ANTONEROLY muttered to himself "Heigho!" and passed along the deserted streets.

He seemed to be treading on the silent tombs of the nameless and the forgotten.

He heard the march of cats through the darkness.

They rushed to an attack with loud cries, springing up suddenly from every quarter, areas, roofs, balconies, lamp-posts, gutters, lanes, passages, courts, alleys, and thoroughfares.

They flew up the trees in the squares, and scurried madly round the crescents.

All their habits were nocturnal.

The feline rule is always to appear unexpectedly.

How many tragic sights have been witnessed by the statues of the Metropolis!

At ANTONEROLY's footstep the cats fled, filling mews after mews with their unearthly cries.

Quiet neighbourhoods—back streets. These words sum up the whole of the Feline War.

They lived in purr-lieus.

It is a quarrel of localities; of family against family; tabby against tortoise-shell; pussy-cat against pussy-cat.

All our attempts, our movements in legislation, and in education, our encyclopædias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fail before the Cats.

Could its youth be trained?

The Cat's-cradle has ever been a puzzle.

They love blind-alleys. Strange blindness!

A colossal scuffle, a jangling of tittums, an immeasurable rebellion, without strategy, without plan, chivalric and savage, appearing like fantastic black shadows, tails of the past, the devastation of glass, the destruction of flower-pots in back yards, the ruin of squares, the terror of invalids—such is the sleepless warfare, the unreasoning effort of the Puscat.

ANTONEROLY passed on among the vanishing shadows.

His one word now was Progress.

Cat-astrophes have a strange faculty for arranging matters.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—*Ab Hoste doceri.*

THE summer was very hot. Ninety-three in the shade. The inhabitants of La Tristesse, where the Blues had been, were craving for amusement. The two Cirques were engaged in mortal combat. The one that could exhibit the greatest novelty would gain the day. This was certain.

THE MARKY JAMES DU CROW was the leader on one side, though he had been expected on the other. This made the latter furious. The leader on the other was GAMMON. GAMMON was the MARKY DU CROW's nephew. When they spoke of one another, the MARKY DU CROW said of him "He is my nephew;" when the nephew spoke of the MARKY DU CROW, he only said "My uncle."

At the close of a lovely summer's day, an hour before the usual time, in consequence of a recent Act of the Legislature, a man on horseback drew rein before the little inn called "The Pig and Chequers," within view of the French Coast.

The Host, seeing him, muttered to himself, "He draws rein: I draw beer."

The Traveller was enveloped in an ample cloak, which, fastened about the neck, permitted the ends of a white tie to be distinctly visible.

He had a cold in his head, and sneezed as he alighted from his smoking steed.

The Host looked at the ends of the white tie.

"Do you stop here?"

"No."

"Where are you going then?"

"To Tristesse, near Boulogne."

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"Because you had better stay here a few days. Our charges are moderate, and you'll have all the luxuries of a quiet home combined with the enjoyment of a modest but lively society. *Table d'hôte* at 6'30, and at five on Sundays."

The Traveller said, "Give my horse some oats."

The Host brought out some oats. The horse began to snuff.

The Host asked, "Does he snuff?"

"Yes."

"Then I will offer him my box. I always have a loose box for horses that snuff."

"You are a friend at a pinch."

"I am."

"What is going on?"

"Not you."

"I know. I do not speak of here, but there," and he pointed out towards the distant coast.

"By Boulogne-sur-Mer?"

"Yes; and by Tristesse."

"Cirques. Two opposition Cirques. The towns are distracted by the noise. One is ruining the other. The hotels are doing nothing." The Innkeeper added to himself, mentally, "And you have the look of a waiter."

The Horseman resumed, "You say the two Cirques are in opposition?"





THE WEDDING TRIP.

Angelina. "O!—O!—EDWIN! KISS ME, LOVE! I'M GOING TO BE SICK!"

ELECTION PUZZLES.

WHAT is a bribe?
Our grandsires might say.
What *isn't* a bribe?
Is the question to-day.
Danger inhabits
Where'er there are polls:
There are snares set with rabbits,
And snares set with coals.

DEAKIN might sneak in
'Neath ground-game a gift;
COLERIDGE bestowed on him
Very short shrift.
PARRY's been called over
Charity's coals;
And INGRAM's scarce hauled over
Same Boston shoals.

COLERIDGE's monkey
Was put up, they say,
When told how a donkey
Was once giv'n away.
"Nonsense," he thundered—
The Bench don't see fun!—
"Here 'twas eight hundred
Donkeys, not one!"

PETERSFIELD's problem
Sticks in our throat:
If one can nobble 'em,
May Paupers vote?
If rogues bribe *gratis*,
(See case of Durham),
Must *Candidatus*
Lose his seat for 'em?

Too-zealous backers
How shall we muzzle?
Ambushed attackers
How shall we chuzzle?
As we are purists,
And bribery hate,
Election-law-jurists,
Give the tip straight!

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—An accident of a most unusual character recently happened to a Commentator on SHAKESPEARE—he stuck to the text.

"Yes. Cutting each other's throats. Would you like to see the advertisements? We get them here."

The Host showed him two placards. On one was written—

"JAMES MARKY DU CROW, the only Negro Equestrian Delineator, has no connection with any other Cirque than that under the direction of WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR, known as THE GRAND ROYAL CIRCUS, where he appears every evening at 8-30 precisely, in his celebrated Banjo-and-Boney-part Act on the Bare-Backed Steed of the Boundless Prairie.

"FURTHER NOTICE.—If JAMES MARKY DU CROW sees his Nephew, MISTER GAMMON, late of the Spinnidge Observatory, in the Pit, *hissing*, he hereby gives him warning that he has given orders to have him summarily and forcibly ejected, and proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Law.

"(Signed) JAMES MARKY DU CROW."

The other ran thus:—

"GAMMON to JIM CROW.

"You're a pretty sort of an Uncle, you are! You're an old fool. You ought to know better than to be capering about on horseback at your age. You've 'given orders' about me, have you? You're always 'giving orders.' No one would come and see you if you didn't. Shut up and go home.

"GAMMON."

The Traveller in a low voice uttered these words—"It is a family war." Then he took out a soiled pocket-handkerchief, dusted the saddle, and whisked it suddenly under his left arm.

The Host murmured to himself, "Now I feel sure I am speaking to a waiter."

The Horseman continued, "Which of the two has the best of it?"

"The Marky so far. It is a better Circus. Besides, as luck would have it, when the Marky arrived he was able to offer higher terms to the Acrobatic family who had been engaged by the French Cirque Republicain, under GAMMON, which, then, lost its chief attraction. This *does* make them very wild. They are determined

to get back the Acrobatic Children at all hazards. That is what they are fighting about."

"Ah! How long does it take to get to Tristesse?"

"Two hours to cross the sea in a boat."

"A boat is necessary then?"

"Yes, to cross the sea." And the Host added to himself, "I must be talking to a waiter."

The Traveller listened.

"I think I hear fireworks."

The Host listened.

"Yes. They give the storming of Sevastopol. You can hear it at this distance. It's not worth seeing, and it would be over before you arrived. You had better stop here. Beds three-and-sixpence."

"I want only one. But I shall not stop. I have a commission to fulfil. Where is the boat?"

"There." The Host pointed downward, to the beach.

"Good. How much do I owe you?"

"Half a sovereign."

He owed him.

The Host called after him, "Here! hi! come back! This won't do!"

The Traveller spurred his horse forward. Darkness was now complete. He hurried on into the night. The Innkeeper lost sight of him. When the Traveller reached the boat, a man touched his hat and took his horse.

"Five hours at half-a-crown an hour. Good. I will look in to-morrow, or next day."

The Traveller pushed off in the small boat, and pulled out into the cloud and mist. The Ostler from the livery-stable called after him—"Here! this isn't right."

The Traveller's voice came back from the darkness: "Over the left."

The Innkeeper thoughtfully put up his shutters and retired to bed. As he turned on his side for the last time before sleeping, he murmured to himself, "I am sure I've been talking to a waiter."

(To be continued.)



THIRST FOR—INFORMATION.

"PLEASE, MA'AM, HAVE YOU DONE WITH YESTERDAY'S PAPER? THERE'S A DREADFUL MURDER IN IT, I SHOULD LIKE TO READ ABOUT."

RULES FOR THE HOME-RULERS.

The following regulations, to be observed in the Irish Parliament when it meets on College Green, are under consideration:—

1. The Speaker shall not speak except when he is talking.
2. Such terms as "thief of the wurruld," "spalpeen," "nager," "villian," "polthron," "thraytor," "omadhawn," &c., and such epithets as "base," "brutal," "bloody-minded," and others named in the schedule to these regulations, shall be considered unparliamentary, except when used in the heat of debate.
3. An Annual Budget shall be presented to the House once a quarter.
4. Shilalahs, revolvers, and pikes, shall not be introduced into the House, except when accompanied by a Member.
5. A Member shall be bound to attend every debate. A Member, however, shall be excused if he gets up in his place in the House and announces that he would be present were he not ill at home in bed.
6. A quorum shall consist of forty Members. Should a count-out be demanded, Members who have been engaged in personal altercation, shall not be included unless they are sufficiently conscious to utter "Erin go Bragh!" thrice distinctly.
7. Duels will be strictly forbidden. Should any Member, however, think proper to break this rule, it will be considered a breach of privilege if he does not invite the Speaker and the whole House to see the fun.
8. There will be only one Speaker; but two or more Members may be elected to the post.
9. Only one Member shall address the House at a time, except when two or more wish to speak at once, in which case they shall not interrupt each other.
10. A Member when addressing the House shall not wear his hat unless he has got it on his head before rising, when he shall remove it on any Member directing the Speaker's attention to the fact.
11. Under no consideration whatever will the consumption of any spirits be permitted in the House. This rule does not apply to whiskey, gin, brandy, and the French liqueurs.
12. As only the most elegant Dublin English will be spoken in the House, no Provincial brogue can be tolerated. To this rule there will be no exception.

RAIN IN OVERDUE SEASON.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

THE country sadly wanted rain;
It han't come none too soon.
O' drought the Farmers did complain
Till nigh the end o' June.
We hadn't scarce had nare a drop
Not sence the fust o' May;
And things looked uglee fur the crop
O' turmuts, and the hay.

The dry wind, like a stubborn beast,
To move too fat and big,
Fur days together, North and East,
Stuck restiff as a pig.
And when a' shifted fur a bit,
In West or South to bide,
The sky sim'd cloud-bound; could but spit,
What times to raain it tried.

For want o' wet the grass runs shart,
And fodder 'ool be dear,
Unless we be a gwium' to cart
An arter-math this year.
Our early pase was parched wi' sun;
Our early 'tatur's late.
Twodstools I marked there wuzzunt none
Fur loonatics to ate.

No frogs nor slugs nor snails about,
Which they Mooshoes devour.
But now the moistur' brings 'um out,
As well as yarb and vlower.
I loves to zee 'um creep and crawl,
Though mischieffull they be; *
To stand and watch the gurt drops fall
A cumfurt 'tis to me.

Well plazed I hears the thunder crack,
And sees the lightnun' play
Athurt the sky all pitchy black
A pepperun' hard away.
About the thirsty fields I thinks,
To harvut wi' an eye,
Consider'n now at last they drinks
So long that wuz a-dry.

I hopes, though, that o' storms and showers
We shan't git more than due.
"It never raains but what it pours."
Med them words not come true!
Med it raain hard enough to grow,
Not lodge, the bladed carn.
Doan't let Saint Swithun prove a foe,
By 'm by, to rick and barn.

Such is my thoughts when I surveys
Them clouds aloft as towers,
Like mountains, or, I sometimes says,
Like monstus collyflowers.
But no wus yet for many a drench
The land wun't be, no fear!
Meanwhilst, our own thirst what's to quench?
Let's try the effect o' beer.

LAW AND RIGHT.

OSHADÉ OF BLACKSTONE, the decision of the Lords' Appeal Committee in the Mordaunt case, reversing the judgment of LORD PENZANCE, what a dereliction from the principle of that Law which was once the perfection of reason!

Had that judgment stood, suppose any man were to sue for divorce from an unfaithful wife, and she went hopelessly mad, the circumstance of her incurable madness, superadded to her infidelity, would constitute, in law, a bar to his ever getting rid of her.

Common Sense would suggest that, on the contrary, madness, in such a case, ought rather to be a make-weight in favour of the claim for release.

The decision of the Law Lords is actually in accordance with Common Sense! Let "Ichabod" be written over the door of Westminster Hall.



IN MEDIO (NON) TUTISSIMUS.

PADDLEWICKS, HEARING OF THE COLLAPSIBLE BOAT, TRIES ONE ON HIS OWN PRINCIPLE, AND IS QUITE SUCCESSFUL!

REGATTA RAIN.

At Henley the rain you can never restrain,
The glass may go up, but 'tis perfectly vain;
The Clerk of the Weather, with utter disdain,
Washes all the barometers down, in the train
Of his fast-falling thunder-flood, good for the grain,
But not for the nymphs of their finery vain,
Or the swells, who will never their stiffness regain,
Till they're valetted well, and have had some Champagne,
And have sworn that they won't go to Henley again.
The Red Lion's hostess must snobs entertain,
But no one observes her to greatly complain;
And, by this time, she's probably used to the rain—
That annual deluge that ne'er seems to wane,
But swells Father Thames till he widens his lane,
And floods the flat meadows, and threatens to reign
O'er the streets of the town, and the Mayor's bothered brain.
"Well, what if our fripperies sadly we stain!"
Cries CORISANDE, CLARA, MATILDA, or JANE;
"We shall have some fine fun, and it's pleasure, not pain;
Just going to MADAME ELISE's again;
And, as FRANK's always there, I *must* go there, that's plain,
Or some other bright eyes will make play with my swain,
Whom I keep well in hand, since I saw on the Steyne
How he flirted—such doings I really disdain
When a man's half-engaged—

O, SIR CHARLES, by the train
Did you come? What a treat! What a love of a cane!
I'm delighted to see you don't care for the rain."

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S THOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the *Athenaeum*, a work entitled *Searches for Summer*, in various regions, is about to be published. An investigation of a similar character has been carried on in this country during the present season with but indifferent success.

THE PERMISSIVE PRINCIPLE AT HOME.

MEASURE to permit MR. SMITH and family to take MRS. SMITH and Family to Dieppe. Introduced by MRS. SMITH (*née* BROWN). Supported by the DOWAGER MRS. BROWN.

Card to permit MR. HOWARD DE TOMKYNs to take MRS. HOWARD DE TOMKYNs to view MESSRS. SILK AND SATYN's Exhibition of Summer Novelties. Introduced by MESSRS. SILK AND SATIN. Supported by MRS. HOWARD DE TOMKYNs.

Letter to permit MR. JONES ROBINSON to pay for his son TOMMY's visit to PROFESSOR BARNUM DRYASDUST's Lecture upon the Pacific Islands. Introduced by the REV. DR. BIRCH. Supported by PROFESSOR BARNUM DRYASDUST (N.B. Schools admitted at a great reduction.)

Bill to permit MR. THOMAS SKYLARK to use and enjoy £50 on payment of £75, at three months' date. Introduced by MR. MONS LEVI. Supported by MR. JONAS AARON (officer in the service of the Sheriff of Diddlesex.)

A Word to the Unwise.

MR. PUNCH is pained to notice that there exist certain snobblings, in good clothing, who, when the National Anthem is performed within their hearing, omit the usual act of loyalty, and neglect to take their hats off. Possibly they are fearful lest their long ears should be seen if they were to stand bareheaded. Mr. Punch inclines to think this reason is the right one; for, clearly, no one but a donkey would, on any other grounds, allow a good old English custom to fall into desuetude.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

NOT many hours ago, an eminent Novelist was observed contemplating the outside of his house with earnest attention. He was thinking, so he told an anxious inquirer, that every story had its "tale" of bricks.



DELICATELY PUT.

Customer. "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE BALD!"

Operator. "WELL, SIR, I THINK, SIR, WHEN YOU ATTEND PUBLIC WUSHIP, IF I WAS YOU, I'D SIT IN THE GALLERY."

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS having sent an official notice of his intention to visit the principal countries of Europe this year, the following arrangements will probably be made to give His Majesty the usual welcome on his appearance in England.

1. A week before His Majesty's arrival articles will appear in the newspapers tracing the King's pedigree to the heroes in the *Arabian Nights*, and giving glowing and fanciful word-pictures of the scenery of the Sandwich Islands.

2. The British Fleet will be concentrated at Portsmouth to offer His Majesty a Royal Salute. Should the King arrive, however, at some other port, the iron-clads will not be allowed to proceed thither, so as to avoid any chance of running aground.

3. On his arrival His Majesty will be received by a Mayor and Corporation, who will read to him an address congratulating him upon his wisdom in coming to England to learn a lesson in Liberty (Civil and Religious) and Free Trade. Should the King disembark at Gravesend, the unused address recently prepared for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, when that Sovereign proposed landing on the shores of the Thames, will once more be called into requisition.

4. His Majesty, on his arrival in London, will immediately attend in State a concert given by the Christy Minstrels. The National Anthem of the Sandwich Islands (composed expressly for this occasion by MR. SMITH, and published, with a portrait of His Majesty, by MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON) will be played upon the King's appearance in the Royal Box. His Majesty will be escorted to and from St. James's Hall by two regiments of Life Guards. The line of route will be decorated with an assortment of flags, all imagined, more or less, to be the national standard of the Sandwich Islands.

5. On the morning after His Majesty's arrival, the King will be presented with the freedom of the City of London, and thus obtain the right to open a shop in the E.C. division of the Metropolis. In the course of the afternoon he will be present at a review at Alder-

LEICESTER SQUARE—RENOVATE.

YES, ALBERT GRANT, for Leicester Square
We thank you: every millionaire
Is not so wise in spending.
Some build large piles with little taste,
Some leave their wealth for heirs to waste,
Till ill-gain finds ill-ending.

In this fair space these statues five,
Should mighty memories revive
For all its gates who enter:
Wisely, the marble fount to crown,
SHAKESPEARE, our Greatest, gazes down,
Jet-circled, in the centre.

NEWTON, who out-soared Time and Space,
And stood with Nature, face to face,
Her widest Law discerning:
Who with his prism the sunlight cleft,
And from the orb'd planets reft
The secret of their turning.

PLYMPTON's dear Knight, that painter rare,
Whose canvasses breathe Beauty's air,
Most true when most they flatter:
HOGARTH, whose bitter-biting lash
Hath made Sin wince, whose humour's flash
Brings laughter's aid to satire.

HUNTER, Arch-Surgeon, whose keen eye
Found hid truth in anatomy,
And set it new a-growing.
Strange, in that little space of square,
Such springs of Art and Science fair
In one short century flowing!

Who follows suit? *Punch* wants to know,—
Lifts thy Square (once King's Place), Soho,
From squalor sad to think on—
Regilds the Square still "Golden" hight,
And sets the lamps of legal light
High in the Fields of Lincoln?

PERFUME OUT OF PLACE.

Q. WHY do Ritualist Clergymen burn incense in Church?
A. To lead people by the nose.

shot, will pay a visit to Windsor Castle, and will be shown over Woolwich Arsenal. In the evening His Majesty will be the guest of a noble Duke, and will sleep in Scotland.

6. On the morning of the following day His Majesty, before returning to London, will visit a coal-mine, and will inspect a model farm. In the afternoon he will visit the Royal Albert Hall, the Tower of London, the Mint, the Printing Establishment of the *Times* newspaper, the British Museum, Kew Gardens, and Newgate. In the evening he will be present at a Grand Fête held in his honour at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The Royal Arms of the Sandwich Islands (a slice of ham, rampant, between two pieces of bread and butter, couchant) will be represented in coloured fires on this occasion.

7. On the following day His Majesty will leave London for the Continent, when the evening papers will devote three columns of their valuable space to a minute description of his departure.

8. A fortnight after His Majesty's farewell to England, it will be ascertained by the British Public (through the medium of a correspondence in the daily journals) that the KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, although a most amiable and accomplished monarch, is a sovereign of no great political importance in Europe, and the subject—that is, the Sovereign—will be allowed to drop.

Eligible Investment.

LORELAINE.—To be sold immediately, without reserve, that freehold Property, comprising 70 acres, known as Malmaison, with the château and farm-buildings, which are at the present time in the same state of repair as they were when left by VON ALVENSLEBEN. The property is situated in a rolling country, admirably adapted for the action of cavalry and artillery. The château (which could be repaired) is situated six kilomètres from St. Privat, and is within ten minutes' walk of the valley of Gravelotte, from which place you have a charming view of Metz. Price—to a German investor, ten thalers; to a Frenchman (say) forty francs. A prospect of excellent shooting in a few years, when the French are ready.

of his Bill to make School-Boards and School attendance compulsory.

MR. TALBOT and MR. SCOURFIELD were against compulsory School attendance.

MR. FORSTER, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, and PROFESSOR FAWCETT were for compulsory School attendance, but against compulsory School-Boards.

The Government, by the mouth of LORD SANDON, pronounced against compulsory School-Boards, and against more compulsory School attendance than the law at present provides for, till they saw their way to the machinery for making it effective. There is the water; but as to making the asses drink, by more stringent measures than are already in force, *Mr. Punch* agrees with the Government. What more is to be said?

Thursday.—The Home-Rule Debate—no, the Home-Rule talk—ended in a division of 458 to 61.

And now the sooner our good friend PAT gets that big bumble-bee out of his caubeen, and sets to steady work, using the means of self-improvement which Parliament and Providence have put into his hands, the better.

Friday.—Irish School-masters and Working Men's Dwellings

occupied the Lords, till LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD DENBIGH, explained what we were going to do at Brussels.

We have decided, after due consideration, to send a representative to the CZAR'S Congress on the Laws of War, but with his hands tied. He is not to discuss any of the general rules of International Law that affect belligerents, nor to commit us to any new engagements involving general principles (one for LORD GRANVILLE'S nob), and there is to be no extension of the Conference to naval warfare. In a word, we are not going to fall into any of the blunders of the Washington Conference. Without a clear promise on these points we send no representative. Even with them, our representative is only to sit, listen, discuss, and report home for instructions. It will be uncommonly hard for him to commit himself or us, under such restrictions. If any harm comes of the Conference—or good either—with all LORD DERBY'S precautions, we *shall* be astonished.

In the Commons, MR. C. LEWIS, with pluck deserving of a better fate, fought his Anti-Income-tax Resolution to a defeat by 38 to 139. His charges against the tax were met by counter-charges against the Motion—for MR. LEWIS had to stand no fewer than four Courts—though unsuccessful ones—during the evening. So that his Indictment of the Income-tax deserves to be remembered as an Indictment with four Courts.

A PATTERN TO HER SEX.



ATTENTION, young Ladies, to the exemplary achievement of—

"A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—A young girl named RICHARDS, who is called the Champion Walker, last evening concluded, at Stapleton, near Bristol, the extraordinary feat of walking

1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. She finished in quite fresh condition. An endeavour was made, when she began her task, on May 18th, to obtain magisterial interference, but this was unsuccessful, on the ground that she was a free agent, although she undertook the task in order that her father might win a wager of £50."

MISS RICHARDS has shown you to what an extent girls can walk if they please. Permit the remark that some of you need to be shown, ailing as you are for want of proper exercise. Not that it is to be expected that the generality of you should go the length of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Yet more of you are able to accomplish the feat, perhaps, than people think. The foregoing paragraph is copied from the *Morning Post*. That journal records many a grand ball in fashionable life. At entertainments of that kind it is common for many of you to dance, with few interruptions, from ten at night until past four in the morning. Footing it at this rate is not very unequal to the feat of MISS RICHARDS: only being performed in heated rooms, full of the products of breathing and combustion, it is much less healthful. The endeavour "to obtain magisterial interference" with your excessive dancing would be rather more reasonable than that which was made

to prevent MISS RICHARDS' performance, although it would still be the act of a very great donkey, a gross attempt to infringe the rights of Woman, in many instances, to deprive her of the only exercise she will consent to take.

A RAAL IRISH GRIEVANCE.

In high historical debate
At midnight's solemn hour;
O'BRIEN charmed a listening House
With words of magic power;

But see revealed the following day
The Saxon's base design;
There's scarce a print through all the town
Reports one single line.

Whereas in Erin, well we know,
The papers one and all
Reported POWER'S able speech,
Who never spoke at all!

O! cursed Saxon, base and mean,
O! brutal British Lion;
Ye Sons of Freedom, rise and strike
For Erin and O'BRIEN!

A Serious Complaint.

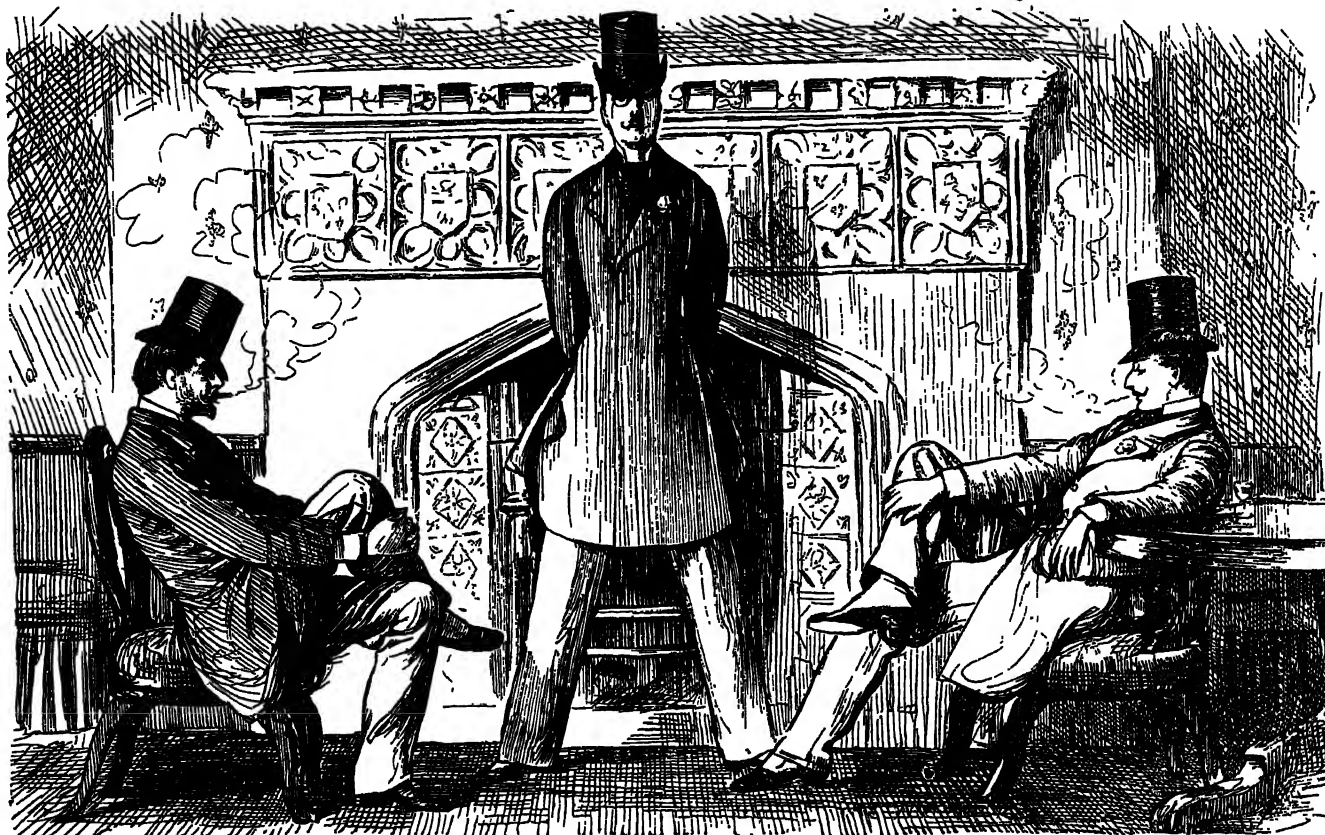
"In answer to LORD MONTEAGLE, it was stated by the DUKE of RICHMOND that short sight did not prevail amongst the pupils in elementary schools."

We were glad to read this statement in the summary in the *Daily Telegraph*, but could not help wishing there was no shortsightedness on the part of those who have the control of Education in this country. When a few more years' mischief has been done, Education will be made compulsory, with a general, but unavailing, regret that this was not accomplished long ago.

DEEDS OF A DAY.

THE Lion of Northumberland,
Familiar to the eye,
Above the Mansion in the Strand
Relieved against the sky,
We saw—first step to do away
With PERCY'S Palace fair—
Degraded, whilst, on that same day,
GRANT opened Leicester Square.

O noble and ignoble act!
O credit and O shame!
O this and that contrasted fact;
Mean end with generous aim!
O man and men, as discrepant
As Christian matched with Turks!
Hip, hip, hooray for ALBERT GRANT!
Yah, London Board of Works!



ALARMING SCARCITY.

SCENE—Club Smoking-Room.

First Young Swell. "AW!—GOING ANYWHERE?"*Second Ditto.* "NO!—ASKED TO TEN 'HOPS' TO-NIGHT! THE IDEA HAS COMPLETELY FLOORED ME!"*Third Ditto.* "BY JOVE! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF LETTING MYSELF OUT AT TEN POUNDS A NIGHT. A FELLOW MIGHT RECOUR HIMSELF FOR A BAD BOO ON THE DERBY."

HOME RULE AT HOME.

THE following is a report of the Committee of the whole household recently assembled at the residence of MR. SMITH. MRS. SMITH occupied the sofa, and chairs were supplied to MR. SMITH, JUN. (aged 18), MISS FLORENCE (aged 16), JULIA (aged 14), and "Baby" SMITH (aged 3). MR. SMITH was accommodated with a music-stool.

MRS. SMITH said it was impossible that matters could be allowed to remain as they were at present. She begged to remind the Honorary Head of the Household (MR. SMITH) that it was now July, and yet no steps had been taken to remove the family to the seaside. The grants for the kitchen and drawing-room appropriations were quite unequal to the estimates. In fact, if *virements* were forbidden, it was impossible to make both ends meet. She begged to move that in future the whole revenue be paid at once into her hands for general disbursement.

MR. SMITH, JUN., in seconding the motion, cordially agreed with its mover. Did the Honorary Head of the Household know that there had been a great rise in the price of tobacco? His (MR. SMITH, JUN.'s) allowance for cigars was absurdly small. He also insisted that in future he should be supplied with a latch-key.

MISS FLORENCE SMITH complained that the Wardrobe Department was utterly disorganised. The dresses of the family had not been recruited to the full strength for some time.

MISS JULIA SMITH was of opinion that a great saving in the Education Grant might be made by her immediate removal from School.

MISS "BABY" SMITH was understood to complain of the quantity and quality of the sweetstuff supplied to the Nursery.

MR. SMITH wished to know in the event of the Motion being carried, what his position would be in the Household?

MRS. SMITH explained that the Motion was not intended to alter what she might term the Imperial aspect of the household. The

Honorary Head would be called upon (as heretofore) to furnish the supplies, and to bear the entire responsibilities of any debts or liabilities that she might contract in his name—in fact, she would spend the money after he had had the honour of making it. What was his decision?

MR. SMITH, after returning an evasive answer, retired to another place (his Club), and the Committee was adjourned *sine die*.

GONE FROM OUR GAZE.

LONDON has lost one of its Lions. No more shall the foreigner and the stranger look up with wonder and admiration at the animal which has so long presided over Northumberland House. Never again will bets be made as to whether its tail was turned towards Charing Cross or the Strand. The lordly creature has been removed to Sion House, Isleworth. We may regret the fall of Northumberland House, but we cannot grieve over the departure of its Lion.

There are several other figures and effigies, particularly in the neighbourhoods of Trafalgar Square, Waterloo Place, and Hyde Park Corner, which the Metropolitan Board of Works would cover themselves with glory by buying up and removing to sequestered spots in the country—the heart of a forest, or the middle of a wood. Any little addition to the rates which such a judicious outlay might entail would, we are persuaded, be cheerfully borne by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. *Mr. Punch* will be most happy to supply the Board with a list of desirable emigrants.

A SEASONABLE PRESENT.

THE Wimbledon Meeting has commenced. Competitors for "The Bass Prize" may be glad to know that they will have the option of taking it either in cask or bottle.



HOME-(RULE)-OPATHY.

IRELAND. "AH, SURE, THIN, IT'S CRUEL, BAD I AM, INTIRELY; AND IT'S THE DAOGENT GENTLEMAN HERE KNOWS THE STUFF TO DO ME GOOD!"
DR. BULL. "NO, NO, FRIEND BUTTY!—NONE OF YOUR NOSTRUMS! WE SAW HER WELL THROUGH THE 'REPEAL' FEVER,—AND SHE'LL COME OUT OF THIS ALL RIGHT YET!"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

II.—*Before the Tempest.*

THE MARKY DU CROW understood the Circus business thoroughly. He was rash and skilful. The Marky was exasperated against GAMMON: firstly, because GAMMON had been doing uncommonly well; in the second place, because he was his kinsman.

The Marky had determined upon producing *The Taking of Sevastopol*. He wanted real soldiers. These GAMMON had, on the other side, already engaged. The Marky contrived to draw them from their allegiance.

These tactics confounded GAMMON, who had also already prepared *The Siege of Sevastopol*.

The Marky would use the soldiers for show. But he meant to depend upon the supers. The supers were the pivot about which he could manoeuvre the soldiers. Then there would follow the fireworks, the scenes in the circle, with the greatest attraction of all, the Acrobatic Children. The Marky himself would perform his celebrated Trick Act.

He had issued his Orders, signed MARKY DU CROW. They were not transferable. No other signature would admit. This was to exclude GAMMON and his party, none of whom were to be allowed to enter, even on payment. The MARKY DU CROW's own men would watch them like lynxes should they effect an entrance, and forcibly eject them on the least sign of disapprobation.

It was a deeply planned and terrible conception. If it had succeeded, the Marky's Cirque would have been unconquerable.

The MARKY DU CROW had outnumbered GAMMON. Success appeared certain. The place, too, was well chosen. It was in the midst of the Market Place. The Cirque Republicain was outside the town.

This became a serious matter for GAMMON.

When the Royal Circus opened its doors, GAMMON stood attentively studying its programme, in the glare of the naphtha lamps which lighted his own booth.

Suddenly a lightning-like flash burst from the shadowy Market Place. Then a sound like clanging of bells, cymbals, and drums.

Through a trumpet roared a strident voice, "All in to begin!"

GAMMON murmured to himself, "It has commenced. I will surprise him."

He turned towards the leader of his Band. It was KATGOOT, afterwards famous for being the object of the oft-repeated cry, "Play up, KATGOOT!"

"Is the Big Drum here?" asked GAMMON.

The Big-drummer ranged himself before GAMMON in silence.

GAMMON resumed, "And the wind instruments?"

"Here!"

Twelve men, armed with brass, trombones, ophicleides, French horns, and cornet-à-pistons, stepped forward.

"Good," said GAMMON.

Then he continued:

"Listen! The Band from the Royal Circus will come out for

refreshment. Ten minutes are allowed for this. They shall be prevented from returning, and you will take their places. Once in their orchestra, you will know what to do. For galops, play waltzes, for waltzes galops; for quick time slow time. Always changing and changing suddenly. This will upset everybody. We, in disguise, will be in front. Once in disorder, we will tear up the benches, and seize the horses. As a precaution, we will pour water on the fireworks. We will capture the Acrobatic Children, who belong to us by right, and the real soldiers will come over to our side. Tomorrow, their doors will be closed, and ours will be open."

The Band were about to cheer.

GAMMON commanded silence. They cheered in a whisper. It was like the hum of insects before a storm.

III.—*Knockings out of Time.*

THE Band of the Royal Circus had, or was supposed to have, returned from refreshment. The pit was crammed. Peasants, from the provinces, sat beside their wives and children. Sweethearts sat together. The townspeople were in the dress circle and upper boxes: they were divided into rank and fashion. The Mayor was patronising the show of horses. The Gods were aloft in the gallery. Men, women, and boys with oranges, apples, ginger-beer, and lemonade. The two last were the assistance lent by England. With the people the *vin du pays* was most popular. Nevertheless, the majority sucked oranges, and threw away the skins. A few cracked nuts. These were chiefly women. Women have good teeth, and are inquisitive. Curiosity compels nut-cracking.

The Band played a portion of the *Cheval de Bronze*, and the MARKY DU CROW bounded on his bare-backed charger into the ring. He was welcomed with cheers—the crowd springing up like one man. He wore his cocked hat jauntily, carried his bones in his belt, and his banjo in his hand.

WIDDICOMB JUNIOR, Master of the Ring, had just finished a dialogue with the English Clown. The latter cracked his joke on the Master. The Master cracked his whip on the Jester.

Which had the best of it?

There was no time

for questioning. The Band commenced at a slow pace, then suddenly broke into a fast and furious movement.

The MARKY DU CROW's steed bounded from a canter into a full gallop. Taken by surprise, the Marky struggled to keep his footing, then reeled, and fell. It was a rude shock. The crowd yelled: most cheered.

The Marky resumed his position. He murmured to himself, "There is something wrong." What could it be?

The hoops were brought out, and held for him to jump through. He urged on his horse.

There was a whizzing through the air, and something flew swiftly by the Marky's head. What had happened? Somebody had thrown an orange.

A second followed the first, and smashed itself in the left eye of WIDDICOMB JUNIOR. A third knocked the Marky's hat off on to the sawdust.

"They are chucking things at yer!" said the Clown, himself throwing a somersault, and vanishing.

Some one had, in fact, aimed at the MARKY DU CROW. It was GAMMON. The Marky was surprised. He attempted to clear the first hoop, but stumbled: the second, and fell. Each time the Band had suddenly changed the tune. The crowds in pit, gallery, and boxes were furious. They jeered, they yelled, they threw nuts, oranges, ginger-beer bottles. The horse-riders swarmed into the arena, but the horses became unmanageable. The first moments of rage and disappointment were terrific.





IN THE PARK.

"GOING TO SWITZERLAND THIS YEAR?"

"AW—NO. I'VE DONE MY CLIMBING FOR THIS SEASON—BEEN TWICE TO THE UPPER TIER OF THE ALBERT HALL!"

The townspeople rushed out of the house, demanding back their money. The check-and-moneytakers at the first onslaught had been dispossessed by GAMMON's men outside, who had carried away the tin-boxes. The oranges and apples, as they whistled overhead and caught the swinging naphtha-lamps, streaked the darkness with rays of light, and scattered drops of liquid flame on the surging crowd below. Horror here, stupefaction there. Supers and comedians mixed up together. In the midst of all this could be seen creatures made indifferent to the awful scene by personal preoccupations. An elderly woman sat grasping her umbrella, whilst her husband was protecting his new white hat. Two boys sat together, exchanging and cracking nuts. GAMMON, followed by his men, gained the stage, set fire to the scene of Sevastopol, and then shouted for buckets.

Panic magnifies: what was only a spark became a conflagration. Water battled with fire. The audience tore up the barricades, hurled down the doors. On all sides was heard the cry, "Where are you shoving to?" Terrified they broke away in all directions, the Mayor repeating aloud as much of the Riot Act as he could recollect while running at his fullest speed. The Marky watched this stampede. Quietly, slowly, and composedly he walked towards the place where the cash-boxes were deposited. Then he emptied them with his own hands, saying to himself, "Decidedly there was a good house to-night."

WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR came to him hurriedly.

"Your nephew's aim is to get the Acrobatic Children."

"Ha!"

"They will still be an unrivalled attraction."

"True. We must not lose them. Who is in the theatre of this town?"

"No one. It has been unoccupied for years."

"You have a key?"

"Yes, I alone—of the stage-door. The front is securely barred and fastened."

"Good. Get the remainder of your company together. Take the children up to the painting-room over the stage. Call a rehearsal for ten to-morrow. Secure all the outlets, and post our men about the building."

He turned on his heel.

In the distance he saw GAMMON. "It is he!" cried the Marky. Then he took a brickbat, and aimed at GAMMON. He missed.

"Clumsy," said WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR, and disappeared.

The Marky aimed again.

This time the missile hit somebody.

The last naphtha lamp was suddenly extinguished. He did not know whom he had hit.

IV.—Brickbats are not Arguments.

GAMMON was standing alone. A brickbat flew past him. Before he had time to retreat, another followed. This would have struck him on the head, but that a tall stranger rushed forward, and interposed. He fell back on GAMMON. The stranger had received a blow right in his eye. He murmured, insensibly, "My eye!"

"This man has saved my life," said GAMMON. "Who are you?"

The other, recovering, answered, "ANTONEROLY."

GAMMON uttered a cry.

Then he fell on his knees by the wounded man.

"ANTONEROLY, this is the second time you have saved me. Once when I was a boy, and now."

ANTONEROLY winked at him. One eye was undamaged. This he used for winking.

GAMMON cried, "My master!"

"Thy father!" said ANTONEROLY.

Then he added, tenderly, "GAMMON!"

BOOK THE SECOND.

I.—Cribbage and Nobs.

THE three children were asleep in their cradles in the painting-room over the stage. They awoke. The waking of children is like the tuning of stringed instruments, only less harmonious.

Their names were TOMMY, POLLY, and PICKLE-LILLY.

They were still in their costumes for the Circus. It was to have been the Wonderful Acrobatic Cherubino Entertainment.

Their hands and legs had been taught to fold up and appear as wings.



ENGAGING CANDOUR.

Papa. "AND PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO SETTLE ON MY DAUGHTER? AND HOW DO YOU MEAN TO LIVE?"

Intended. "I INTEND, SIR, TO SETTLE MYSELF ON YOUR DAUGHTER, AND TO LIVE ON YOU!"

Acrobatic Children are boneless. Turkeys are sometimes boned. Children are sometimes boned by gipsies. These had been boned. This was how it was done.

Their performance was to fly like birds, to the sound of a trumpet. They had been carefully supplied with food.

TOMMY, waking first, got it all.

This made PICKLE-LILLY, the youngest, to cry bitterly. POLLY sat in her cradle-nest and looked on hungrily. The little ones lived as they could. They had a master, no father.

The child's cry is a sublime psalm. To make it cry is to make it sing sublime psalms.

PICKLE-LILLY first, then, later, POLLY; both cried.

It was a beautiful worship to listen to these two feeble unarmed creatures.

(To be continued.)

PLIMSOLL.

A COMMERCIAL ELOGUE.

DOBBS, *Railway Director.* HOBBS, *Shipowner.*

Dobbs. Thy features, HOBBS, a dark expression wear,
Bespeaking indignation mixed with care.

Hobbs. DOBBS, in thy countenance I read a page
Inscribed with equal parts of fear and rage.

Dobbs. Indignant inflammation I avow,
And own the care which corrugates my brow:
Out on the laws, which, vexing railway swains,
Increase their outlay, and reduce their gains!

Hobbs. I, too, confess to anger and alarm,
In expectation of approaching harm
Through acts which will amerce us, and restrain
From sending doubtful ships to plough the main.

Dobbs. O heavy load of penalties and pains
Incurred by accidents befalling trains,

ENGLISH BULL TO IRISH.

WELL, PAT, Home-Rule has had its innings:
See how the game has gone.
Much has been said of JOHN BULL's sinnings,
But not so much of PADDY's winnings,
Through partnership with JOHN.

You tell us, through that famous seer,
Orator BURR, Q.C.,
Irish Press-laws are too severe:
But where's the Press, or far, or near,
That is, or makes, so free?

We are, you say, two alien races:
Siamese twins, say we.
Still, as JOHN BULL his history traces,
Nation he sees that Clan effaces:
So 'tis, has been, shall be.

When ALFRED thrashed the wild sea-rover,
And made the war-Dane wince,
Did not your learned men come over,
Take wives, and settle here, in clover,
To teach us, ages since?

And in this Parliament of ours,
What a part you have borne!
Where PLUNKETT's, CURRAN's, GRATTAN's powers
So oft have winged Debate's dull hours
From midnight into morn.

Genius is yours, if we've more talent;
And never soldier stood
One 'gainst a host, as gay as gallant,
But for each Saxon, or Scotch callant,
Ireland brought two as good.

A threefold cord our fathers twisted,
Ne'er to untwist again.
In British ranks three strains enlisted,
The world in arms have still resisted,
Nor turned from face of men.

In as much JOHN to PAT knocks under,
As over him he towers;
We can't afford the tie to sunder;
A Dublin Vestry is a blunder,
While London's yours and ours.

Averted only by precautions, such
As cost us nearly, if not quite as much!

Hobbs. Alas, our loss in ships from sailing stayed,
By interference of the Board of Trade!
And curst be they new trammels who propose,
The Sailor's friends, but the Ship-owners' foes!

Dobbs. Collisions between trains bring grievous woe.
How many bones are broken at a blow!

Juries, with sympathy which knows no bounds,
May for one limb award one thousand pounds;
And, to relations, suing for their dead,
They often give e'en more than that, per head.

Hobbs. There's serious talk of legislation, too,
To give surviving kin the power to sue
When vessels, proved unseaworthy, go down.
So we shall have to pay when Sailors drown,
Forfeit insurance, and perhaps, in time,
Be made, besides, indictable for crime.

Dobbs. Come to mine arms, my Brother in distress.
Confound the Legislature and the Press!
Against the first we remedy have none.
Its will, if not evaded, must be done.

Upon the latter we may turn and sting;
Your action, thus, for libel you can bring.

Hobbs. Hang PLIMSOLL—though he failed the other night—
He'll gain his object nearly, if not quite.
The Government will take his cause in hand.
Would that his flesh were flayed, his hide were tanned!
—But you, for all a Company expends,
Or pays against your will, have some amends.
Whene'er you risk your carcass on the rail,
Your forced precautions your own self avail.
Poor Shipowners have no such solace: we
Ne'er sail in any ships we send to sea.
But look, our chariots where the coachmen bring,
Repair we to the Park, and swell the Ring!



"THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE."

Rector's Wife. "AND WHAT'S YOUR FATHER, MY BOY?"

Boy. "MY FATHER'S A 'HAGITATOR,' AN' HE SAYS HE WON'T HAVE ME LEARN'T NO CATECHISM, 'E ELSE YOU'LL ALL OF YER 'EAR OV IT!"

THE PLAGUE OF BOTH OUR HOUSES.

(See SHAKESPEARE and the *Times*' report.)

If in the House of Lords, that air serener,
The tone of contest angry grew and shrill,
What may we not expect of fierce demeanour
When our free Commons see the Archbishop's Bill?

Patrician hammers smote it on the anvil,
High, Low, and Broad Church thundering loud and deep:
Even the perfect balance of a GRANVILLE
Was, for the moment, difficult to keep.

Why should Religion breed such furious quarrels,
Even in the high sphere of Dukes and Earls;
And the improvement of the People's morals
Be all forgot in these tempestuous whirls?

The Archbishop tries to meet the great emergence,
But on his Bill High, Low, Broad, furious fall.
Some call him feeblest, some most stern of surgeons;
Some say he cuts too deep, some not at all.

To see if every Priest his surplice starches:
To find the drag that will check Romeward slips:
To "give three thousand to the Dean of Arches,"
In Bishops' tills to lessen lawyers' dips—

So much the Bill provides. Will it diminish
Two types of men, of late, alas! increased?—
Where is the Bill *will* help those types to finish?
The pert Parishioner and priggish Priest.

A FAIR CONCLUSION.

ONE may presume that Chinamanias will stand any amount of chaff, seeing that they pay the utmost deference to CHAFFERS.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY (LIMITED).

We hear that the following Works are in the Press. How soon they will get out again, even MRS. GUPPY cannot tell. They will, however, be valuable when we get them:—

1. *Life and Times of James Anthony Froude.* By Her late Majesty QUEEN ELIZABETH.
2. *Walley; Bismarck; Newdegate; Shaftesbury; and Victor-Emanuel.* An Historical Study. By POPE PIUS THE NINTH.
3. *Gladstone.* An Essay. By the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.
4. *Disraeli.* An Essay. By the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
5. *Gladstone and Disraeli.* An Essay. By MR. ODGER.
6. *Odger, Disraeli, and Gladstone.* An Essay. By MR. BRADLAUGH.
7. *The Life of Mr. Arch.* By JOHN BUNYAN. Proving that a clod of clay may be burnt into a brick, with a certain sort of fire.
8. *A Reply to the Pope of Rome on Things in General.* By a Large Number of People who wish that he would keep his nonsense to himself, and not promulgate the "Infallible" falsehood that he is a prisoner.

Home Rulers and Hierarchs.

It is quite true, as the PREMIER says, that if Home Rule were conceded to MR. BURR and his faction, "the whole administrative hierarchy of the empire would be turned upside down." There are those who would not mind that at all, because at the same time a portion of an alien hierarchy would be turned up tiptop.

In a Certain Direction.

THE City Police-van is embellished with the Civic Arms, and bears the Civic motto. But, considering the route of the vehicle from Police Court to Prison, and *vice versa*, is not "*Domine, Dirige nos*" rather a questionable legend?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HEAT and manifold, O Ancestors,
was the wisdom of that old saw
of yours touching messes. The
more you stir them, the more
they revenge themselves on the
olfactories. On this ancient
and quiet principle, LORD
CARNARVON (on Monday,
July 6,) declined to rake up

the administrative scandals of the Straits Settlements before 1873. They had a Governor, of whom, by a slight alteration of a familiar epitaph on a wife by a husband, might be said—

"As a Colonial Governor he was—what?
Think of all a Colonial Governor should *not* be, and he was *that*."

But he is recalled—and why,

"On the rough rack of this rude House
Stretch him out longer?"

LORD CHELMSFORD is much exercised about the exhausting studies of the Naval Cadets, and the difficulty of competitive examination-papers, those *chevaux de frise* with which the cockpit is now fenced about, worse than ever it used to be by hardships, bullying, and practical jokes, in the days of PETER SIMPLE and FREDERIC THESIGER. That the Competitive System has been pushed to Chinese extravagance in the *Britannia* as elsewhere there can be little doubt. Wishing to avoid jobbery and nepotism, JOHN BULL has overleaped himself, and fallen on the other side, into the Doctrinarism of the Nostrum-mongers, who have ridden their Examination hobby, with reins of red tape, *usque ad absurdum*. Government has appointed a Commission to look into the matter as regards the Naval Cadets. (As far as they are concerned one may say *cadit*, not *cadet questio*. But pray, my Lords, while your Lordships are about it, had you not better go a little further, and inquire into the whole subject of Competitive Examination—its mischiefs, its abuses, and its absurdities—leaving on one side for the moment its advantages, of which we have heard *usque ad nauseam*? All depends on how the principle is worked; and, from all we can learn, it is by no means clear that, as it is, it is worked wisely, or to a good result.)

Kirk Patronage Abolition in the Commons. Nobody in Scotland seems to want Kirk Patronage—Patrons no more than Congregations—then why the dickens should MR. GLADSTONE back BAXTER in opposing the Bill? BAXTER is a Scotchman, and *Punch* presumes a Presbyterian—probably a Dissenter from the Kirk, who hates to be robbed of his grievance, and to see the tap-root of his pet schism cut right across. But what can W. E. GLADSTONE have to do with it? He is neither a Member of the Kirk, nor a Seceder, neither Laigh Kirk, nor Free Kirk, Burgher, nor Anti-Burgher, except in so far as by peculiar mental constitution he is a zealot for all Churches, and a hot partizan of all Schismatics. Why can't he let the canny Scots settle their Kirk matters as they do their Land matters, and their School matters, and their Burgh matters, "their ain gate," like wise men? Or if he *does* interfere, why must he interfere against a Bill to which the official voice of the Kirk speaking through its General Assembly has agreed, and to which the MACCALLUM MORE has deigned to apply his master-hand? But what red rag is to bull, that Church Bill—even when Church is

spelt Kirk—is to W. E. G. Has not this and the Public Worship Regulation Bill together recalled the Homeric hero from his sulks and his studies, awaking our ACHILLES (see Cartoon) once more to the joy of battle on the plains of windy Troy!

As far as we can see, W. E. G. opposes the Bill because it will put Established Kirk on too good a footing as compared with Free. It will cut away from her breast the scarlet letter, P for Patronage, without putting her in the pillory first, and without giving her immaculate sister, Free Kirk, the privilege of pointing the finger of scorn at her, in a properly edifying and aggravating manner. After all, we are not studious to understand W. E. G.'s line on this matter. On questions into which Churches enter he is sure to take a line of his own. At least, he may plead he had the *mitis sapientia* of PROFESSOR PLATFAIR with him on this occasion.

The Right Hon. B. HECTOR welcomed the Right Hon. W. E. ACHILLES back to the field. He had missed him, he said, and found the battle not half so lively in his absence.

Tuesday.—Intoxicating Liquors in the Lords. In the general prevalence of mental obfuscation which seems to accompany this unhappy measure, their Lordships were much exercised in mind about the defining and dealing with "populous places," opening hours, local discretion, and *bona fide* travellers. In wandering among these *Apices Juris*, LORD HARROWBY got hampered, LORD BEAUCHAMP bothered, and LORD ABERDARE ambiguous. The end was the passage of the Bill through Committee without alterations, and, with that keen sense of relief which attends what the old proverb calls "a good riddance of bad rubbish."

A night with the Lawyers over the Land Titles and Transfer Bills in the Commons.

GOLDSMID assailed the Bills with flouts:

Denied that costs they'd cheapen.

JACKSON thought they'd swell costs, and doubts

Would merely serve to deepen.

MORGAN found warning 'e'en for fools

In WESTBURY'S futile fumbling:

Compulsion's and Permission's stools

Gave GOLDNEY text for grumbling.

But BALL and Londonderry LAW,

Unlike their brother moles, in

The measures monstrous merits saw,

And hole-pickers picked holes in.

While caustic KARSLAKE praised the Bills,

In style some thought sarcastic;

With his sharp "shooters" bowled down

HILL'S,

And BOWYER gave a drastic:

JAMES on the Bills his powders tried

Of lowering operation:

CORBETT their good or harm denied

In squirely estimation.

RATHBONE was grieved they should exempt

Estates above three hundred:

HARCOURT baptised them with contempt,

And 'gainst Land Tenure thundered.

WHITWELL and SHERLOCK hoped to Act

To see the Bills proceeding;

GOLDSMID from his Amendment backed,

And Bills passed Second Reading.

Wednesday.—Church - Rates Abolition (Scotland) moved by MACLAREN, elicited some difference of opinion among Scotch Members—as sure a sign of unripeness in law-making for Scotland as disagreement of Irish Members is of ripeness for legislation on Ireland. MACLAREN, like a canny



DIFFUSION OF LITERARY TASTES.

"HOW IS THIS, CHAWLES? I GAVE YOU EIGHT VOLUMES TO CHANGE, AND YOU'VE ONLY BROUGHT FIVE!"

"PLEASE, M'M, WE HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED THE FIRST SET DOWN-STAIRS!"

Scot as he is, took the hint, and withdrew his Bill, on the LORD ADVOCATE'S promise to look into the matter.

(Ah, PADDY, *ma bouchal*, if you'd only be afther imitatin' SANDY in gettin' up your legislative linen out of the House, and merely bringing it in for JOHN BULL to put the family stamp on, instead of fighting over—

"Seam and gusset and web,
Web and gusset and seam!")

Thursday.—The Factories Act passed the Lords unaltered, and LORD SHAFTESBURY (who has such a right?) sang a psalm over the past, a panegyric of the present, and a prophecy of the future; reminding the House of the misery and wrong the first Factory Act had done away, the struggle it had had to brave, and the falsification that facts had given to the forebodings of its foes. He contrasted this with the passing of the present measure—unassailed, unopposed, unimpeded. And he augured well for the future, both of men and masters, from this union of efforts and wills for the further education of the ignorant and the better protection of the weak.

In the Commons—First night of the Public Worship Regulation Bill—

That was a night—if ever such night were—
To shake High Church, and spout much stale small beer.
But swift Achilles snatched his seven-fold shield,
Sprang from his tent, and thundered through the field.
For on his studious ear rang fierce and far
The trumpet-blast that waked his soul to war—
The blast that armed the Bench, and High and Low,
Flung, rank on rank, to work each other's woe!

But what a chaos of combatants—what a confusion of banners and captains! LEATHAM and HARDY going into the same lobby, and GLADSTONE and MOWBRAY, like righteousness and peace, kissing each other!

MR. GLADSTONE thinks Ritualism the smallest part of the ques-

CANZONET TO THE COMET.

WELCOME, celestial vagabond,
Bohemian of the sky,
Whence camest thou, whither to abscond
Again from mortal eye?

Art thou a world or art thou not?
Art thou an igneous mass?
Or art thou cold instead of hot?—
A solid or a gas?

In space, beyond our depth of air,
E'en if a blazing star,
Canst thou, from any "horrid hair,
Shake pestilence and war"?

Too much of all that kind of thing
Of late the world has had,
Without a Comet, plagues to bring,
And drive the nations mad.

No portent come mankind to warn,
Yet, if thine influence shape
Effects in Nature, speed the corn,
To ripen, and the grape.

Then, having reaped rich harvest; seen
Fut vintage safely o'er:
We'll drink the Comet of Eighteen
Hundred and Seventy-four.

To Those whom it may Concern.

HERE is a notification extracted from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A SROAST COOK or GRILL. Hotel, Tavern, or Restaurant. Good character. Town or country.—C. L., Address, &c.

The *Daily Telegraph* enjoys the "largest circulation in the world." Very likely it penetrates into the heart of Africa. The inhabitants of that region appear, from the travels of DR. SCHWEINFURTH, to be mostly cannibals. The foregoing advertisement might interest some of them.

THE EPISCOPATE.—We have BISHOP BROWNE. We are going to have BISHOP JONES. It will be ROBINSON'S turn next.

tion. What does he think the largest? He is afraid of the Law being used to check reasonable liberty. But which is the party which has defied the Law? And what is licence, in theological matters and usages, if what we have seen and suffered from is reasonable liberty?

Let W. E. G. lay his hand on his heart, and say, if in his opposition to the Bill, he is really thinking of any Church party but the Ritualists, and any liberty but their liberty to deviate further and further from Protestantism in rite and worship, and nearer and nearer to Rome?

What England wants is respect for the Law—Law to be made by Parliament, and not by Convocation—Law as laid down by intelligent Christians—lay and clerical—not by purblind clerics, who claim to find eyes for the laity in such matters as what to believe, and how to be saved.

Every word of SIR W. HARCOURT'S speech will find an echo in the heart of Protestant England—England that protests against the right of the clerics not only to be a law to themselves, but to impose their lawlessness for law upon you and me. If by any untoward combination of Nonconformist zealots with partisans of Ritualism the Bill should be thrown out, *Punch* will hoist a crape hat-band, and invest *Toby* in weepers. But until he sees that result, he will not believe it. A more probable prospect is death by delay. If MR. GLADSTONE likes to hang his six resolutions round the neck of the Bill he may stay its march in this sweltering season, and finally force the dropping of it—but, at least, we will hope, undefeated.

Even as GATHORNE HARDY spoke, a cat appeared—too evidently one of the Kilkenny cats whom the revision of the Rubrics in Convocation will let loose upon each other.

Friday.—LORD SELBORNE and the LORD CHANCELLOR between them are going to give the Inns of Court a constitution—seeing that they have lived since the time of KING EDWARD THE FIRST, it would seem that their constitution is a pretty strong one—and to create a



A FANCY (BALL) SKETCH.

King Charles. "YA-AS! A FELLA' WITH A FIGA' HAD SOME CHANCE THEN!"

Legal University, where sucking barristers and attorneys are to be brought up together, like little lions and tigers, in the same den, till they develop each his distinctive teeth, claws, and colours, and take to seeking whom they may devour each after his own clientivorous kind. As for conferring degrees on Lawyers, have they not their degrees already—says a ribald—"bad, worse, worst"?

MR. CHILDERS did a little amateur budgetting, and trotted out the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who declined to re-consider his Estimates, or to be in a depressed state of mind over the prospects of the Revenue.

After a cheerful morning of light financial gossip, the House gave itself a count-outing at the evening sitting. It was really too hot for talking by gaslight.

AU PUBLIC.

(A Word or two on the Present French Difficulty at the Princess's Theatre.)

MESSRS. VALNAY and PITRON, the energetic Managers of the French Company, have a very fair ground of complaint. In effect it is this:—"We have entered into engagements with certain Artists to appear in certain pieces. But the Licensor has refused to sanction their production, and we are forced to break our contracts, and bear the consequences." One consequence of importance to the London play-going Public will be the collapse of this enterprise, after two years of hard struggling up-hill work, in order to establish one First-class French Theatre in London.

To this it has been replied, "Well, but you knew the sort of piece for the entertainment of the British Public before you started." The answer of MESSRS. VALNAY and PITRON should be this:—"Le Réveillon, Tricocche et Cacolet, and Gavaut Minard et Cie, have all been licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. If these can be produced, with the sanction of the Censor Morum, surely the permission will not be refused to plays far less objectionable.

Without expressing an opinion as to whether the above-named pieces ought or ought not to have been allowed, it is clear that the Managers were logical in their deduction, and it seems very hard

that they, and their hard-working and excellent company, should have to suffer for the want of proper prevision in official quarters.

And now to express our opinion.

Surely judicious expurgation of *dialogue* is all that is necessary in such farces as *Tricocche* and *Le Réveillon*, while the third piece above-mentioned should have been "reformed altogether."

A purely French audience can listen to these things with impunity. They laugh at the wit of a *double entendre*, and are amused for the moment by the absurd complications represented as arising out of an immoral intrigue. They cannot take seriously what was never meant to be seriously taken. The light drama is *pour passer le temps*; and as you must either mourn over, or laugh at, the errors and follies of mankind, the French choose the latter course in their amusements, and leave the former for their devotions. That we are not inclined to be so strictly moral in our theatrical tastes may be gathered from the popularity of wild, brutal dancing, which would not be permitted in Paris, of scant drapery, and of stupidly gross imitations of all that is worst on the French stage.

MESSRS. VALNAY and PITRON would have a right to point to these Exhibitions, and favourably compare their own representations with such coarse Extravagances. Theirs is certainly a hard case; and it is to be hoped that the attempt to establish a French Theatre will not be allowed to drop; but that from small beginnings we may, with high aims, arrive at the best form of French Dramatic Art, and that MESSRS. VALNAY and PITRON may, by the timely aid of their Patrons, be enabled to tide over present difficulties, and for the future to come to a clear understanding with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN as to the exact point where the line is to be drawn. We thank them for the past, and wish them success in the future.

Such Impudence!

SIR—"VIRGIN VINEGAR." Such is a staring advertisement on a Chelsea Omnibus. Will you turn your weekly weapon against the odious alliteration? It is true, I am an Old Maid; but if there be any acidity in any of us, I am not aware that any of it is yet in the Market, or likely to be. Your Constant Reader,

Evergreen Cottage, Verjuice Road.

JANE CRABBE.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

II.—Up a Loft.

AFTER a while the three Acrobatic Children took off their wings and tumbled for practice.

They were accustomed to this for hours at a stretch.

POLLY and PICKLE-LILLY looked like elegant boys, and threw themselves into attitudes.

TOMMY was the Clown.

He said, "Ere we are again!" And presently, "Ow are yer to-morrow?"

After a little while he exclaimed, "See what I've found!" They paid no attention to him. POLLY and PICKLE-LILLY were engaged on their own line of business.

Knowing that TOMMY was only practising his ordinary Clown's jokes in regular order, they allowed him to remain unnoticed.

So he went on, "Ere's a Bobby comin'!" Then, "What can I go for to fetch for to carry for to bring?"

After this he went three times head over heels and heels over head. This exercise being finished, he sat down.

POLLY, the eldest and wisest, reminded her brother that he had not ended his performance by putting his hand to the back of his neck, as he had been taught, and making a bow.

TOMMY was about to obey her order, when a Bee flew in at the window.

PICKLE-LILLY began at once, "'How doth the little busy Bee'?"

To which the insect only replied, "Buzz, buzz, buzz."

Strange that this little creature should have answered in the same words as the great English poet has put into the mouth of his *Hamlet*. But Bees sip sweets from every flower.

The children had seen better days at a Sunday School, and were able to repeat DR. WATTS's hymn. TOMMY hit at the insect with a scrap of paper lying on the ground. It was a portion of an old playbill. The wings of the Bee were sticky with honey or wax, and the scrap stuck to its body. Thus he became a bearer of news to the outer world. Before anything further could be done the Bee had quitted by the window where he had entered. In this instinct there was something rational.

TOMMY now began to wonder when he should be "called" to go through his dialogue with the Master of the Horse in the ring. He had been brought up to argue in a circle.

Was it a vicious circle?

How many are brought up in this way and not recognised as Clowns.

"If you forget anything, Mother will wallop you," said POLLY.

They called her "Mother" who had been with them in the wood of Sodar-an-be.

They cast unquiet glances at one another and murmured "Mother." Then they danced together in a sudden sense of newly-gained freedom. Tired with this, they slept. This was their preparation for their afternoon performance, for which they awaited the summons. There was no sign of it within.

Without was a surging infuriated crowd.

III.—Four Minus Three.

THE Woman, who had given up the Children to the real soldiers and the Sergeant, had escaped, alone.

When WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR had so skilfully broken up ZANGHER's Cirque at La Tristesse, this Woman had fled.

The MARKY DU CROW had secured the services of all the others.

ZANGHER's had departed on a provincial tour. Their route was uncertain.

GAMMON's Cirque had closed for a season. In the present state of affairs, none knew when it would be re-opened.

Without her Children the Woman was helpless. Also she was out of an engagement. Had she been present at the terrific battle between the troupes under the Marky and GAMMON, she would have been in an engagement.

The Marky's troupe had been scattered. Only a few remained with him in the old theatre in the Market-place.

On the other hand, those under GAMMON were concentrated.

The Woman knew nothing of this.

All she knew was that she was alone. That was enough. Her friend the Vivandière had also gone. She no longer had even the chance of a draught of her wine at the low price of one-and-three.

These words she repeated to herself as she walked onward wearily, "One-and-three."

She continued speaking to herself, "To those who cannot take care of number one, to look after number three is impossible. Yet I am looking after three. I am one: they are three."

Suddenly she perceived a piece of paper moving, apparently, of its own accord, on the ground.

She stooped to grasp it, and a bee flew away, humming.

She read the scrap. It was, "Theatre Royal, Market Place, Tristesse."

It was an inspiration.

She asked a very upright man to direct her. He said,

"I know the place."

"Well?"

"What?"

"You will direct me?"

"You are not an envelope."

"No. But I want to be directed."

"Whither?"

"I have said. The theatre, at La Tristesse."

"I know it."

"I know you know. Tell me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a bad place."

"But it is a good theatre."

"No theatre is good."

And he walked on in the opposite direction.

"Still," he said, to himself, "she may be hungry." He turned back, and gave her a ticket for soup. It was dated for last year. Good actions belong to no time.

She took it without looking.

She thought to herself, "It is an order for the Theayter."

After a while, she stopped at the entrance to what seemed to be a cellar. She looked down into the darkness.

"Is there anyone here?"

A voice came out of the gloom:

"No."

It was BILLIBARLO.

She put the same question to him.

He replied with another, "Can you throw a stone?"

"Yes."

"Then you are within a stone's throw."

IV.—Demand and Supply.

KATGOOT was a man who did what he was told. He said, "I at commanded. I do."



The crowd was forcing its way into the old theatre. There were dark, tortuous passages, with unexpected steps ascending or descending.

ANTONEROLY knew that the MARKY DU CROW would be taken in his lair.

GAMMON stood apart from the crowd, in the Market-place, with KATGOOT.

He said, "I will put an end to this. KATGOOT, you are a renowned violinist."

"I am."

"Before now you have played a magnificent solo?"

"Yes."

"And brought down the house?"

"Yes."

"Do it now."

KATGOOT drew his bow, and was about to begin.

SERGEANT RUBADUB stepped up.

"MR. GAMMON, Sir."

"Well."

"The three Acrobatic Children are in the painting-room over the theatre. If KATGOOT brings down the house they will be hurt. Acrobats, when they halt, are useless."

"And we want them as our great attraction. True." GAMMON paused. "If you are sure they are there—"

The Sergeant answered, "I am."

"How do you know?"

The Sergeant sang out, "Because I have been up the scale to see."

GAMMON decided at once.

"The room is at the top of the theatre."

"Yes."

"Bring our pair of Giant stilts, used in the last pantomime."

KATGOOT produced them.

"Good. Now who will use them, and fetch down the children?"

"I will," said SERGEANT RUBADUB.

(To be continued.)

LAND TRANSFER AND LAW COSTS.

(See COLONEL CORBETT'S *Speech*, *Times*, July 8.)

Goon faith, he's an excellent Tory, the Kernel
Of Shropshire Militia, whose fame is eternal,
And he's sure to be praised in some Shrewsbury journal.

He says, If there's land, and you want to absorb it,
You've only to move in the millionaire's orbit.
"Money down, and Land Transfer is easy," quoth CORBETT.

It isn't the landed proprietors' clamour
To simplify costly Conveyancers' grammar,
When plunging or raking brings land to the hammer.

The folk who in this modern cry are partakers,
Will never have money to purchase ten acres,—
Mere butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers.

But if in the City you've picked up a million,
In a park like a shire you may place your pavilion,
And take high precedence of any civilian;

Buy up some old castle with memories regal,—
Attorneys will see that the purchase is legal,—
And live like a kite in the nest of an eagle.

Well, there's certainly something not utterly *mal-ap-*
ropos in your theories, CORBETT of Salop,
Though your hobby you ride at too rapid a gallop.

But land *might* change hands with more ease than at present,
Not only demesnes that are spacious and pleasant,
But snug little corners, fit home for the peasant.

A freehold half-acre of land to each cottage
Would do more than find HOPES in green-stuff for his pottage—
Might help him to eke out his life's scant allotage.

Give the working man chance to buy land, and he'll buy it,
And, a lord of the soil, if a small one, in quiet,
Laugh the spouters to scorn who would rouse him to riot.

But how is the labourer ever to earn his
Bit of land, if huge fees must make numerous journeys
To the pockets absorbent of artful attorneys?

Whoso cheapens those journeys deserves a requital,
And ought to be able to register title
To Vendors' and Purchasers' thanks past recital!

THE COMET.



THE Comet is the greatest star of the season.

The Comet will appear every evening (the Clerk of the Weather permitting), but only for a limited number of nights, in consequence of pressing engagements elsewhere.

The Comet has no connection with Home-Rule, the Lock-out of the Labourers, the French situation, the abolition of Scotch Patronage, the disappearance of the Lion from Northumberland House, the high price of provisions, or the Bank rate of discount. *We* are wiser than our forefathers.

The size of the Comet is not positively known, but it fills up a pause in the conversation at dinner parties, dances, garden entertainments, &c.

The pace at which the Comet travels is uncertain, but the *Comet Galop* will shortly appear.

The Comet can be seen to the best advantage (through a piece of smoked glass) from the centre of Salisbury Plain, the middle of the Channel, the summit of the great Pyramid, the brow of Primrose Hill, and the top of St. Paul's (apply to the Dean and Chapter any time between the hours of ten and twelve, P.M.).

The Comet is specially interesting to astronomers, contributors of scientific articles, night policemen, persons at a loss for conversation, port wine drinkers, children who are allowed to sit up to see the Comet, and young people of both sexes gazing at it from gardens and balconies while under an engagement to marry.

No one knows exactly what comets are—they are not liable to Income-tax, and dissensions amongst the clergy are unknown there—and rumours have been prevalent of the intention of Government to refer the present one to a Royal Commission.

It is a painful disclosure to have to make, but some people hold the opinion that Comets may be "dissipated."

As the Comet is a good deal talked about, it is advisable to get up a little information on the subject. Such terms as orbit, ellipse, nucleus, nebulosity, and perihelion are not to be used lightly and at random at every dinner-table and dancing party. If you have any theory of your own about Comets—that they are enormous fireworks or gasworks, or merely nebulous masses of imponderable vapour—advance it with feelings in which pride and modesty struggle for the mastery, in the interval between the Eton and Harrow Match and Goodwood. (N.B. Spectrum analysis is a good card.)

Astronomer Royal *Punch* predicts that the Comet will reappear when Education is useful, universal, and compulsory; when there is some proper system of government for the whole of London; when we have decent cabs; when the Law Courts are completed; when cremation is thoroughly established; and when Ladies have seats in the House of Lords.

Of course there is a close intimacy between the Comet and the weather.

The Forsyth Franchise.

WHEN pretty MISS BLANCHE eyes the Forsyth new franchise,
She'll probably say to her sisters, "Ha! ha!
If seeing's believing, we're freedom achieving:
For we shall have votes now—but *not* our Mamma!"

Ambition to win stirs the eager young spinsters,
To maternal authority saying "Ta-ta!"
They'll take up the Rads' tone, and find some new Gladstone,
With a measure to quite "disestablish" Mamma!

Our Representatives.

A VALUABLE Work has just been published—*The Parliamentary Directory: showing the Professions and Trades the various Members are connected with.* The "professions" of Members of Parliament is a delicate subject to handle; but it will be instructive to know how many of our M.P.'s are connected with trades, particularly the trade in—beer.



UTILE CUM DULCI.

'Arry. "AIN'T YER COMIN' ALONG WITH ME, BILL?"

Piscator (the Doctor's Boy). "NO, I AIN'T A COMIN' ALONG WITH YOU, I TELL YER! I'M A RUNNIN' ON A ERRAND!"

"NO COMPULSION—ONLY, YOU MUST."

MANCHESTER Tory, Radical of Birmingham,
BIRLEY and DIXON, mortal foes of late,
FORSTER and SANDON greeting and confirming 'em,
SCOURFIELD remonstrant, TATBOR in a state!
School Boards or not, what matter to the nation?
Only be England rescued from the night,
Till by the sun-spread of liberal education,
This fair isle of ours becomes a land of light.

Is it not time, when prejudice's armour
Shuts those from reason, whose interests are one—
When hot antagonists, labourer and farmer,
Let the rich harvest waste beneath the sun—
When we are puzzled, Session after Session,
By Labour's and Capital's internecine rage;
When Agitation, that mountebank profession,
Strutting in its foolscap, takes and keeps the stage.

If we have done our fight about the Bible,
If that "religious difficulty" 's past,
If rival sects drop mutual hate and libel,
Punch from the main-top sings out "Land at last!"
Land where ears are closed to contending clerics' twitter,
Where wisdom toils to sow the future's seeds;
Whence if some weeds spring up whose taste is bitter,
They yet are always medicinal weeds.

Liberal, Conservative, think both of your pledges,
Which shall redeem them best—be that your race!
Gather from the back-slums, the hovels, and the hedges,
Young cubs still human in the soul as in the face.
Seek them where'er in ignorance they grovel,
Be it in the gutter or the reeking alley's den;
Be it in the labourer's damp o'er-crowded hovel—
Think—a nation's strength and wealth are in its men.

Can we not negative the poet's mournful murmur—

"Where the wealth accumulates, there the men decay?"

Cannot party-leaders grasp with fingers firmer

This the future's problem, the question of the day?

Hasten the time when no man shall hate his neighbour,

When still on and upwards shall lead ambition's march,

When there's free space for every son of labour,

And ne'er a rotten inch or ell whereon to raise an Arch.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSUREDLY the French are a most inventive people, and in few ways is their talent more surprisingly made manifest than in the tales which they invent respecting things which are not French. For instance, here is a description, translated from a Paris newspaper, of the duties which in England devolve upon a "Whip":—

"The Parliamentary 'Whip' is a young Member who spends his life in a gig whipping a thoroughbred (hence his name) and running after the members of his party when a division of any importance is expected. He pursues them at the park, at their friends' male and female, *et souvent ces recherches donnent lieu a des incidents delicats*; in short, he takes no rest until he has unearthed them, and brought them down to the House."

To this accurate account we may append some minor details, which are heartily at the service of enlightened foreign journalists:—

The Whip's gig is called a "sulky" (*une boudeuse*), and derives its name from the fact that it is made to hold three persons, this being by the English deemed a most unsocial number, as is shown by the old proverb which declares that "two are company, but three are none."

The thoroughbred employed is the Winner of the Derby, which is invariably purchased by the Government at the finish of the race. The animal is then placed under the care of the Master of the Horse, and, after a month's training in the Circus known as "ASTLEY'S," is prepared to go the rounds which constitute the West End circuit of the Whip. By an ancient Act of Parliament, the LORD MARE is required to sow a peck of wild oats yearly in the garden of the Mansionsouse, and the crop is duly garnered for the thoroughbred, a stable being found him at the place called Horseliedown.



THE AWAKING OF ACHILLES.

“MR. GLADSTONE declared that he had been constrained to quit his retirement to point out the false issue which had been laid before Parliament, and to dispel the delusions and the ignorance which prevailed throughout the country in regard to the Bill.”—*Morning Paper.*

DEFENCE NOT DEFIANCE.

*Horse Guards (Intelligence Department), 85, Fleet Street, E. C.,
15th July, 1874.*



N account of the great difficulty experienced in keeping the ground at the Volunteer Sham Fight on Whit-Monday when the Public broke through the Ranks and disorganised the Troops, the following Regulations will be strictly enforced at the Review at Wimbledon on Saturday, the 18th, 1874.

1. Children wishing to take part in the March Past will fall in, in sixes and sevens, in Rear of the Infantry.
2. Carriages drawn by two or more horses will accompany the Field Artillery. A Fourth (or Cab) Rank will be formed of Hackney Carriages in Rear of the Supernumerary Rank of the Garrison Artillery.
3. Omnibuses will accompany the Engineers, and will not be permitted to Halt in the March Past, except for the purpose of taking up or setting down Passengers.
4. Equestrians will March Past with the Hussars, and Persons mounted on Bicycles with the Lancers.
5. Ginger-Beer Carts drawn by Donkeys (others than the Proprietors) will be attached to the Generals' Staff. Ginger-Beer Carts drawn by Donkeys (being the Proprietors) will form upon the Right of the Aides-de-Camp.
6. Skirmishers will have the customary privilege of introducing Non-Combatant Friends, limited on this occasion to six, and will be held Responsible that said Non-Combatant Friends are Dressed (at the Halt) to the Taste and Satisfaction of the General Officer Commanding.
7. Umbrellas and Parasols will be kept Closely Furled, except when Resisting a Charge of Cavalry.
8. In Forming Battalion Square, Hansom Cabs will be Formed Up in the centre of the Square on the Right Flank of the Junior Major.
9. At the word "Charge!" Non-Combatants will be ordered to Fall Out of the Ranks, unless holding Doctors' Certificates declaring them fit to take part in the Duty.
10. Dancing to the Music of the Regimental Bands (except when under the Superintendence of an Officer of Field Rank) will be Strictly Prohibited.
11. At the Bugle Call, "Cease Firing!" Non-Combatants will desist from opening any Soda-Water or Lemonade Bottles that may yet remain in their Carts, Pockets, or Carpet-Bags.
12. When practicable, Sergeants of the Brigade of Guards (Blue), will be attached to Bodies of the Brigade of Guards (Black).

By Order,

PUNCH, *Adj.-General.*

ON THE SQUARE.

A MEETING of the London Statues was held at midnight, a few evenings since, to consider the recent improvements that have been made in Leicester Square. MR. PEABODY was in the chair, and amongst those present we observed their Majesties KING CHARLES THE FIRST, JAMES THE SECOND, GEORGE THE SECOND and THIRD, GEORGE and WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the DUKES OF CUMBERLAND, WELLINGTON, and BEDFORD, VISCOUNT NELSON, GENERALS NAPIER and HAVELOCK, and MR. PITT, and MR. FOX.

The Chairman in opening the proceedings, said that the recent alterations in Leicester Square had suggested to many of those present the possibility of bettering their position. He would suggest an agitation in favour of reform. He (the Chairman) would have to sit, "it might be for years and it might be for ever" (to quote the old song), at the corner of the Royal Exchange, unless something was done soon. He felt more like a naughty child than a great Philanthropist in his new attitude. Now in days of yore, Leicester Square—

Here KING GEORGE THE THIRD interrupted the Speaker, and said that he trusted the Chairman would not make any painful allusions to the late Statue of KING GEORGE THE FIRST, who was, in point of fact, a near relative of his.

The Chairman declared that he had no intention of doing anything of the sort. The lamented Statue had been broken up, and he would say peace to its ashes, or rather, to its dust. However, it must be

admitted by the most prejudiced that Leicester Square had been greatly improved by BARON GRANT, and that it would be well for all of them if they could secure quarters as cleanly and as comfortable.

The bust of MR. HOGARTH here put in an appearance as a deputation from Leicester Square.

KING GEORGE THE SECOND, who spoke with much excitement, objected to MR. HOGARTH's taking any part in the Meeting. They had only a head before them. If this reason for refusing to hear him was insufficient, he begged to state further that MR. HOGARTH had proved himself to be unworthy of credence by caricaturing the British Grenadiers.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST, amidst some laughter, described MR. HOGARTH as a man "all head." On which MR. HOGARTH retorted "better all head than no head, like some folk."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with the greatest possible respect, would suggest that His Majesty would be scarcely called a good judge of heads as he had lost his own. His Grace believed that MR. HOGARTH would not have laughed at the British Grenadiers had he (MR. HOGARTH) had the advantage of being present at Waterloo. He would be most happy to hear what MR. HOGARTH had to say, but as he was now on his legs, or rather his horse, he could not sufficiently strongly express his indignation at his present painful position. Any military man would understand this feeling when he announced that nearly every day during the summer he had to watch with calmness and in silence the doings of the Volunteers in Hyde Park.

VISCOUNT NELSON heartily sympathised with His Grace. His Lordship expressed a strong wish to be removed from Charing Cross as the only thing that he could see and was wont to amuse him had been removed. Of course he referred to the Lion on Northumberland House with whom he had been in the habit of exchanging signals, during the progress of popular meetings in which his own unfortunate Lions had been so seriously compromised. The stiffness of tail of the Northumberland House Lion had been a great comfort to him of late years, in fact he might say his only comfort since iron had superseded hearts of oak in the sides of ships, but, unfortunately, not in the hearts of public men, in whom as far as he could judge, there was deuced little of the metal or of the wood either. He wished to know how much longer he was to be kept mast-headed. His lofty position had its advantages when the boys used to contend on the River, but now-a-days even with the best telescope, he could find no trace of the Eton and Westminster Boat Race. His Lordship wished to be put up at Margate.

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH complained bitterly of the fountains of Trafalgar Square. On a windy day His Majesty was covered with spray. He was a child of Nature, and wished to go back to Brighton. He preferred salt water to Artesian well water, and the Pavilion to the National Gallery. Still, if he must stay in town, from what he had heard, Leicester Square seemed to be the very place for him, as it contained a building with a frontage in his favourite school of architecture. His Majesty begged to ask MR. HOGARTH if there was room for him.

MR. HOGARTH replied, not at present. The fact of the matter was that although the Square was excessively nice and airy, the place was disfigured by a statue in the centre. His fellow-lodgers had all local claims. NEWTON was an able man of Science, HUNTER a good Anatomist, and his friend REYNOLDS knew something of Painting,—at least, so the critics and people of fashion fancied—and they all of them had been at some time or another connected with Leicester Square. Now the Statue in the centre had never (so far as History tells) set step in the place, and, therefore, had no right to monopolise a fountain and the best site in the garden. The choice of so strange a centre-piece was all the more extraordinary as there existed a gentleman whose claims to the highest honours were overwhelmingly powerful, a gentleman who in person realised his (MR. HOGARTH's) notion of "the line of beauty," and who in mind was the peer of the greatest sages that the world had ever produced; a gentleman after his (MR. HOGARTH's) own heart, and to whom he had bequeathed his favourite dog. He need scarcely say that he alluded to his dear friend, *Mr. Punch*.

The cheering at this point was so hearty that a policeman was attracted to the spot on which the meeting was being held, and the Statues were forced to resume hurriedly their wonted pedestals. This interruption is the more to be regretted, as it is understood that MR. FOX proposed complaining of the state of Bedford Square, and KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH proposed moving his own removal from the City to Charing Cross, on the score that no one stayed in the East End now-a-days after five o'clock.

Black Jobs in the Wind.

Is it proposed to revive Intra-mural Burying? We regret to read that at the luncheon given after LADY ALFORD had laid the foundation-stone of the church of St. JOHN the Evangelist, Holborn, the toast of the day was "Success to the Undertaking."



"THE SERVANTS."

Mistress. "JANE, TELL COOK I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE WHAT SHE WANTS DONE TO THAT STOVE, AS THE BUILDER'S COMING TO-MORROW."

Jane. "O, PLEASE, 'UM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN AST YOU INTO THE KITCHING TO-DAY, MUM, AS COOK AND ME'S GOT A SMALL AND EARLY 'AT 'OME' THIS AFTERNOON, MUM!"

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS FOR ENTRANCE INTO INFANT SCHOOLS.

LORD CHELMSFORD, who went to sea at an early age, but afterwards became Lord Chancellor, as good as confesses that he would be all at sea again if he had to answer some of the questions put to our Naval Cadets. Certainly COLLINGWOOD and NELSON could never have entered the British Navy under the present rules. *N'importe*: we have improved things. *Mr. Punch* has had to set the examination papers for the admission to infant schools, and has done so to the best of his ability, only remarking that it is one thing to set papers with your books about you, and another to answer them with nothing more informing than pen and ink, a quire of foolscap, and a pad of blotting paper. Ten minutes' allowance for infants under three years of age; above that, weight for age—girls, 3 stone 2lb.; boys, 4 stone. T. Y. C.

Arithmetic.

1. The *Daily Telegraph* has the largest circulation in the world, and the *Daily News* a world-wide circulation. State the exact circulation of each paper, and reduce the value of it to pence, florins, and rupees.
2. What was the precise amount of MR. LOWE'S surplus, in farthings, kreutzers, and cowries? and give some general idea of what has become of it.
3. State the exact amount of the Spanish national debt, and if your father holds any bonds, tell us how he feels.
4. Give the united ages of SIR RICHARD WALLACE and BARON ALBERT GRANT, multiply them by ten, and reduce them to sovereigns.

History.

1. What did MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS say to OLIVER CROMWELL after the battle of Blenheim, and what did he say when she said that?
2. Relate what you know of ANDREW MARVELL, the old Member

for Hull, and MR. REED, the present Member. (Any child making a joke about the "Ship of the State" will be at once disqualified.)

3. Who was SHAWN O'NEILL, and why did he quarrel with WILLIAM THE THIRD?

Geography.

1. Describe Yarkand, and state the reasons which induced SIR SAMUEL and LADY BAKER to go there.
2. Give the exact distance between the Seven Dials, and the end of the Five Points of New York; state which you think to be the nicest place of the two; and put down what you remember of WORDSWORTH'S poem on the Dials, beginning, "We are Seven."
3. State the relative heights of the lakes Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza above the level of the sea; and give your opinions, if any, as to the former lake being the Serere of the Congo.
4. Which is the shortest way from Fitzroy Square to New Burlington Street; and, if you lost your way between the two places, at what Police Station would you give yourself up to be taken home?

General Knowledge.

Who's GRIFFITHS?

Did Poor Miss Finch ever accumulate any property?

Where's ELIZA?

How's your mother, and does she know if you are out?

Did you ever Send your Wife to Camberwell?

Can We Forgive Her?

"Who fears to talk of Ninety-Eight?"

Tell us about the Transit of Venus, and show why the Venus of MILO takes longer in passing over the sun's surface than the Venus de Medici.

Tell us the name of anybody who does not adore the PRINCESS OF WALES.

These are all the questions which *Mr. Punch* has set at present, but, as education progresses, of course he will have to be more severe. We seem to be coming back to the safe old Schoolmaster's rule, that no boy is to go into the water until he can swim.



THE COMET.

"LOOK AT IT 'ERE, BILL! YOU KETCH. IT SIDWAYS 'ERE!!"

88° IN THE SHADE.

(By a Humble Householder.)

HAIL, Perspiration! Thou, whose gracious drops,
From 'neath my hat, adown my whiskers roll,
Leaving a reddened and a dirty rim
About my manly and exuding brow.
Now to my fervent back firmly adheres
That portion of my vesture termed my shirt;
And from my gloves, reduced to pleasant pulp,
My hands receive the imprint of the dye.
Now, in my patent leathers (hitherto
Too large), my swelling feet gigantic throb;
The whiles my best black West of England coat
Is thickly powdered with the decent dust;
Till, walking in some shady, cool retreat,
The spitting, squirting hydrostatic van
Sprinkles (and spoils) my pants, and quick converts
The arid asphalt to a greasy slide.
How pleasant then to feel within my grasp
The moistening and mottled palm of SMITH,
And part with sixpences for cooling drinks
For SMITH and for SMITH's friend! Now is the time
When, with excited eye and lolling tongue,
Along the street careers the frequent cur,
And Hydrophobia lurks in every lane.
Comes now the blue-bottle with blithesome buzz,
And to corruption turns our leg of lamb,
What time the greedy and sore struggling fly
The oily butter chooses for his lair,
While round our nose careers the pleasant wasp.
And haply, toward the sultry afternoon,
The busy housewife, trembling in her shoes,
With hearthrug covers up the shining grate,
And, while the thunderstorm is passing by,
In the coal-cellar hides her timid head.
Then to the theatre, where, ere played out
The piece we much desired to have seen,

WANTED, A PUBLICAN'S DICTIONARY.

WANTED, a Lexicon,
Publishers, please!
Not one in Mexican,
Sanskrit, Chinese!
One for the Publican,
Eager to hear,
When in his bubbly can
He may froth beer.

Show him for stop o' lush
Right time o' day;
What is a "populush
Place," please to say.
How 's a poor Wittler to
Know what 's "a town,"
Which Lords, and Lawyers to
Tell, are done brown?

He has heard City-ways,
Talk o' gasometers,
But what, for pity, say 's
"Alcoholometers"?
To spare him worrits,
Do make it clear—
How much turps in sperrits,
How much "foots" in beer?

But by one grav'ler he 's
Most sorely tried—
What is "a traveller," he
Asks, "bonā fide?"
Some say bonā fide's
The regular cheese—
But what he can't abide is
"Sich wasting of e's."

"Words are transmogrified,"
Sighs poor old STRINGO,
"One feels out-jographed
Quite, with their lingo.
Which I 'm tired o' my life with,
Till sleep is denied:
And I wakes up my wife with
'Are you bonā fide?'"

The close, gas-heated air affects the loved
Wife of our bosom that she straightway faints.
So home to Camberwell by half-past nine—
(And four-and-sixpence for a four-wheeled cab).
But what of night? Then beetles blithely swarm
In kitchens back; then squeaks and eke mol-rows
The necessary cat. With stealthy step,
Through the low casement, left ajar for air,
To grasp plate-baskets genial burglars stalk;
The while ourselves in restless slumber toss'd,
And hovered over by the murmurous guat,
Discarding blankets, struggling with the sheets,
Dream of a swimming match in boiling oil!
O, Summer! glorious summer! Go it, Summer!

FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY UNIFORMS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

IMPERIALISTS.—Costume—Violet velvet, lined with sword-proof leather. Ornaments—Iron collars, steel helmets, and buff boxing-gloves.

Democrats.—Costume—Chain armour, covered with red baize. Ornaments—Bowie-knives and hempen cravats.

Royalists.—Costume—White cloth, padded with cork-shavings. Ornaments—Speaking-trumpets and dog-whistles.

Ministers of State.—Costume—Turned coats, bound with (imitation) official lace. Ornaments—Portfolios in pasteboard and tinsel.

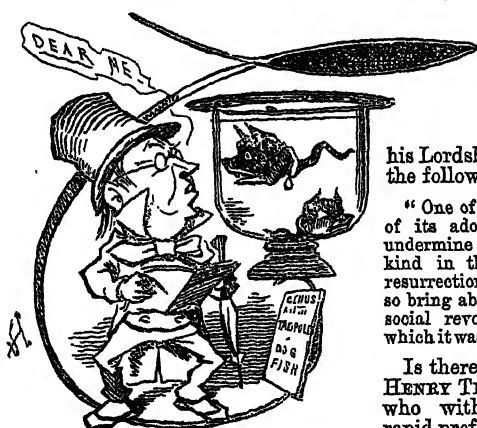
The President of the Republic.—Costume—Uniform of a Marshal of France. Ornaments—Bayonets and rifled artillery.

La Belle France.—Costume—Tricolor tunic and Cap of "Liberty." Ornaments—Gag and a strait-waistcoat.

Political Astrology.

THE Comet appears to have betokened MR. GLADSTONE'S re-appearance in the House of Commons, and to forebode hot debates on the Public Worship Bill.

CREMATION AND CREED.



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has been preaching in Westminster Abbey, against Cremation. The sole argument in his Lordship's discourse was the following:—

"One of the very first fruits of its adoption would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution, the end of which it was not easy to foretell."

Is there any need for *SIR HENRY THOMPSON*, or those who with him think the rapid preferable to the slow decomposition of mortal re-

mains, to answer *DR. WORDSWORTH* theologically according to his wisdom? Did not the excellent Bishop, towards the end of his sermon, conclusively answer himself? He said:—

"The persecutors of the Martyrs in the second century burned their bodies and cast their ashes into the Tiber; but this they did to refute the doctrine of the resurrection, and to prevent it spreading through the world."

Upon, if not in consequence of which, it did incontinently spread through the world. Nor does it appear to have been at all affected by the fact that *WYCLIFFE'S* bones were disposed of by the Church of his period, just as the Pagans treated those of the earlier martyrs, and that later martyrs' bones were calcined in certain "acts of faith," which faith, as far as it regarded that doctrine, was to the full as orthodox as the BISHOP OF LINCOLN's own.

One chief ground, however, whereon men of science recommend cremation is the demonstrable reality of a gaseous and noxious resurrection of the material body. But on this subject, according to BISHOP WORDSWORTH, they are ill-informed:—

"These men defended their theory with reference to the supposed injury which was inflicted on the living by the noxious and deadly gases and vapours emitted from the dead body during the process of corruption; but they overlooked the fact that all these gases were absorbed by the trees and shrubs which were, and ought to be, planted in our cemeteries and graveyards."

Is this indeed a fact in connection with sanitary science which our Doctors and Professors of Physic, Surgery, and Natural Philosophy have overlooked, and require to have pointed out to them by a clergyman? And did not the Right Reverend Divine who preached as above concerning "these men" himself overlook the fact that they allege not only that gases are exhaled from burial-grounds into the atmosphere, but also that drainage exudes into the rivers and the wells? Even if cemeteries and churchyards are not pestilential, how otherwise than by cremation does the BISHOP OF LINCOLN propose to arrest the nuisance of necropolis extension over valuable land, or beautiful and salubrious waste?

No doubt, as the BISHOP says, the products of the decomposition of the *corpus humanum* are in part absorbed by trees and shrubs planted in churchyards. What is this but the resurrection of it in vegetable forms? He does not consider the fact of this resurrection inconsistent with the belief in another. How much more so is cremation?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

In an irritable frame of mind at the Academy. Suggestions at the fog end of the Season.

SIR,

I DON'T write as a critic, but as representing myself in an uncritical mood. I have been to the Academy. "Rather late in the day," you'll say, "for that." Perhaps so. Better late than never; though I'm not quite so sure about the truth of this old proverb. It is late in the season, I admit, but it was early in the day—that is, from ten to one. I believe Burlington House is open at eight, and the early birds flock in crowds, each early bird believing that he or she will be the only person there and "see it all comfortably, you know."

It is impossible to see the pictures comfortably at any time; that is as long as people, all people, no exceptions for age or sex, will be such bears and bores. You may go in as polite as if you were paying your first visit to some Duchess with whom you had recently

become acquainted, but before you've been in the room half an hour, you'll be ready to attack anybody and be rude to everybody.

At the Academy, good manners and good temper appear to be left at the doors with the sticks and umbrellas. A humane provision this: were umbrellas and sticks admitted, what frightful scenes would ensue. A "roll call" of visitors, after two hours of it at Burlington House, would be a more touching sight than even *MISS THOMPSON'S* now celebrated picture. By the way, this season at the Academy should be recorded as one of *THOMPSON'S* Seasons. Hope the young lady will have many others. Here's her health!

I do sincerely wish the portraits of distinguished nobodies and their charming children (I can mention one painter who doesn't seem to have flattered a very plain pair) were relegated to some room by themselves. There are just a few exceptional people whom it is interesting to see; but as a rule I would they might all be in a Portrait Gallery by themselves. And let the Portrait Gallery be divided, thus: No. 1. Somebodies. No. 2. Nobodies. The latter, numbering about a hundred, out of a hundred and twenty-nine portraits, would still be delighted at their existence having been thus advertised for one short season. Fancy the pride of *MR. SMITH*, of *Stowe-in-the-Hole*, at being able to say for the remainder of his life, "I was exhibited in the Academy one year." Among these there are two "portraits of gentlemen," which might have been labelled with the title of *MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S* Novel, *No Name*. Also there is a portrait of a Lady. Well, of course, such specimens are, unfortunately, rare: so, as one of them is by *MR. HICKS*—"Bravo, *HICKS*!"

There ought to be a rail all round. I don't mean to travel by from one end of the gallery to the other, but to prevent officious pretentious amateur connoisseurs from rubbing their noses against the pictures—and *treading on the toes of people behind them*, without so much as a "beg pardon."

Now, Sir, you can guess *hinc illa lacryma*. I couldn't help saying, "It is a shame to struggle and shove. It is too bad to stand in front of a picture for a quarter of an hour when there are people!"—(you will notice I say emphatically "people,")—"behind who have also paid to see." When it came to my turn to be in front (at *MISS THOMPSON'S* picture), I heard persons making rude remarks behind my back. But I had my shilling's worth out at that picture. I wouldn't move: until I was somehow squeezed out, and then I threateningly drove a terrified old lady before me. She left behind her two granddaughters in the crowd. Pretty girls both—plump, fresh from the country, and as wholesome in their prettiness as *MILLAI'S* "*Picture of Health*"—the daintiest little maiden, with the damask roses in full bloom on her cheeks!—or as some of those lovely young ladies whom *MR. ARCHER* groups so gracefully. What happy fellows those portrait-painters ought to be with such angels . . . but I must pause—such a train of thought is out of keeping with the hot weather. To return to the Academy—well, I will another day, if it's not too hot, and not too late, and if I haven't got on new patent boots, in which I defy anyone to enjoy art.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE (in new boots).

P.S.—There's such a difficulty in pronouncing the artists' names. *MR. ALMA TADEMA* (some people think he's a young lady) is called "*ALLMAR TADERMAR*," "*ALMAY TADDEEMAY*," and "*ALMY TAD-DEMY*," which last would rhyme with "Academy."

"*ALMY TADDYMY*
At the Academy."

Poor *FILDES* is called "*FIDDLER*," "*FIDDLES*," and "*FILL-DES*." One well-informed person told his friend that the *Bishop* in *MR. FRITH'S* picture of the "*Procession at Boulogne*," was "*The Pope*; and a capital likeness, too!" And before *MR. HOOK'S* "*Jetsam and Flotsam*" I heard—"Jetsam and Flotsam!" What's that?" "O, the girls' names, I suppose." But anon, Sir! 'Tis too hot for Postscripts.

General Good Faith.

So, it is the opinion of a moralist no less pure and a statesman no less distinguished than *MR. GLADSTONE*, that "all that should be asked with respect to the observance of the Rubrics is that a general obedience should be paid to them." What does he mean by "a general obedience?" An obedience in most particulars with some optional exceptions? How convenient it would be to allow a general obedience to the laws in general to suffice—for every rogue in England! Let him reflect that the Public Worship Bill is called for in order to enforce a general obedience to the librics, to which disobedience has become general.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

WHAT old struggle is now renewed in Paris between *MACMAHON* and the Assembly? The Seven Years' War.



A GOOD LISTENER.

Reverend Gentleman. "WELL, TIM, DID YOU LEAVE THE LETTER AT THE SQUIRE'S?"

Tim. "I DID, YOUR RIV'RENCE. I B'LEIVE THEY'RE HAVIN' DINNOR COMPANY TO-DAY—"

Reverend Gentleman (angrily). "WHAT BUSINESS HAD YOU TO BE LISTENING ABOUT? HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU—"

Tim. "PLAZE YOUR RIV'RENCE, I ONLY LISTENED WITH MY NOSE!!"

88° IN THE SHADE.

(*T'other side of the picture, by a Cool Countryman. See Mr. Punch's last number.*)

HAIL, Perspiration! cleanser of the pores,
Foe to the subtle acids that infect
The stream of life! Who does not love thee well,
When on the green are pitched the cool white tents,
And clad in flannel, wearing shoes well spiked,
We play the game of games? Hot let it be
As ever Phœbus made it, or as when
Phaëton drew down Jove's thunder, feebly holding
His sire's wild steeds—the exulting blood within
Makes such heat tame. Or when, with bending oars,
We pass reach after reach of glorious Thames,
A lady steering; with each well-pulled stroke
The body lightens, and the spirit grows
Stronger and clearer. O, the drowsy woods,
The flashing mill-race, and the lazy lock,
Where waiting brings flirtation! Am I warm?
Yes, but I like it: yes, but I enjoy
My tankard, ere we try another spurt.
SMITH does the same, and I delight to see
SMITH's friendly, ugly, humorous, sunburnt face
Through the glass bottom of the silver mug
As he inverts it like a gentleman.
Now is the time when my great wolfhound loves
To lave his tawny sides in Thames, and roll
In fresh-cut grass thereafter. He has read
No silly paragraphs on Rabies,
And won't go mad at present. Flies there are;
Granted: but how the deuce would that sweet bird,

VERY WARM WORK.

AMONG the news of the week nobody can be surprised by the announcement that:—

"The difficulty of keeping down the temperature in the House of Commons as the heat increases has necessitated the use of a greater quantity of ice over which the air is passed before it reaches the chamber. The consumption is now one ton per night, and the extra cost thus entailed is about £20 per week."

The debates on the Public Worship Bill have apparently been attended with an actual rise of physical temperature. Hence it would seem that fiery eloquence and the heat of argument are not mere phrases; that "thoughts which breathe" do in breathing really involve combustion by the combination of oxygen with carbon, and "words that burn" liberate sensible caloric. It is a pity that the necessity for icing the atmosphere of the House of Commons, created by these conditions occurring in the Dog Days, precludes the experiment, which would be highly interesting if it could be tried, of testing by thermometer the comparative warmth of the House during theological and secular debates.

A Too Liberal Tory.

ALBERT GRANT, as one who treated
His constituents, is unseated.
Has St. Stephen's lost a Tory?
They that say so tell a story.
He was lavish of his treasure;
Liberal in too large a measure!
For another Minster bidder—
West, to wit, instead of Kidder, —
Might he not, through Leicester Square,
Find his seat lost, likewise, there?

Question for Court Above.

It has been decided by several Judges that the owners of any place into which they admit people on payment of money, with the knowledge that betting is carried on in it, render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. If this decision stand, how will it affect Hammersmith Bridge on the occasion of the University boat-race?

QUITE T'OTHER.—ANTI-BURGES writes to ask if the proposed ornamentation of St. Paul's is to be considered a "Wren-ovation."

"The temple-haunting martlet," live without?
And there are thunderstorms. I love to see
Pure fire of ether in its zig-zag lines
Dazzling against dark cloud; I love to hear
The boom of the great thunder, and to feel
The close air cleared by each electric flash,
Till the birds sing again, and fields smell sweet,
And the great arch is thrown from hill to hill,
As when the Patriarchs saw it. Theatres
We have not here, but Night, the fair lessee
Of Nature's Theatre Royal, has her stars,
Her orchestra the music of the spheres.
Then there's a Comet, wherein sodium lines
May be distinguished, if you deftly place
Brandy and soda in your spectrum-glass.
The necessary cat comes never near
My realm: the far more necessary dog
Would soon reduce him to his last mol-row;
And, for a reason not dissimilar,
The genial burglar never burgles here,
But plies his trade where spoons are plentiful:
For cottage windows open all night long,
And the aroma of cigars that calm
The mind into a state to write to *Punch*
Something as perfect as the diamond
On SAPPHO's finger, tempt not WILLIAM SIKES;
Nor does he care to have his vituline
Protuberance (he perhaps might call it calf)
Gripped by an honest English mastiff's teeth.
No, I sleep sound: if gnats come, I don't know it,
But wake to exclaim, "O glorious Summer! Go it!
Bring perfect perspiration to your poet!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AST should be Past—especially past scandals. The Edmunds mess (*Monday, July 13*) having been stirred by the gentleman who made it—or, rather, by a clever young Lord whom he had induced to stir it for him—LORD SELBORNE was obliged to rake up again a great deal that, for Mr. EDMUNDS' sake, had better be kept buried. No one wants to hit Mr. EDMUNDS now he is down, and it is open to any Lord or Commoner even to pity him, and to think, and call him, an unfortunate man. But there public sympathy must stop. The request of Mr. EDMUNDS for a pension as having resigned an office he ought never to have received is nothing short of what, in a less unfortunate offender, would be called impudence.

In the Commons, the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, with that graceful diffidence which belongs to him at such moments, promised the House a gladiatorial entertainment on Wednesday and Friday next, in which he would have the honour to play *Restarius* to MR. GLADSTONE'S *Secutor*.

The Public Worship Regulation Bill was not a Government Measure, but Government, having allowed it to be brought in, was bound to find time for its discussion. MR. GLADSTONE having given

notice of Resolutions, which amounted to a repeal of the Act of Uniformity, the Government was bound to give him rope enough. So Orders of the day and Wednesday's Standing Orders would be swept on one side, a clear stage—and no favour—made for W. E. G.,—and then for the gladiatorial interlude he had promised them. (*Sensation prolongée.*)

The House got back to the adjourned Kirk Patronage debate, but evidently "with minds distraught and thoughts elsewhere." Every head was running on the anticipation of the royal entertainment promised for the fag-end of the week. In the midst of this distraction the abolition of Kirk Patronage was rediscussed, SIR R. ANSTEWOTHER complaining bitterly that the Liberal party should have been "whipped" against the Bill to please MR. GLADSTONE, and indeed openly revolting against the Gladstonian "lead" in the matter. As if this had been the only revolt of the week! The Second Reading was carried by 307 to 109—in the teeth of MR. GLADSTONE.

Tuesday.—LORD SANDON announced that Government intended to give the *coup-de-grâce* to the Endowed Schools Commission, to hand over their work to the Charity Commissioners, reinforcing that body so that they might get through their work of cleansing the Augean (we beg pardon—we should say the Endowed School) stable in five years, and laying down new rules, calculated to secure more weight to founders' wishes—especially when they tended to give the lion's share of endowments to the Established Church.

The move is a mistake—the most serious mistake Government have yet committed—a move backwards, as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. FORSTER very clearly showed.

The Opposition are bound to fight this Bill for putting up a bar on Endowed-School-doors which the late Government's Bill appointing the Commission took down. If they can stop its progress by any Parliamentary tactics they have a right to use them. It will be but clapping a stone behind the wheel of the Endowed-School "trap," to which LORD SANDON and his friends are for giving a shove backwards and down-hill.

True, the Commission has become unpopular. People armed with besoms and set to sweeping out dark and dirty places seldom are popular with the bats and black-beetles. But suppose the Commission has been too *doctrinaire* or too *drastic*, the Government might have infused a soothing, softening, and sobering element into it. To do away with it is a sin and a shame. To hark back to "founders' wills"—that great bugbear and barrier of all real Educational improvement—is worse than a sin and a shame, it is a gross blunder. It is hanging round the neck of middle-class JOHN BULL, on his way to the Educational waters he stands so much in need of, the clog which he had reason to think himself rid of for good and all. It is a violation of the sound principle which—as MR. GLADSTONE truly said, distinguishes our Parliamentary Government from all others, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" It is saying, in effect, that the wills and prejudices of the ancient dead shall override the wisdom and needs of the actual living. It is thrusting back the hands of the dial, and advancing by retrogression.

Fight it, FORSTER—fight it to the last man in town, the last hour of the Session, the last breath in your political body. Now is the moment for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether from Her Majesty's Opposition, if there be such a thing!

Wednesday.—MR. DISRAELI cleared the floor for the fight on the Public Worship Bill. There was a demure twinkle in the eye, an ominous calm in the bearing of the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. HECTOR, and a smouldering fire, dark and dangerous, in the look of the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. ACHILLES, as each armed for the encounter.

But unto him, as, to his Captains turned,
In his red eye the fire of battle burned,
Far-sighted FORSTER and grave GOSCHEN drew,
And their wet blankets o'er Achilles threw.
"See where our host; reluctant, backward draws,
Averse to follow thee in such a cause:
See their ranged points sink lower and more low;
See ready shaft withdrawn from slackened bow;
See where asunder shrink the serried shields,
Till all their wavering battle yawns and yields;
Hear the scarce smothered murmur at thy name,

The scornful question, 'Was't for *this* he came?'
And, warned in time, this fatal fight forbear,
That brings defeat to *thee*, to us despair.
Or if thou, blinded by the wrath of Jove,
Must needs to battle on such issue move,
Expect to see thy Captains, sore in grief,
Turn their reluctant arms against their Chief;
Till all alone, left by thy former train,
Against the foe thou shalt the fight sustain.
Ill fares the Chief who so directs his blow
As to make foe of friend; and friend of foe.

Lo, where the Bill which thou art fain to stay,
Through Second Reading moves, without a Nay;
Then pause, Achilles, ere it is too late,
Nor, spurning counsel, rush upon thy fate."

Achilles groaned and chafed, but gazing round,
Clear confirmation of this warning found:
The while he paused, for once, to count the costs,
Plume-shaking Hector strode betwixt the hosts,
Brandished his lance and cried, "Why stay the Chief,
FORSTER and GOSCHEN, who *will* come to grief?
Myself the champion of this Bill I own,
Not less strong in *your* strength than in my own;
But if Achilles wills to bite the dust,
Let him come on, for Nemesis is just!
Still the old force in the old leaven sways,
With him still Church commands and State obeys:
My banded host 'gainst Ritual rebels stands,
To bow reluctant Church to Law's commands.
If such the battle-field Achilles choose,
To try the fight with Hector—win or lose,—
He cannot say the choice was mine, I ween,
Though, *had* I chosen, this my choice had been.
Then let him raise his war-cry, 'Church 'gainst Law,'
Or from his Resolutions Six withdraw,
And, owning himself vanquished without strife,
Avoid the field, and back to lettered life—
More fit to pore on the Homeric lay
Than set Homeric battles in array,
And,—rash Achilles!—Hector's strength defy,
In strife whose end all know as well as I."
So Hector spoke.—Achilles crushed the fire
Beak in his heart that throbbed with mighty ire;
For well he saw, in that field of his own
If he dared fight, he needs must fight alone,
Or with the foes of many an ancient war
To take the place of friends who stood afar.

Thursday.—

Thus warned, his weapon to the ground he threw,
And from the field, with swelling soul, withdrew!

And so *Punch* sings what he might have said, but for the epic completeness of the action, with its beginning, middle, and end—the Challenge!—the Acceptance!!—the Retreat!!! Since, in the Arabian tale, the Djinn retreated into the brazen vessel at the request of the artful Fisherman, and allowed himself to be "bottled" and corked down, there has been no such example of Power and Passion self-surrendered to Tact and Ready-wit.

Friday.—In the Lords, Fiji fidgets. Shall BRITANNIA, or shall she not, take into her Imperial hands that tempting yet troublesome Archipelago, with its 160,000 natives, its intricate land questions, its £87,000 of debt, its white rowdies, reprobates, and kidnappers, and its less savage mountain black-fellows? The island authorities, such as they are, offer us the islands. Commissioners have reported in favour of acceptance. LORD CARNARVON has considered the matter all round—north, south, east, and west—and has come to the conclusion that if we accept the islands, it must be unconditionally; and if we govern the islands, it must be as a Crown colony "of rather a severe type," that is, as a despotism *pur et simple*. Like the Waggoner in *Æsop's* fable, we have called on Hercules—SIR HERCULES ROBINSON to wit—who from South Australia is to visit Fiji and report, and by him the Government will be guided. But JOHN BULL cannot allow that horrible "blackbirding" to go on. And LORD CARNARVON's conclusions seem, on the whole, sound; at least, we find nothing in Thursday night's *cons* to overbalance the *pros* in their favour.

The Commons made way with the Public Worship Bill. It is not to come into operation till next July.

"HORE" (A. B.) "told the flattering tale" that this delay may give time for Convocation to overhaul the Rubrics! We would rather not dwell on that thought in this weather. It opens up such a vista of burning questions.

MR. LOWE moved an instruction that the new Judge should have cognisance of all clerical offences, in matters of conduct as well as Ritual. It must come to that, of course. But the time is not now. —(July 17—and the grouse crying, "Come, kill me!")

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.



most of the Ministers (late and present) with a host of other illustrious personages, are expected to grace the Fancy Dress Ball at Marlborough House.

A list of a few of these is appended,

with the characters they will support, for the gratification of those of our

readers who may not have the privilege of mingling in the gay and glittering scene:—

MR. *Punch*—Phoebus Apollo.
MR. DISRAELI—The Comet.
MR. GLADSTONE—Homer.
THE LORD CHANCELLOR—The Great Seal.
THE SPEAKER—Patience on a Monument.
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—The Ship of the State.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—The National Debt, attended by the Three Lords of the Treasury as the Three per Cents. (Group of Allegorical Figures.)
THE HOME SECRETARY—"The Good Little Wittler."
THE SECRETARY FOR WAR—Mars.
THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL—a Queen's Messenger.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD—a Street Beggar.

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS—a Park-keeper.
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN—*Polonius*.
THE MASTER OF THE HORSE—a Jockey.
SIR WILFRED LAWSON—*Bacchus*.
MR. NEWDEGATE—the POPE.
BARON ROTHSCHILD—*Cæsar*.
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS—the Northumberland House Lion.
THE POET-LAUREATE—KING ARTHUR.
THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL—the Clerk of the Weather.
THE LORD MAYOR—the Monument.
THE SHERIFFS—*Gog and Magog*.
THE PRINCESS OF WALES—the Queen of Hearts.

Idol Mio!

SAID ANGELINA to EDWIN, early in their honeymoon; "Parliament may pass a Public Worship Bill, but there is no fear they will ever vote a Private Worship Bill; and, even if they were, it should never prevent me, dearest, from worshipping you!"

CLERICAL MADCAPS.—A vendor of Ritualistic frippery advertises "birettas warranted not to fall off." If the Public Worship Regulation Bill become law, we should expect a decided falling off of birettas, among other articles of Ritualistic man-millinery, and Tomfoolery,



AWKWARD !

"O, EDITH, WON'T YOU KISS DR. M'CLUSKIE?"

"I'M SO SHY, MAMMA! YOU KISS HIM FIRST!"

THE NEXT COMET YEAR.

Diary of a Londoner in August, 18—.

3 A.M. to 4 A.M.—Got up rather late, my servant having forgotten to call me at 2'30 as ordered. The result of his negligence was that I found the heat oppressive. It was quite a matter of difficulty to keep cool even in my ice-bath. As my tailor had not sent home my new clothes, I was obliged to wear my muslin suit, which is decidedly hot for this time of the year.

4 A.M. to 5 A.M.—Went to Westminster Hall to hear my case tried. The Judge, after complaining of the hours of the Court, which are now from 4 A.M. to 7 A.M. (his Lordship said that 6 A.M. would be sufficiently late for the ending of the day's sitting), was forced to remove his wig. My Counsel's junior (a promising young barrister of five-and-forty) fainted from the excessive heat. After this my case was adjourned by general consent until the Autumn.

5 A.M. to 7 A.M.—Went to the Grand Review in Hyde Park. The Troops looked very smart in their new straw hats and scarlet braces. All the Generals carried the new regulation parasols which are larger than civilian umbrellas. The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief wore several orders over his shirt-front.

7 A.M. to 9 A.M.—At breakfast. I found that I had quite an appetite, and enjoyed my wine-glass of iced tea immensely. The frozen water-cress leaves (of which I ate at least a dozen) were much to my liking.

10 A.M. to 12 Noon.—Secured a nice cool tank in a deep part of the Serpentine, and watched Society as it floated past me. Some of the lately-imported whales swim with fine action and look admirably well in their new harness made of frosted glass.

12 Noon to 2 P.M.—Enjoyed a siesta on my new patent refrigerator sofa.

2 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Hard at work reading the iced edition of the daily papers. The new snow-showers in the House of Commons seem to work well. During last night's Debate the thermometer stood as low as 95° in the shade.

5 P.M. to 7 P.M.—Had a nice little dinner at the Arctic Restaurant

(a place I prefer in this weather to the Club, as it is cooler), of which the following is the *menu* :—

Soup.—Potage à l'eau glacé.

Fish.—Slices of fried shrimp.

Entrée.—Butterflies à la Russe.

Roti.—Cut off the mutton-chop. (The joint of the day.)

Poultry.—Leg of a pigeon (grilled).

7 P.M. to 9 P.M.—Went to the Iced Swimming Bath (late the Royal Italian Opera) to see the new Aquatic Ballet. Mlle. ROSE NEIGE (the *première danseuse*) is one of the most graceful swimmers I have ever seen.

9 P.M.—Returned home tired to death. Having forgotten my latch-key, I had to ring up my landlady. My late return caused her great surprise. She declared that during the present trying season every one wishing to retain health should be in bed by six P.M. I feel that she is right. After smoking the third of a cigarette, I got into my new four-poster shower-bath, tied down the string, and went to sleep.

De Groof.

(*Killed in Attempting to Fly, July 9, 1874.*)

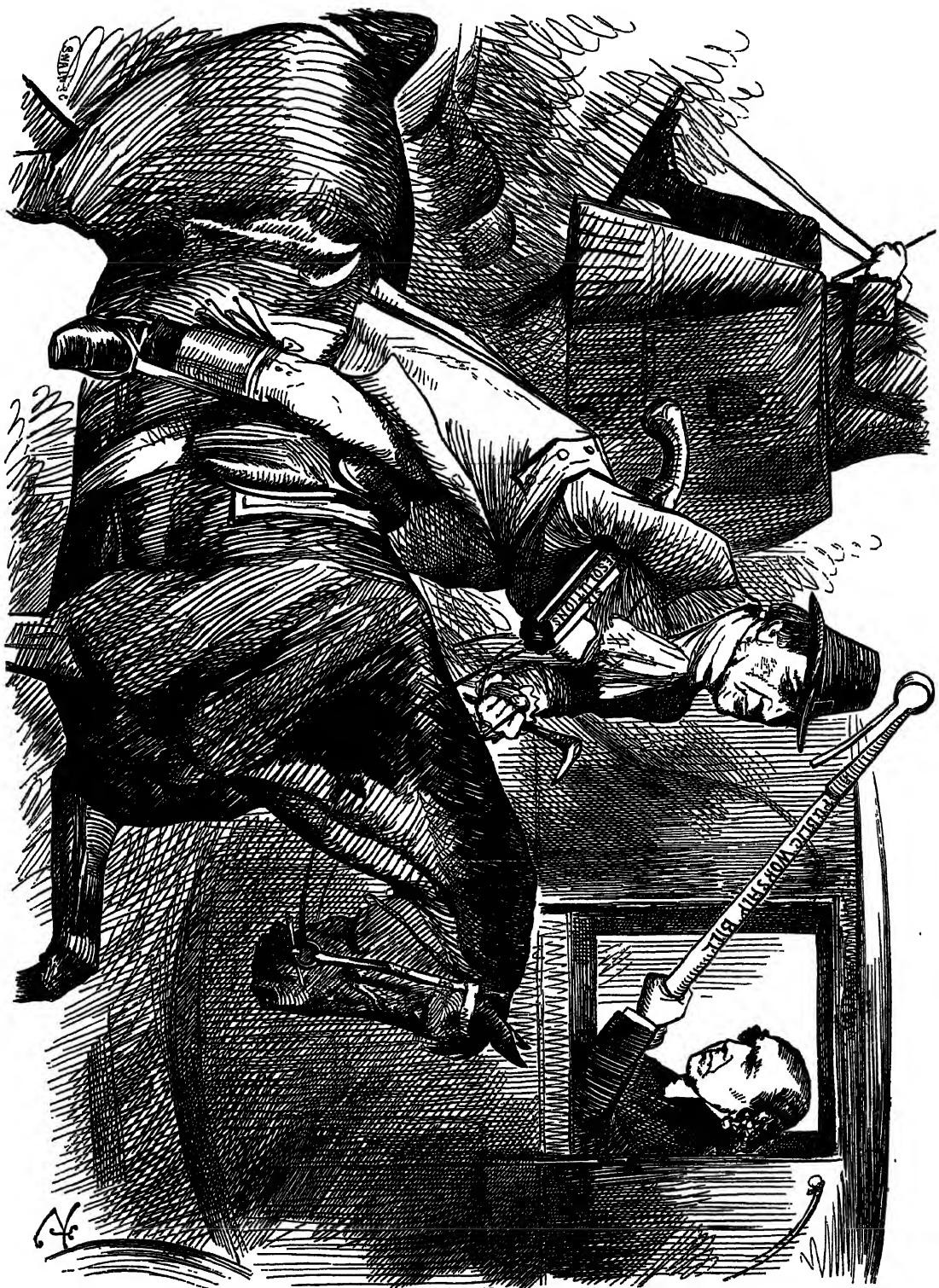
He who provides for all beneath the sky,
Made man to walk, as he made birds to fly;
Then let man stick to earth, and have the sense
Not to fly in the face of Providence!

True and False Teeth.

A "SURGEON-DENTIST"'s advertisement in a daily paper thus commences :—

"TEETH.—'The best is the cheapest.'"

Not quite so. The best teeth *are* (not *is*) those which Nature supplies gratuitously. The cheapest teeth, at their very best, can only be second best.



“SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.”

Then up he rode to the coach-window,
And his six-shooter he popped in:
Bays the Archbishop, “Sure as eggs is eggs,
This is the bold Tux-rink!”

“Your Crook or your life,” says the Highwayman.
“You may smile and think it fun,
But that Bill you drop, or else I pop,
With my six-barrel, every one!”

But the Archbishop he smole a smile—
“Stand out o’ the way,” says he.
“And, as for that six-shooter of yours,
I’ll do you more harm than me.”

“Second thoughts are best,” quoth the Highwayman,
“There’s something in what you say.”
So he bottled his brag, and he turned his nag,
And quietly rode away.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.
BOOK THE SECOND.

V.—Only a Face at the Window.

SERGEANT RUBADUB looked up at the house and saw a crack. He could always tell a crack at any distance.

He said to himself, "Through that crack I can get to the third storey."

RUBADUB drew on the stilts. This was nothing to him, he had drawn on a bank before now. Such feats were nothing new to him. He was a young man, but a very "old soldier." He had been, we have said, an Ollendorffian Schoolmaster; but he had also been an Acrobatic Professor. He was what has rightly been called a Bounding Brother.

SERGEANT RUBADUB, having been ready for the performance at the Cirque, was in full uniform. This somewhat impeded his movements. He took off his epaulettes and spurs. He stuck pistols in his belt, slung his blunderbuss over his left shoulder, grasped a bayonet in one hand and a lance in the other, and, with his sword between his teeth, he commenced the ascent. Before starting on the enterprise, he daubed his face with red and yellow ochre, put on a false nose with a false beard and moustaches. This, he thought, would amuse the children when he might find them.

Being on stilts was an advantage. There is nothing for climbing like stilts. Each stilt being used as a lever working at right angles to the perpendicular wall. It was like being furnished with two extra feet.

Thus he had four feet to climb *with*, and forty feet to climb *up*. This made him laugh.

It was a hazardous venture. It was like climbing up nothing in particular with the inside turned out. Nothing could be worse than this.

At last he reached a window.

He said to himself, "This is near enough."

Kicking away the stilts, he raised himself by both hands on to the ledge. It needed only one spring to land him in the room. A swallow flew out from the eaves above. This startled him. One swallow does not make one summer, or one spring, and this latter was what he wanted.

But a face suddenly appeared at the opening. A frightful object, with a large nose, a high forehead, wild hair, beard and moustache, and of a bright yellow and red colour.

"Now then, Ugly!" cried the Sergeant.

The Head appeared to reply, or, rather, to speak, *with* the Sergeant. They were both talking at once, but with only one sound between them. This was mysterious.

RUBADUB was not a man to be awed by the mysterious.

He cried, "Get out, or I'll smash you."

Again the hideous mask seemed to mock him with soundless words. RUBADUB saw his last chance had come. Summoning all

his remaining strength, he drew back both his arms so as to leave his hands free, and clung on to the masonry entirely by his eyelids. Then, with one supreme effort, he dashed both hands against the hideous face, and, at the same time, swung his legs up so as to pass them easily through the open window.

Then he stood in the room.

His hands were frightfully cut.

But he was alone.

"Come on, can't you?"

There was no answer. On the ground at his feet lay a looking-glass in a thousand fragments.

RUBADUB laughed aloud.

He sang out gaily, "Only a face at the window!—only a face, nothing more!"

He cautiously opened the door.

A voice from below or above, he could not tell which, demanded, "Who's there?"

VI.—Ringing down.

GAMMON and ANTONEROLY, with their *troupe*, were in possession of the lower part; that is of the Pit and the Stage. The crowd had filled the place. They called aloud and furiously for the MARKY DU CROW. He had failed to jump through hoops, he had tumbled off his horse, he had not played the banjo and bones on horseback; he had done nothing as advertised, and their money had not been returned to them at the doors.

The MARKY, followed by WIDDICOMB JUNIOR, ascended the spiral staircase. Only three of the original *troupe* remained with them. One JOE, the English Clown, had gone up to a room above, where there was a looking-glass, in order to "make up" his face. When RUBADUB had approached, JOE said to himself, "Here's a policeman coming!" and turning the glass away from him he ran up the next flight of stairs. This led to where the Acrobatic Children were hidden.

He said to himself, cruelly, "If they make a noise, I will blow up the children."

So he waited.

VII.—Lights down.

The Marky and WIDDICOMB JUNIOR stopped to consult. The former knew that ANTONEROLY was below. The latter still clung to the hope that he could escape with his two chief attractions, the Marky and the Children, and commence afresh.

The MARKY DU CROW said,

"ANTONEROLY comes from MADAME TOOSEW's. He wants to take me alive. If I meet him we shall come to blows."

WIDDICOMB JUNIOR replied, "If you *do* meet him you will come to wax." Except for this observation, WIDDICOMB JUNIOR was a stupid fellow. Glowworms are dull insects, but they show a light, occasionally. They heard a noise above. It was the Marky who cried out, "Who's there?"

The crowd from below were swarming up the staircase. The voices of GAMMON and ANTONEROLY predominating. The Marky murmured, "There isn't a chance; we are taken in a trap."

A fresh young voice cried aloud, "And here's the trap!"

Suddenly there sprang through a hole in the floor a young man.

The Marky recognised GUILLAUME TAILLEUR. The latter spoke.

"Look here. We know the whole bag of tricks. This was a vampire trap cut in the old stage. These boards used to be part of the old stage, and we used to practise here. Before I became a sailor, I was a Harlequin."

He drew from his belt something resembling a flat flexible wooden





VERY HARD LINES.

"WELL, KIRSTY, HOW'S BUSINESS?"

"MIDDLIN', MEM, JIST MIDDLIN'. SOME DAYS WE DAE NAETHING AYA, AN' ITHERS WE DAE TWICE AS MUCKLE."

sword. This he smacked several times on the floor, then held it between his hands, and moved his head quickly round and round.

Footsteps were heard ascending. GAMMON's band, too, was playing fast and furious.

The crowd swarming up the staircase were armed with everything they could lay hands on as they had passed through the property-room of the old theatre.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR spoke hurriedly,—

"Here is an opening, a window in the wall. Follow me, and jump through it head-first. There are our own men to catch us on the outside. Now!"

The music below played wilder and wilder, the murmur of the crowd grew louder and louder. GUILLAUME took a run and jump and vanished through the window. WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR followed next, but his spurs caught. He was pulled through somehow. The Marky was the last to leave. He crammed his white hat firmly on his head, ran, plunged forward, and disappeared.

Then, as GAMMON and ANTONEROBY, followed by the crowd, entered the room, a placard suddenly dropped down in front of the window through which they had escaped, bearing this inscription—"Gone to Jericho."

Then the crowd in their blind fury commenced throwing everything about wildly. Carrots, turnips, loaves, baskets, and stuffed babies whirled through the air; a policeman's head came off, and his body was hurled away somehow by a cord. They were all fighting amongst themselves.

JOE, listening above, said, "It's a rally."

(To be continued.)

[We have determined to publish the following correspondence between ourselves and the Translator. Ed.]

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I do not wish to carp or in any way find fault with your admirable translation of M. FICOR NOGO's great work, but permit me to say that "JOE" is the fifteenth new character you've quite recently introduced. If this system is to be carried out, when,—I

EXEUNT THE SIX RESOLUTIONS.

THOSE Six Resolutions! O, GLADSTONE, 'twas cruel
In *canicula hora* to challenge a duel—
By the light of a forest of Ritual torches,
When Phoebus Apollo sufficiently scorches.

We thought that your spirit, to cool down its glow,
Had

Gone where the Ægean embraces the Troad;
Had traversed the sea which Phœnicia environs,
Out of earshot of chants from Gregorian Sirens.

We hoped you'd return, a true classical roamer,
Having somewhere encountered the ghost of old
HOMER,

And received at his hands a new spell to throw o'er us
From his rolling hexameters, strong and sonorous.

Disillusion indeed! As Apollo and Sirius
For cool dress and cool drinks make parched London
delirious,

From his tent our Achilles indignant emerges,
And his war-cry rings out as High-Church Boanerges.

The Romanist poachers on Anglican manors
May echo his cry and may flock to his banners;
But JOHN BULL in his Church wants one cooling
ingredient—

That that Church to the Law should be humbly
obedient.

That Church may be even deformed with anomalies—
Its Articles may not agree with its Homilies—
But it has not quite reached such a point of deformity
As perverting its Rubrics to sheer Rome-conformity.

And the whimsical Curates who Romeward are tending
Will not long stay the Session that's happily ending.
If it end on the fifth, that will just give the House
time

To pack up its gun-case, a week before grouse-time.

THE ASTRONOMERS' "RUNNING DEAR."—Venus *in transitu*.

put it to your good sense and high artistic feeling,—when can a novel be finished? New characters in every fresh chapter, apparently brought in just to create a sensation *pro tem.*, might prolong this work of fiction (and I am sure your style is simply perfect, and one feels quite under the enchanter's wand while perusing each new number) *ad infinitum*; and, though I would be the last man to interfere with your plan, or to suggest a full stop where *you*, my very dearest Sir, had only placed a comma, yet, if you could conveniently manage to finish next week, I should take it as a personal favour, and I am sure the interest of the work would be considerably heightened. Whom the Gods love die young, literature translated, means—the novel which is popular must be finished as soon as possible. Then, Sir, look at the advantage to yourself. "OLIVER" (the Public) "asks for more!"

I remain, Dear Sir,

With every expression of most affectionate esteem,

Yours Sincerely, THE EDITOR.

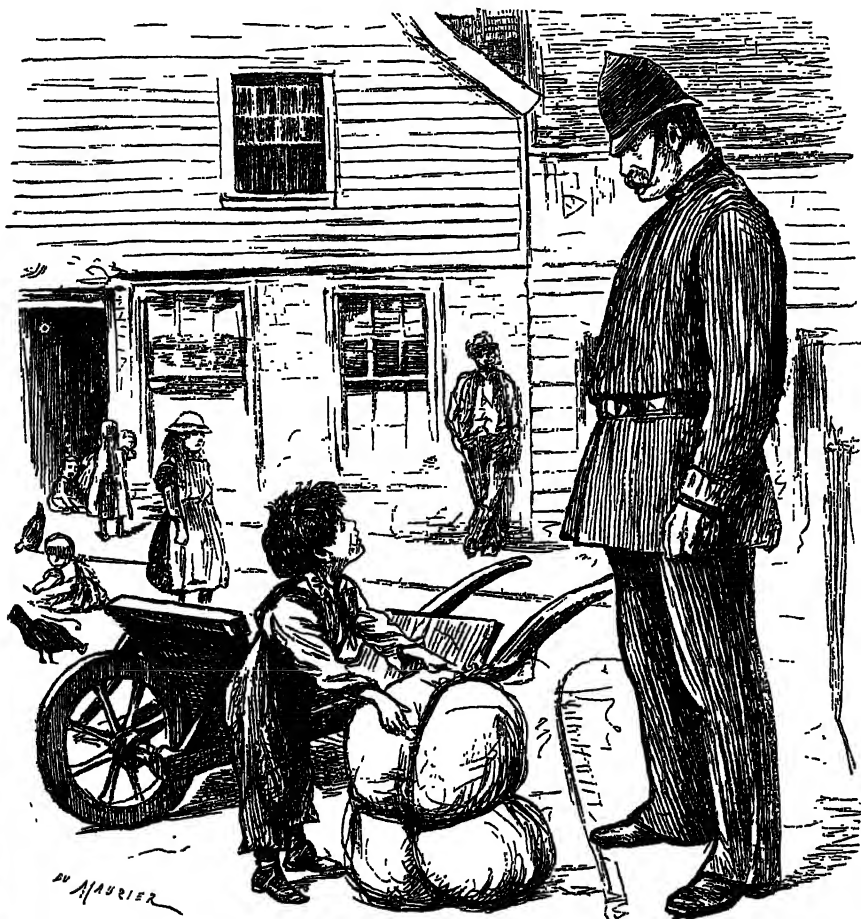
SIR,—I can only reply by reminding you how vain is the attempt to fetter genius; and if I create a new character, or several new characters, every week, with situations to match, ought you not to be proud of your Contributing Translator, through whose magic touch even FICOR NOGO himself would not now recognise his own work. I have improved it immensely. As to finishing it, that I can do or not, according as you like to make it a *matter of business*. Our agreement was *without* a limiting date. But my silence is to be purchased. Still I can't help, in justice to myself, enclosing you a few testimonials I have received from perfect strangers:—

(1)

DEAR SIR,—You clever creature! What a marvellous invention! I read it to my wife and family every night. Charming!! You must be making *thousands*. By the way if you can kindly lend me fifteen pounds till next quarter-day (when I come in for a lot of money and will pay you punctually), you will greatly oblige

Yours ever,

Sponge Villa, Absorptshire. JOHN MARCHMONT SLIPPERTON.



A BARGAIN.

"I SAY, BOBBY, JUST GIVE US A SHOVE WITH THIS 'ERE PARCEL ON TO THIS 'ERE TRUCK, AND NEXT TIME YER RUNS ME IN, I'LL GO QUIET!"

A POINT OF SIMILITUDE.

CABMEN are at present a much more respectable class than they were formerly. Satire on their dishonesty would be now out of date. But men yet living may be able to recollect a caricature in the printshops, representing a cabman as being told to drive to the Old Bailey, and replying that he did not know where it was. An odious comparison is not to be drawn; but when, in the debate on the Public Worship Bill, MR. DISRAELI observed that the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for Greenwich said that he did not know what Ritualism was, did not the PREMIER suggest a very striking resemblance, in point of innocence at least, between that Right Honourable Gentleman and that cabman?

Not Quite so Green.

A GROCER was lately fined at the Kensington Petty Sessions for selling preserved green peas—which, on analysis, were proved to owe their colour to copper. The seller said he was assured by the importers that the colouring matter was only Essence of Spinach. We should rather say that it was Essence of Gammon.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, quoted in the *Pictorial World*, woman's face is shorter by a tenth than that of man. This statement will come as a surprise to those of us who know, experimentally, what a very long face a woman can pull.

A NAME OF OMEN.

A prophecy may in his name be seen,
For Bis-mar(e)k twice a target now has been!

THE ONLY VESTMENTS FOR RITUALISTS.—
Straits Waistcoats.

(2)

SIR,
For the last fifteen years I have not known what it was to get a good night's rest. The moment I took up your admirable Novel, *One-and-Three*, I found relief. Now I read a little of it the last thing at night, and I sleep like a top.

Yours gratefully,

F.

Dormiton House, Snoreham.

(3)

OLD BOY (whoever you are),
ME and another cove have got a bet on as to whether you'll finish before the year's out or not. I say not. Stand in. Worth your while. Keep it up.

Yours like old boots,

JOHN CROCKY.

Bolder's Bur racks.

(4)

MY VERY DEAR SIR,
I AM under an obligation to you which I can never repay. I am a *paterfamilias*, and my family has a deuce of a temper; but, in the midst of the wildest domestic excitement, I merely take up the latest number of your *One-and-Three*, and commence aloud, when they all scuttle out of the room and disappear for the remainder of the day. One paragraph will quiet any of them. Sir, your Novel is the much-wanted Temper Restorer. Go on and prosper.

Yours sincerely,

SAM'L. STENTOR.

Voxley Villa.

I have about a thousand of these. So now you see what it's worth to me to leave off.

Your ever obedient

EMINENT TRANSLATOR.

"FATTY DEGENERATION."

(See DISRAELI'S admonition to the House, July 9th.)

"Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorum."

ALL yes, you remember, our PREMIER superb,
When the House on its talk despised muzzle or curb,
When, after long speeches, 'mid laughter and cheers,
At daybreak men heartily supped at WATER'S.

Those days are long past. If the School Boards disseminate
The three R.'s, still they make all our habits degenerate.
So deplorably weak is the modern M.P.,
That he's tired of debate when it lasts after three!

DIZZY courteously says 'tis the season: but no!
July was as hot fifty summers ago,
When, providing the orator wasn't a bore,
Our fathers were willing to listen till four.

Ah, well, we are moderate go-to-bed folk,
We yawn about midnight, we finish at a joke;
Early hours are the rule for the stay-at-home hubs,
And, in time, we shall have the same thing at the Clubs.

"Disestablish short hours!" is the mandate paternal,
'Tis the right one for "nuts" still unruly in the kernel:
Come "*mundi juvenitus*"—the grand anniversary
Of the day we were all sent to bed from the nursery!

O DIZZY, don't tempt us to sit up too late:
Not every M.P. has thy puissance of pate:
Have pity, *Punch* begs, on the Liberal host—
That grey tabby cat!—was it BROTHERTON'S ghost?



"LATEST THING IN STRIKES."

A DEPUTATION OF LAYMEN OF A SUBURBAN PARISH WAITED ON THEIR BELOVED PASTOR LAST WEEK, AND STIPULATED FOR SERMONS OF NOT MORE THAN NINE HEADS, AND NINE MINUTES' LONG, DURING THE EXCESSIVE HEAT!

A SEASONABLE OPINION.

CASE for Opinion.—MRS. SMITH lives in Bayswater, and has a family, consisting of MR. SMITH (her husband, a Stockbroker), and six children, ranging in age from five to eighteen years.

MRS. SMITH's friends living in the neighbourhood of her residence have long since left Bayswater for the Seaside. Some have gone to Dieppe, others up the Rhine, others to Scarborough. MRS. SMITH regards these departures in the light of a personal insult to herself.

MRS. SMITH is convinced that her children require immediate change of air, and that she herself is dying in the sultry atmosphere of London. These opinions she daily takes an opportunity of expressing at breakfast and dinner, in the presence of her husband.

MRS. SMITH has a doctor, one MR. BOLUS, who supports her in her assertions relative to her family's health, and comes every day (at so much the visit—see annual account, enclosure) to consult with her upon the subject.

MRS. SMITH has sent the drawing-room carpet to the cleaners, has ordered the dining-room to be re-papered, and has called the painters into MR. SMITH's private study. These arrangements have caused MR. SMITH much inconvenience.

MRS. SMITH is hot-tempered, and is accustomed to reiterate her grievances.

MR. SMITH is fond of peace and quietness. His means are not very large. Little is doing in the City requiring his personal attention. An agreeable friend (once his schoolfellow) has invited him to pay him (the agreeable friend) a visit at a place which he (the agreeable friend) possesses in the Lake District. His friend is in delicate health, and is a bachelor, and, therefore, cannot very well invite MRS. SMITH and the children to accompany MR. SMITH.

Your opinion is requested upon what you think MR. SMITH should do under these circumstances, (1) with regard to MRS. SMITH and the children, and (2) with regard to his friend in the Lake District.

Opinion.—Taking into consideration that MRS. SMITH is said to be hot-tempered, and accustomed to reiterate her grievances, and, moreover, that she has ordered the painters to take possession of

MR. SMITH's private study, I am of opinion that there exist grounds why it may be advisable that MR. SMITH should take his wife and children to Margate.

With regard to the friend in the Lake District, I am clearly of opinion that, if possible, it would be advisable, nay, desirable, that MR. SMITH should pay his old schoolfellow a visit. I shall have the less hesitation in supporting this course should the lodgings of MRS. SMITH at Margate happen *not* to be facing the Sea.

(Signed)

PUNCH, C.C.

Waste Not, Want Not.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that on the Twelfth of July "demonstrations of an unwonted magnitude," in honour of KING WILLIAM and the Battle of the Boyne, were held in Scotland, especially at Glasgow and in Greenock Park. Of course the Orangemen of Scotland are all originally Irish, except in Dundee and other places where marmalade is extensively manufactured from the fruit purveyed by orange-merchants. Both Irish and English Orange Boys may occasionally engage in Orange demonstrations by pelting each other with orange-peel, but no Orange Boys in canny Scotland could be capable of such extravagance as to throw away material which they know might be utilised in compounding a valuable confection.

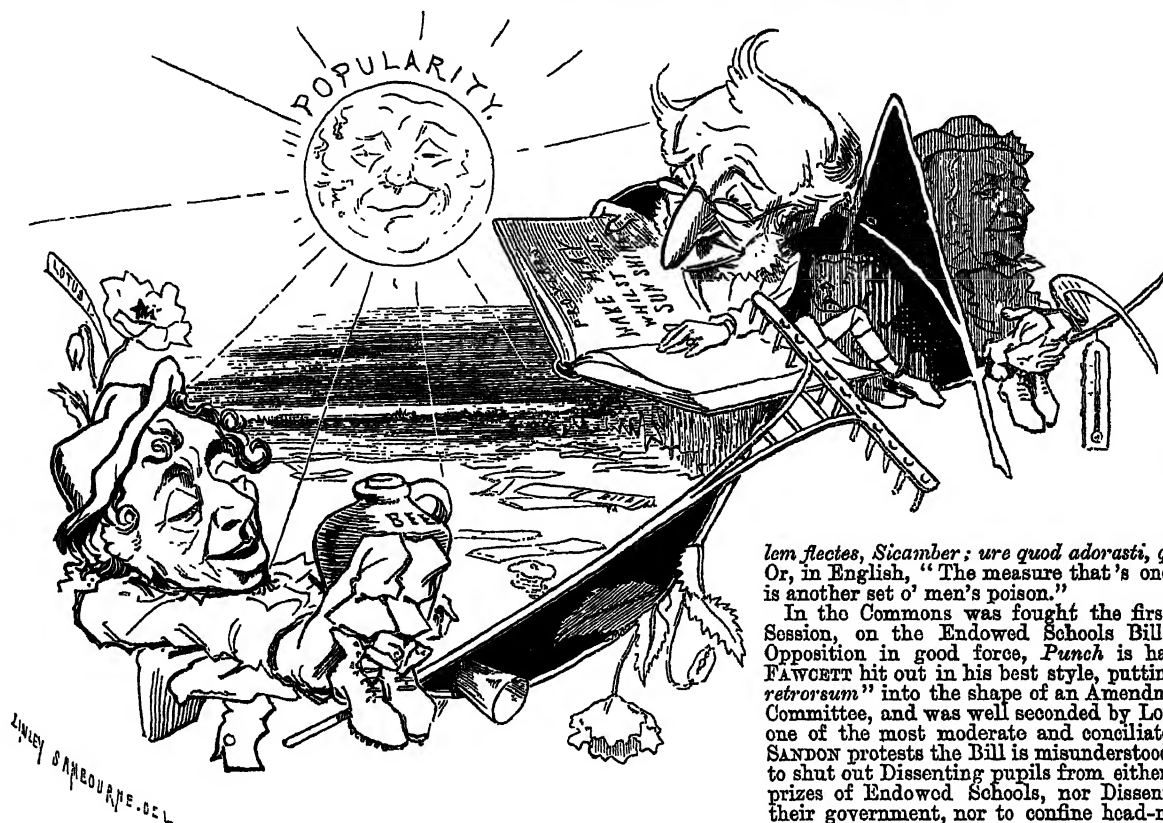
Blood and Iron.

WHEN a stolid assassin great BISMARCK dares fire on,
The joy that he's missed him is evidence good
That Germany still wants her Chancellor's Iron,
If KULMANN & Co. want her Chancellor's Blood.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

YE Ritualists perpend the observation,
That "Altar cards" must lead to altercation.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



REQUEST (*Monday, July 20*) from the QUEEN to the Peers to concur in a Settlement on PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Second Reading of the Bill for Rating Woods, Sporting Rights, and Mines other than Coal—now, by legal construction, absurdly and unjustly exempted. This is, in effect, the last Government's Bill, which came to grief in the Lords, and now passes Second Reading without a division. "Col-

lem flectes, Sicamber: ure quod adorasti, quod ussisti adora." Or, in English, "The measure that's one set o' men's meat is another set o' men's poison."

In the Commons was fought the first real fight of the Session, on the Endowed Schools Bill. Her Majesty's Opposition in good force, *Punch* is happy to say. MR. FAWCETT hit out in his best style, putting "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" into the shape of an Amendment on going into Committee, and was well seconded by LORD G. CAVENDISH, one of the most moderate and conciliatory of men. LORD SANDON protests the Bill is misunderstood. It is not meant to shut out Dissenting pupils from either the instruction or prizes of Endowed Schools, nor Dissenting parents from their government, nor to confine head-masterships to men in orders.

But the practical question is not what is the Bill meant to do—*latet dolus interpretatione*—but what *does* it do? And that seems precisely what nobody, on either side, is in a position to say definitely and decisively. In the meantime Honourable Members put on the paper all manner of Amendments, to prevent the evil consequences which LORD SANDON says the Bill will not have; the law-officers are silent, the Opposition indignant, Ministerial supporters divided and discouraged. The one thing clear is that MR. DISRAELI has made a mistake, under the malign influence of the Marquis, and will do well to lose no time in imitating the Scotch trespasser detected half-way through a garden paling, who, when asked where he was going, sagaciously answered, "Back agin."

If the Commissioners are to go, let them; though the Minister who flings his Jonah, or Board of Jonahs, overboard, is apt to have him, or them, come back, and as a rule unpleasantly, after many days.

It is bad enough in a Minister to swap horses while crossing the river, and try shifting the heavy pack of Endowed School Reforms from a Commission that knows it to a Board that has it still to learn. But at least, let the mischief stop there. Besides changing hands at the broom, why put a new lock on the Augean Stables?

Tuesday.—Cold consolation to Spanish bond-holders from LORD DERBY in answer to LORD HAMPTON. No doubt this last swindle of the bond-holders has been brazen even beyond the usual Spanish brass; a certain batch of *Pagarés*,—a facetious word in Spain, meaning "I will pay,"—having been sent over here to meet the claims of the bond-holders, and since boned by the Spanish Finance Minister. But as LORD DERBY points out, with sweet and instructive candour, "the real check on these proceedings is the injury they are calculated to do public credit." "*Où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits*," was an old French proverb. The idea of Spanish credit being damaged by anything now possible in financing!

In the Commons adjourned debate over going into Committee on Endowed Schools Bill. Everybody as much in the dark as yesterday, as to what the Bill would do, or would not do. There seems to be the utmost haziness, even among those responsible for the ill-advised measure, as to what it was meant to do. The most candid men on the Government side of the House repudiate retrogression, *e. g.*, SIR J. KENNAWAY, COLONEL BARTELOTT and MR. RUSSELL GURNEY—with a goodly batch behind them, as well vocal as silent Members. It becomes more and more evident every hour the Bill is debated that three out of the six clauses will have to be dropped, and the Bill pass as a bare sentence of death on the Commission. They will die, if they die, for having worked "not wisely but too well." *Punch* offers an inscription for their tombstone:—

The School Commission here lie we,
Now dead as is the Do-do,
Of too much fortiter in re,
Too little suaviter in modo.

Having sealed the Commissioners' death-warrant, let the rest of the Bill drop. Can't the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY take the mischief its first three clauses will do as a sufficient consideration for the withdrawal of the three last?

Wednesday.—The whole sitting was occupied in fighting the Endowed Schools Bill. The Bill was successfully kept out of Committee through the whole sitting. The same haze still hangs about this luckless and lamentable measure; the same doubts as to its action and its intention; nobody, apparently, except its enemies—and MR. A. B. HOPE, who clings to it in solitary desperation—having any heart in the fight over it.

MR. DISRAELI must withdraw half of it, at least, if he means to pass any part of it into law. He need not much mind, though MR. HOPE should then complain of it as "*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui nomen ademptum*."

In the evening, at the Mansion House, coming in the wake of Tuesday's more illustrious guests—Captains of the Pen, Ministers of Beauty, Makers of Music, and Queens of Song—those smaller men, Her Majesty's Ministers, greatly daring, dined, and listened to a most sonorous and sockdolagerous chime from the great BEN with *intermezzi* from the minor bells of the Downing Street peal, till the time came for him to adjourn to the masque of Marlborough House, and there take part in the revel, in his never relinquished disguise of the Sphinx. (N.B. Beware of confusion between Sphinx and Death's Head; both are names of moths, and both are



"ON HIS DIGNITY."

Affable Old Gentleman (who has unintentionally entered a Smoking-Carriage).—
 "DEAR ME! HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU LEARNED TO SMOKE, MY BOY?"
Preocious Young Gent. "SHAN'T CONDESCEND 'GRATIFY IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY!"

PUNCH TO DISRAELI.

Why get into such a hobble,
 Session done, and "*Nulla bona*"?
 Better back out of the squabble,
 Making LYTTLETON a Jonah.

Needless is a necromancer
 To show what all history shows,
 That Commissioners don't answer,
 If they tread on people's toes.

If Commissioners too drastic
 On Trustees have worked too much,
 Boards are easy made more plastic
 By a transformation touch.

But why risk your still green glories
 'Gainst your foeman's strongest post,
 That you may humbug old Tories
 With the "Pious Founders'" ghost?

Nought for spills like steeple-chasing;
 Lasting good the Chief effects
 Who, a wider view embracing,
 Scorns the trammeling of sects.

Why in weak concession dribble
 All your strength for good away?
 Don't forget that you wrote *Sybil*
 After writing *Vivian Grey*.

Don't take victory too gaily;
 A majority so true,
 All the more 'tis stamped "DISRAELI,"
 More responsible makes you.

Don't insult your beaten foemen:
 Use with modesty your might;
 Teach all ranks, from peers to yeomen,
 Knightly courtesy in fight.

Curb the Marquis's projects sinister;
 Retrogression sternly scrunch:
 Be BRITANNIA'S Prime-Minister,
 And you'll find no foe in Punch.

But no turning back the dial,
 No spokes in Progression's wheel,
 Or of *Punch's* wrath the vial
 You will catch from head to heel!

disagreeably adapted for *memento moris* at a Marlborough House merry-making.)

Thursday.—Lords and Commons concurred through the organs of Government and Opposition in loyal and liberal response to Her Majesty's request of a fitting settlement for PRINCE LEOPOLD, now come of age. He is to have £15,000 a year, and is likely to make a good use of it—*non tam Marte quam Mercurio*—on Arts rather than Arms.

The Right Honourable VIVIAN GREY was needlessly Lord Burleigh on the occasion. He is given to abusing a humorist's privilege of pomposity.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR protested, but did not divide, against the Parliamentary "tip."

Another evening's fight over the Endowed Schools Bill, MR. BROWN moving to keep the Commission alive for five years. MR. GLADSTONE defended the Commission with the generous warmth befitting a brother-in-Law of the chief condemned. MR. HARDY insisted that the Commission deserved nothing but a strong rope and a short shrift. Having been unloved and unlovely in their lives, it was right that in their deaths they should not be divided. Here is MR. HARDY'S Epitaph for them,—

Trustees all o'er they rendered sore,
 Their schemes were all in vain;
 LORD SALISBURY'S black bile 'twill ease
 To put them out of pain!

MR. BROWN'S demand of a prolongation of the Commissioners' lives for five years having been negatived by 218 to 133, the first three clauses of the Bill were agreed to, and a dead set made at the fourth, which touches the ticklish point of Founders' intentions. But here arose such a chorus in the ears of DISRAELI as in the Arabian tale assails the Prince, while he journeys up the Black Mountain to the singing waters of the Golden Fountain. Let us hope that to-morrow will bring us news that BENJAMIN our ruler has listened, and turned back from his mis-chosen and mis-chanceful road.

Friday.—LORD RUSSELL, with longing recollections of his old achievements as a complete letter-writer, wanted to know if LORD DERBY would not write a letter to the French Government, to blow them up for not keeping out of Spain arms and munitions for the Carlists. LORD DERBY declined the invitation, having observed that such letters generally do more harm than good. Most people, except LORD JOHN (who may remember a certain kynd friend locking up his inkstand) will agree with him.

As we expected, LORRAINE has lightened the cargo of the Commons. Over go Judicature and Land Transfer Bills; and all the Endowed Schools Bill but the clauses giving the *coup de grâce* to the Commissioners and handing their work over to the Charity Commissioners.

The Captain of the good ship *Conservative* has shown a proper sense of the situation. MR. DISRAELI—rather late in the day—declares he can't understand the Bill. No more can *Punch*, and he knows nobody that can. As *Lord Dundreary* would say, it is a thing no fellow can understand. At the same time it was hardly fair to throw the blame on the poor draughtsman. We should like to hear his explanation. But draughting apart, that Endowed Schools Bill was like nothing so much as the loose Fish-kettle aboard the corvette in FICOR Nogo's romance. Nobody can say what fatal mischief it might have made, if not secured. The Opposition has done its duty. It has shown once more that a minority with unanimity and a good cause becomes a majority.

Little Babel.

If the Public Worship Bill pass, the Ritualists, it is thought, may secede from the Establishment and set up a Church of their own. To do that they must contrive to supply themselves with Bishops, which they may possibly manage; but they will in vain endeavour to get an Archbishop to govern them. Any prelate, constituted the head of an unruly hierarchy, will inevitably prove an Anarchbishop.



"THE LAST OF THE SEASON."

Madeline. "O, MA! DO LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNSET!"

Maler. "NONSENSE, MADELINE, DON'T BE ABSURD! WE HAVEN'T TIME TO LOOK AT ANYTHING! WE MUST JUST RUN THROUGH, AND BE ABLE TO SAY WE HAVE BEEN HERE."

A SONG AFTER SUNSET.

(Being a Word from the Hanley Dog by the Cynic Poet Laureate,
ALG-RN-N SW-ND-RNE.)

Lo, from thy Black Country flung for thee,
Raving, red-eyed, scarred and seared;
To a bran-new sensation tune sung for thee,
Red lips, white teeth, underhung for thee,
Beauty begrimed and blood-smear'd!
Vice-jawed, retractile, snub-snouted—
Tushes for fists swift to smite;
Round by round felled, but not routed,
Rare of bark, bitter of bite!

If with grapplings and pluckings asunder—
If with throat-thirst for worry unslaked—
If with rush after growl, flash on thunder—
Knocked over, but ne'er knocking under—
With cash on me lavishly staked—
If eye against eye grimly glaring,
Biped BRUMMY could quadruped scan,
Ring and chain with me, blood with me, sharing,—
Say which was brute, which was man?

If round us, smoke-soddened and shameless,
Brain-sapped through their drain-pipes of throats,
Glared and growled collier crowds best left nameless,
A sight for "Our Own," bland and blameless,
Who noted the scene in his notes.—
If the seeds of the Black Country's sowing
Bear such slaughter-house fruit reeking raw,
Whet, England, thy blade for the mowing!
Swing and sweep with the Scythe of the Law!

And reck not the lurdane and lozel
Who in Hanley inspect and inquire,

First to GREENWOOD to track make proposal,
And when "Our Own" follows his nose ill,
Deny, to suit Hanley's desire.
Whoso seeketh will find, never fear,
Be it BRUMMY, my brother, or me.
What so deaf as the ear will not hear,
Or so blind as the eye will not see?

EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

In consequence of the late extreme heat, the Post Office authorities decline to deliver letters, even between persons about to marry, couched in other than the coolest terms.

Several elderly Young Ladies have been heard to regret that they are not on the shady side of forty.

For the comfort of the Conservative working men, the horses of GEORGE THE THIRD and FOURTH, in Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall, are to be replaced by *chevaux de frise*.

None of the races during the next fortnight will be run in heats—weather not permitting.

The Church Missionary Society is sending out a special agent to convert the Hottentots into Coolies.

The Boyle Lectures are discontinued as being not only unnecessary, but aggravating.

It is feared that if the sultry weather continues, no member of Tattersall's will be able to lay a cool thousand, though the comfort of such a refrigerant in the pocket is more appreciated than ever.

The Rod for Ritualists.

THE Public Worship Bill is represented as the answer of the Legislature to the general cry that "something must be done." It will not, however, answer its purpose unless it causes not a little in the way of Ritualistic mummery to be undone.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.
BOOK THE THIRD.

I.—How their Mother was.

THE woman LULUISA walked on; the sun set: six o'clock came first. Then, thirty minutes afterwards, half-past.

She said to herself,
"Doors open at half-past six, performance commence at seven."

Then she sighed as she thought, "Children in arms not admitted."

She heard a bell in the distance. Was the curtain about to rise? Were they ringing up, or was it muffins? Eight o'clock!

For a moment she paused, and uttered a cry.

A thought had struck her. "Orders not admitted after eight."

If she could not obtain an entrance, she would not see the children again.

If not then, perhaps never. And it was she who had taught them all they knew.

It was night. She passed through villages, where the shutters were up, the shops closed, the doors locked, and all were sleeping.

From time to time she paused to listen to strange sounds, like that of pigs lying on their side. It was not pigs; they were, perhaps, some obscure noises of the night.

Suddenly she stopped, and listened.

She was nearer the old theatre in the Market-place than she had expected.

She heard these words:

"You three naughty, stupid little idiots, to come here and cause all this row, riot, and disturbance. Had it not been for you, the Cirques both of 'em would now have been going on. Do you know what this is? A birch. I shall whip you all round. Hold your row, you wicked, naughty, horrid acrobatic little idiots."

She wrung her hands, and shrieked,
"Ah! Stop him! Here! hi! Po-lice! He is blowing up my children!"

II.—Back again!

SHE was right. It was JOE whom the unhappy woman had heard. The children had begun to cry. He thought their noise would have discovered their hiding-place.

GAMMON, ANTONEROLY, and KATGOOT were giving orders below.

The Marky, following GUILLAUME TAILLEUR, paused.

He had forgotten the children.

He was alone.

JOE, having finished with the children, descended the staircase.

He came to the room where SERGEANT RUBADUB was standing

with GAMMON and the others.

He was at once seized. This was the English Clown whom they had required for their Cirque.

JOE only said, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me. It was the other boy."

No one believed him. He was removed.

GAMMON was looking at the writing on the window, "Gone to Jericho."

He cried furiously, "That was the way JIM CROW jumped out."

"And jumps back again," said a voice.

The face of a white-haired nigger appeared in the frame. It was the Marky!

Many years had passed since GAMMON had seen that face. When last he had seen it it had been white.

"How am you, MASSA GAMMON?" said the Marky.

Then he opened his mouth wide, grinned, exclaimed "Yah, yah, yah!—nebber perform out ob Sam James's 'all," and disappeared.

They heard his bones rattle as he ascended the staircase.

What had happened?

III.—Offered and Taken.

SERGEANT RUBADUB had found WIDDICOMB JUNIOR'S uniform. He put it on. Then, being unable to reach the children, he slid down the stilts and reached the ground.

"That's not the way to do it," said the Woman.

"Hullo! it's you," said the Sergeant.

"It is."

"Have you the fine hat and the big nose?" asked the Sergeant, who, even at this supreme moment, could not forget that he had once been a school-master, and taught the Ollendorffian method.

"My father has the fine hat, but the lion has eaten the big nose," answered the Woman. "Still, you do not get my children."

"Are they your children, or the children of your brother?"

"They are my children. Look!"

The eldest, POLLY, stood at the window.

She sang, "Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub."

"Bless 'em!" said the Sergeant.

A majestic figure appeared at the next window. It was the Marky. He threw out a ladder at RUBADUB. The latter was listening, and it caught his ear.

"Look out!" growled RUBADUB.

"Now den, MASSA WIDDICOMB JUNIOR!" shouted the Marky, as he bounded

from one window to the other like an antelope.

The Sergeant saw his mistake, and determined to profit by it.

Then the Marky appeared at the next window with a child in his arms.

"Catch!" he cried to RUBADUB on the ladder.

Out came POLLY, heels first. The crowd below screamed with laughter. RUBADUB broke her fall, and the Mother caught hold of her and shook her. The other two followed in the same way, anyhow. The Marky had seen MISTER PUNCH, in the Show, throw his baby out of window, and he adopted this plan.

Then he descended himself, sliding down the ladder with his legs out like two sides of a triangle. The ground soon formed its base.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"MASSABONES, I arrest you," said ANTONEROLY.

"Right you are!" said JAMES MARKY DU CROW.

(To be concluded in our next.)



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

PITTHEVS, THE MOST LEARNED PRINCE OF HIS TIME



WEALTHY philanthropist, whose name is not to be disclosed until the year 1900, has signified his intention of offering premiums of £500, £250, and £100, for the three best essays on "Black Beetles." The President of the Entomological Society, the Superintendent of Natural History in the British Museum, and the Regius Professor of Domestic Economy in the College of St. Bees, will be invited to act as judges.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, now drawing

to a close, has been one of the most successful on record. The number of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, temporarily confiscated at the entrance, has exceeded the most sanguine calculations of the Council; and, at one time, it seemed doubtful whether the pieces of string used for tying on the identifying numbers would last out to the end of the season. The Academy have not abandoned all hope of devising some readier method of attaching these labels, before the recurrence of their next centenary.

A voluminous work on the childhood, early married life, and personal

correspondence of the author of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, from the pen of a distinguished ex-Premier, may be looked for among the novelties of the next publishing season.

A game at Polo between the late and the present Ministry, in Westminster Hall, is expected to attract an immense assemblage of spectators from every quarter of the globe. The Whips on both sides are now engaged in completing the preliminary arrangements.

The Comet has finally disappeared from these latitudes and longitudes. The most careful investigation with the stethoscope failed to discover any traces of indigestion in its nucleus. The Comet hopes to take part in the Transit of Venus. Due notice will be given of its next appearance in our inclement skies.

The decoration of the interior of St. Paul's with the prismatic colours heightened with ultramarine and picked out with gold and silver leaf, relieved by filigree work and ornamentation of arabesques and glass mosaics in the spandrels, is postponed for the present. The majority of the Dean and Chapter will spend the vacation together at the sea-side, drawing plans on the sands, and gathering chromatic hints from the sunsets.

Converse and Contrary.

In the Dry Measure of the *Tutor's Assistant* we learn that four pecks make one bushel or strike. Conversely, of course, one bushel or strike makes four pecks. The Strike of the Agricultural Labourers, however, is quite another thing. That Strike, on the contrary, makes not any pecks and no bushel at all.

MOTTO FOR A TOMB-STONEMASON'S YARD.—"Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice."

CABINET MANIFESTATIONS.

A NEWSPAPER, in a notice of some unaccountable conjuring by a Lady alleged by Spiritualists, but not by herself, to be a Medium, says:—

"Mysterious Cabinet Manifestations have been for some time creating much sensation, but the performance by Miss FAX eclipses everything we ever heard of."

MISS FAX's mysterious Cabinet Manifestations consist in various acts performed in a Cabinet without the aid of machinery, and apparently without that of a confederate, in the course of a few seconds, during which she remains bound hand and foot, neck and heels, with cords and thread tied in tight knots and sealed. These Cabinet Manifestations are certainly very mysterious; but much less so than those commonly enough exhibited by Cabinet Ministers. There is a Right Honourable Gentleman in Downing Street up to all manner of tricks of this description; and we would back him to produce a whole staff of gentlemen capable of writing official letters, diplomatic notes, and other documents, in a style which MISS FAX could never approach, everyone of those "mediums" being all the while tied up in the closest bonds of sealing-wax and red tape.

GREATNESS IN DECLINE.

OXFORD, 24th July, 1874.

DEAR SIR,

IMAGINE how refreshing to our flat and flabby vacation spirits must have been the announcement posted here yesterday:—

"Post-Office Telegraphs.

"VICE CHANCELLOR MALINS to-day refused to grant a writ of Habeas Corpus to ENLARGE the Claimant now undergoing his term of imprisonment."

May I ask you, Sir, who has been trying to undo the good work of keeping this man down? We have heard from time to time that his weight was diminishing, and hoped that there would soon be so little left of him that it would not be worth noticing; but it appears that somebody is actually demanding his body, not for restoration only, but actual enlargement.

The few men left here now are speculating as to whether the applicant is the Doctor or a Showman. Please settle the matter for us at once, as we wish to go to sleep again,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DORMOUSE.

A REGAL EXAMPLE.



PERHAPS the next Royal Academy Exhibition will contain a picture, entitled "*Civic Splendour* entertaining Literature and Art." *Civic Splendour* to be embodied in a portrait of the present LORD MAYOR. The painter can, if he please, put in Sweetness and Light as supporters. The LORD MAYOR, by the brilliant reception he has given to the Stars of Arts and Letters, has earned translation beyond *Bottom's*—from Lusk to Lux.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S DUTIES.

To make as few and as short journeys as possible.

To insure his life on every occasion.

To satisfy himself before he starts that the line by which he is going to travel is managed on the common-sense system, and that the staff are neither overworked nor underpaid.

To shun excursion trains and express trains.

To avoid luggage.

Never to disobey the injunctions of the Directors by giving fees to their servants.

To be cautious as to what he eats and drinks in the Refreshment Rooms.

To pounce upon and expose in the public prints every instance of carelessness, recklessness, delay, and unpunctuality.

Not to expend more than he can help on his ticket.

To master *Bradshaw*.



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

Master Tommy. "I SUPPOSE THAT WHEN THIS NICE, BRIGHT, CLEAN, NEW PICTURE IS FINISHED, THAT NASTY DINGY OLD ONE WILL BE TAKEN DOWN, AND THIS ONE PUT IN ITS PLACE!"

BETTER DO-NOTHING THAN DO-ILL.

("Surtout, point de zèle." *A Hint to Lothair.*)

"MONTHS, idle months!" You know not what they mean!
Nor, since you sketched your boyish hero *Vivian*,
A Cabinet-maker of about nineteen,
One single idle moment have you seen—
You hate repose, which for you means oblivion.

You select Castle Indolent for seat!
Who fancied *that*, was singularly hazy:
You, who the war of words delight to meet;
Who love the arena heated to blood-heat;
Whom a do-nothing week would drive clean crazy.

You'd fain, you say, curb passions in the Church;
Secure more comfort to the peasant's hovel,
Restore to life the Pious Founder's birch—
And, if your following leave you in the lurch,
Your idlest month might yield its brilliant novel.

Premier, mystery-man, and novelist,
Sharp as you are, you have subs who would use you.
Wield your keen rapier with a facile wrist,
Brave e'en Achilles as antagonist,
But "*point de zèle*"—'tis too soon yet to lose you.

From Mansion House to Marlborough House you came,
That night when Fashion haunted a new feather,
Where *TITIAN*'s beauties graced an English frame,
And pretty Puritans set hearts a-flame
With coquetry and Quakerism together.

Where ransacked records of Romance and History
Yielded their quaintest and most witching fashions;
Where capered the Court cards, in quaint consistory,
Each tabarded quadrille a moving mystery,
And you, the sphinx, calm gauger of all passions!

That was a pageant with the night that fades;
And so may fade the triumph of a Minister.
Then while the nation's wish for quiet aids,
Do you refrain from crass reaction's raids,
Lest Augur *Punch* should say "The signs grow sinister."

WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

Wonder whether accidents will be as numerous as usual during this excursion season.

Wonder if a train, conveying third-class passengers, was ever known to start without somebody or other exclaiming, "*Now we're off!*"

Wonder why it is that foreigners in general, and fat Germans in particular, always will persist in smoking with the windows shut.

Wonder whether anybody was ever known to bellow out the name of any station in such a manner that a stranger could succeed in understanding him.

Wonder whether it is cheaper to pay for broken bones, or for such increase of service as, in very many cases, might prevent their being broken.

Wonder how a signalman can by any means contrive to keep a cool head on his shoulders, while working as one sees him in a signal-box of glass, and the temperature of the tropics.

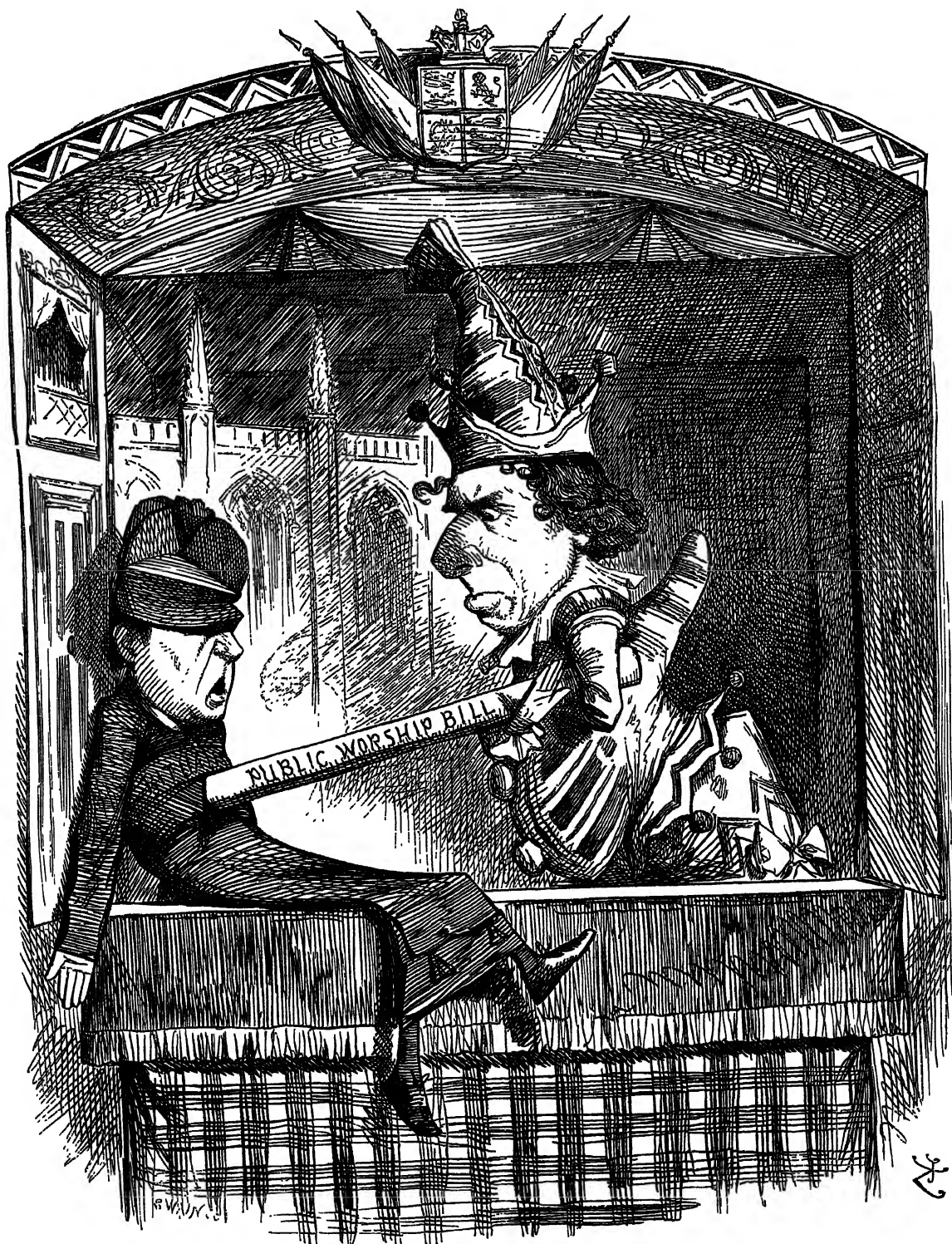
Wonder if upon an average there are three men in a thousand who have never been puzzled by the hieroglyphics in *Bradshaw*.

Wonder whether any Railway Guard or Porter has ever been detected in the very act of virtuously declining to accept a proffered tip, on the ground that money, by the bye-laws, is forbidden to be taken by Servants of the Company.

Wonder how many odd coppers the boys who sell the newspapers pocket in a week by the benevolence of passengers.

Wonder what diminution there would be in the frequency of accidents, supposing Directors were made purse-onally liable.

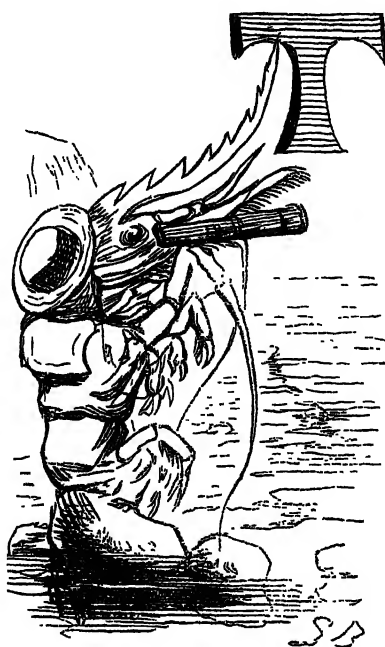
Wonder whether people take to living at Redhill because it is so redhilly accessible by railway.



“PUNCH” ANTI-“ROMAINE”!

THE HERALD OF DOOM.

(A Lay of the late Comet.)



HERE was one who, from his casement, in the stillness of the night,
Looked forth on the starry heavens, and watched the Comet out of sight.
As it sank below the horizon, fancies of a lofty mind
Thus that individual, musing, spoke in phrase of lowly kind:

"Well, it is a strikin' hob-jec', wot impresses fear and awr;
Whilst you stands a lookin' at it you forgets yer breath to drawr.
It reg'lar sets yer flesh a creepin' with its tail of flickerin' flame;
Not an 'air of yer 'ed but bristles whilst you contemplates the same.

"So mysterious, so stupendous, so himposin' to be'old,
If it don't convince the Septics hof the truth of hall we're told,

They must count hall faith wotever sooperstition weak and wain;
Nor believe in any 'istory, neither sacred nor profane.

"'Twas in former times the opinion, which idear is halso mine,
Comets is to hus a warnin', and a token, and a sign;
That there Wison's an Appearance in the Firmament which saith
Woe, plague, pestilence and famine, battle, murder, and sudding death.

"'Oo is meant to read his summons in that signal from the sky—
Yon potentious luminary wisible this 'ore July?
Not, I trust, the HEMPEROR WILLIAM; not PRINCE BISMARCK,
let us 'ope:
Wich I'll heven say please goodness spare 'is 'Oliness the POPE.

"But there's persons of importance in this kingdom 'ere at 'ome,
More important—more porochial—than in Germany or Rome.
There he goes! Am I to foller? All great men prepared should be.
I'm the Beadle of the Parish. 'Ave the Comet come for me?"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

July 13.

ON the 27th day of June, 1832, DR. W. E. GLADSTONE, on his road to Innsbruck, wrote under his name in the traveller's book of the Hôtel de l'Europe, at the little town of Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, this Sibylline warning—"Beware of the post-master at Volurgno." I felt a thrill as I read it the other day, for, though ignorant why he was a doctor, or of what, I was at once convinced that this characteristic piece of mystery foreshadowed the People's WILLIAM. That travellers' book is open for all men to read who chance on the Hôtel de l'Europe at Trent—a thing of historical interest, though unconnected with the Council and unsung by MURRAY the poetic, or BEDFORD the concise, for it is the oldest of these quaint records in existence, I believe. That little autograph of the immortal WILLIAM stands on the first page of the volume, in which the last entry, twenty years hence, will be pointed out as the sign-manual of him that was once Your Own Occasional. For at the present rate of inscriptions, it will be fully that number of years before the book is filled. Sojourners in Trent, like angels' visits in these utilitarian times, grow fewer and farther between every day—and the habits of travellers have curiously changed in the forty years that have passed since that book was first opened. The majority of these, now-a-days, will not write their names at all, having an impression that there is something foolish in the proceeding; and those who do write leave but the barest record behind them. The dear old habit of making "remarks" is a thing of the past, and through the pages of the travellers' book at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Trent, one may sadly and surely trace its decline and fall.

What memories those candid outpourings bring back of the quiet

pre-Cookian era, when they afforded genuine pleasure and entertainment, and very useful information too, to the leisured Tourist, who profited by his predecessor's opinions before recording his own. How many pockets may not that laconic warning have preserved from the rapacities of the Volurgno Postmaster? The "old traveller," who "warns his countrymen against the faithless rascality of the Romans," may perhaps have been a thought too general in his monitions; but the imperfect speller, who objects to being charged "five lire for a beef-stake upon the Largo di Guarda," pointed a moral more worth having. Who would think of inditing such complaints now? Who would make use of the pages of the Traveller's book at Trent to be eloquent over the comforts of the "Leone Bianco," at Venice, the "Gran Parigi," at Verona—the very names have vanished away—or to rise to pathos, like T. E. W., about the kind-hearted landlord of the Stella d'Oro at Padua? "Do only try it," he adds fervently. There are no kind-hearted landlords now, and no Stella d'Oros, and probably no T. E. W. Nor would LADY BERKELEY, if she revisited Trent, gush over an entire page in commendation of its hotel, landlord, waiters, food, everybody and everything, eliciting from some anonymous libeller, in pencil, the brief, but touching, P. S. "Did you try the mustard?" And I think that a brother aristocrat, in these days of publicity, would hesitate before bestowing his magnificent approval on creation thus:—"LORD ALVANLEY—Content." O, when my Lord wrote that, how gratified everybody must have been!

It was, I suppose, an understood thing, that nobody was to take offence at any comments upon his own remarks which might be appended to them. At least, I never heard of anybody objecting, except the Commandant in *M. Perrichon*. There are many such conventionalities in the world. There are the gloves in *peau de Suède*, of which "*il est convenu de les porter sales*,"—there is the suspension of the laws of morality in reference to umbrellas and college-caps; and, so no doubt, personalities in travellers' books were offered and taken in a Pickwickian sense. Otherwise, blood alone could have followed on such a dialogue as this,—MR. TRENCH (1843) simply expresses approval of the "Luna," at Bassano. Whereupon "An Old Hand"—unsigned, you observe,—remarks that Mr. T. must have an interest in that establishment, which is the worst he knows. Then follows this pithy sentence. "An Old Hand" is an old fool. CAPTAIN RANDALL confirms MR. TRENCH'S statement to be so." Frank, concise, doubtful in grammar, but manly and military. What happened? Did the "Old Hand" reveal himself, and call out CAPTAIN RANDALL, or did MR. TRENCH call out the "Old Hand"; or did the "Old Hand" skulk away undiscovered, and CAPTAIN RANDALL and MR. TRENCH embrace? Or was there a three-cornered duel? Or, should this meet the eye of the "Old Hand," will it be the first he ever heard of CAPTAIN RANDALL; and, if they meet in the happy hunting-grounds, will there be a fight?

The little unconscious gems of expression are delightful in these books. It did not need the signature of "O'ROURKE" to tell me the country of the gentleman who was in Trent, "from England returning to Geneva." I feel with the anonymous but upright man who "utterly condemns the opinions of the HONOURABLE MR. CALLANDER about the 'Crown' at Botzen;" and am sensible of the patronage of MR. JAS. ROBT. BURCHETT, Junior, of London, who merely "regrets to be leaving the Tyrol." I look with real interest on the signature, forty-two years' old, of "CAPTAIN NICHOLSON," to which, twenty-nine years later, a friendly hand has appended this note,—"*Afterwards the celebrated GENERAL NICHOLSON, who fell so nobly at the siege of Delhi, in Sept., 1857.*" I could connect "the Rev. A. P. S." with an eminent Dean, without the note which certifies me of the fact; I like to speculate whether "BARON DE MALAPERT" can possibly have been a real name, or whether MR. BURNAND can have been at Trent at the time it was writ down; to wonder if W. DYCE, who laments over "three days' dismal travelling over the Brenner," ever crosses it between dinner and supper-time now; and to sympathise with the HON. LEOPOLD and LADY M. P.—, who "found the Inn at Riva full of v-r-m-n." They made that remark some twelve years ago, and even from before that date "remarks" are disappearing fast, and the book turning to a dull record of dull names. But the Past is yet with us. Those v-r-m-n are at Riva still. That at least can be answered for, by your own (sorely bitten) OCCASIONAL.

No, You Don't!

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is likely to be disappointed if he expects England to discuss with Military Powers the proposal that a Naval Power should wage maritime war with them on their own terms. LORD DERBY, it is to be hoped, will not suffer them to come the Old Soldier over the Old Sailor.

A BUBBLE COMPANY (BUT NO SWINDLE).—The Apollinaris (Limited).



"IN RETREAT."

Brown. "HULLO, JENKINS! WHAT'S BROUGHT YOU HERE? WHERE'S YOUR WIFE? WHAT! HAVE YOU GOT A DIVORCE, OR A DISPENSATION FROM THE POPE, OR WHAT——"

Jenkins (who has enjoyed his *Whitebait*). "No, ON'Y A PLENARY INDULGENCE!"

RULES FOR THE RAIL.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE having sent a Circular to the Railway Companies with reference to making provisions for the prevention of accidents and the enforcement of punctuality, especially in connection with the running of excursion trains at this period of the year, the following regulations will probably come under consideration.

1. In future one line will be kept (when feasible) for up-trains, whilst the other is reserved for the use of down-trains. This rule will not apply to luggage and mineral trains, and trains inaccurately shunted on to lines on which they (the trains) have no right to travel.
2. Station-masters should never permit a train to start more than forty minutes late, except when very busy with the Company's accounts.
3. That greater punctuality may be secured in the starting and arrival of trains, *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* will be published in future a month after date, so that all inaccuracies may be corrected before publication.
4. As complaints have been made that signalmen are overworked, these officers in future will occupy their boxes during the morning only. During the rest of the day the boxes will be closed. That the Public may suffer no inconvenience by this arrangement, the trains will continue running by day and by night as heretofore.
5. A Pointsman will be expected to notice all signals and to obey them. He will be required, before leaving his post (when on duty), to order one of his children to look after the points during his absence. The child he selects for this office should be at least three years old.
6. The Driver and Stoker in charge of an engine should never sleep at the same time unless they have taken proper precautions beforehand to prevent an excessive consumption of the Company's fuel.
7. When a luggage train is loading or unloading beside the platform of a station, it will be desirable to recollect the time at which an express is due, as unnecessary collisions cause much damage to

the rolling stock, and not unfrequently grave inconvenience to First-Class Passengers.

8. The *débris* of a train should be removed from the rails before an express is permitted to enter the tunnel in which an accident has taken place. As non-compliance with this rule is likely to cause much delay to the traffic, it should be obeyed when feasible.

9. As Guards of excursion trains have been proved to be useless, their places will in future be filled by Surgeons. Passengers are particularly requested to give no fees to the Surgeons accompanying these trains, as the salaries of these officials will be provided for in the prices charged to the Public for excursion tickets.

10. In future, contracts from Surgeons and Chemists will be accepted on the same terms as those already received from Refreshment Caterers.

11. The Public having frequently experienced inconvenience in having to leave the Station when requiring medical attention, in future the Waiting-Rooms of the Third-Class Passengers will be converted into Surgeries for First-Class Passengers. As these saloons will be fitted with all the latest inventions in surgical instruments, a small extra charge will be made to passengers using them.

12. The Directors (in conclusion) fully recognising the responsibility conferred upon them by the Shareholders, if not by the Public, will expel from their body in future (as a person evidently of unsound mind) any Director convicted of travelling by any Railway.

The Cistern Abroad and at Home.

THE late MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE, so long the POPE's left-hand-man (His Holiness's right-hand-man being CARDINAL ANTONELLI), is reported to have left a legacy of 600,000 francs to his sister, the PRINCESS DELLA CISTERNA. It should not be too hastily inferred from this lady's title, that she is a member of an Italian United Kingdom Alliance. Such a confederacy against personal freedom would be impossible in a sensible and sober nation.



BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING.

"AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE STUDY, MISSY?" "CHRONOLOGY!"

"O, CHRONOLOGY, IS IT? NOW, WHAT IS THE DATE OF THE CREATION OF THE WORLD?"

"O, WE HAVEN'T GOT SO FAR AS THAT, GRANDPA'!"

HOME RATING.

AN attempt will probably be made by many distinguished Members of the Woman's Rights Association to add the following Clauses to the Rating Bill:—

Any Married Man taking advantage of his possession of a latch-key by returning home at two in the morning from a dinner with a friend at his Club, will be rated by his wife as "an unfeeling monster," and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding a new bonnet.

Any Unmarried Man, being at the time engaged to be married, waltzing with any female other than his future wife or his sister, will be rated by said future wife as "a cold-hearted flirt," and will be liable to a penalty of a letter of not less than ten sides of note-paper, the writing on which has been crossed and re-crossed.

Any Married Man, failing to remember the anniversary of his marriage or the birthday of his wife, will be rated by his wife as "false and cruel," and will be liable to a penalty of a dinner at home not exceeding cold mutton.

Any Unmarried Man, having unmarried sisters, refusing to accompany sisters (when desired) to the Park or the Opera, will be rated by them "a selfish creature," and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding all the new waltzes played on the piano in the room adjoining his study during the busiest hour of the day.

Any Married Man refusing at the proper season to take his family to the sea-side, will be rated by his wife as "a brute," and will be subject to the penalty of not less than a month's discomfort, caused by an invasion of white-washers and carpet-cleaners.

Any Unmarried Man, taking down an intellectual Unmarried Female to dinner, failing to pay proper attention to that intellectual

THE WAIL OF SMELFUNGUS.

It was an old Mycophagist
Who sadly did complain
He had his favourite toadstools missed
From lengthened want of rain.
His brow, with discontent o'ercast,
A rueful aspect wore;
Said he, "There has no fungus passed
These lips this month and more!"

"Saint George's mushroom, one or two,
I found in early Spring;
Agaricus gambosus, due
With swallows on the wing.
Lycoperdon, too, *giganteum*,
Two light repasts supplied;
And then, alas! no more would come
From pastures too soon dried.

"*Marasmius Oreades*,
Which wet in season brings,
The buff champignon, that one sees
In verdant elfin rings,
When seared were all those circles green,
No seeker's eye could see.
What disappointment that has been
To fairies and to me!

"The *Amanita* changing hue,
Rubescens, blushed me none;
The *Russula heterophylla*, blue,
And puce, I found not one.
And as for the *Boletus edulis*, so plump and fat,
A fungus which I love to see,
I found no more of that.

"The *Fistulina hepatica*
Grows out of the oak-tree,
Like liver to behold, but, ah,
Has not yet grown for me!
Coprinus, eke, *comatus*, fails;
Atramentarius, too;
For ketchup neither aught avails,
So what am I to do?

"I can but sigh for heavy rains,
And thunderstorms implore,
With agarics to make all the lanes
And meadows teem, galore.
The farmers might wet weather weep,
But I hot Summer moan,
Forbidden by the drought to reap
A harvest of my own."

Unmarried Female's critical conversation, in order that he may flirt with his other neighbour at the table, will be rated by said intellectual Unmarried Female as "empty-headed," and will be liable to the heaviest penalty of which the laws of the land may hereafter admit. (See proposed Compulsory Marriage Bill annexed to this paper of Clauses.)

THE WEDGE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

At a recent meeting of the Guardians of the City of London Union, says the *City Press*, "it was proposed to allow Ladies to visit the poor aged and sick inmates of the Workhouse at Bow." But howbeit that:—

"Permission of the kind had already been given as regards the Homerton and Holloway Workhouses belonging to the Union; still, a member of the Board thought the proposition premature, and that it was only the 'thin end of the wedge.'"

What is the "wedge" of which this gentleman looked upon the admission of Ladies to visit the paupers as the thin end? Is it comfort, consolation, humanity, or religion? His colleagues, of another mind than himself as to the wedge, may be congratulated on not objecting to the inspection of their workhouses. Dislike to inspection on the part of authorities always—except, of course, in the case of convents—shows that they have something to conceal. The Civic Guardians appear to hide nothing; and perhaps they will allow the "wedge," of which they have admitted the thin end, to be driven home.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

(A RECOLLECTION OF GOODWOOD.)

SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

LADY RUSAY has commenced a series of manœuvres to get herself and girls invited to the balls of LADY HAUT TON.

CAPTAIN SLYBOOTS is manœuvring every morning in the Park to get a chair beside the charming widow MRS. MONEYBAGGE.

MR. SNOBLING may be seen manœuvring every night to place himself *en évidence* among his swell acquaintance.

MISS SLASHER is manœuvring with all her might and main to persuade papa to treat her to a pair of trotting ponies.

MR. SPONGE has just begun his yearly course of stale manœuvres to get invited to the Moors, and afterwards to Norfolk, for the coming shooting season.

CAPTAIN CRACKSHOT is manœuvring to get a pot of money laid against his gun in the match with ENSIGN DUFFERTON.

TOMMY TUFTHUNT has for weeks been manœuvring at his Club to get invited to a drive upon the drag of his old college chum LORD SWELLBOROUGH.

MR. HARDUPPE is manœuvring to keep his tradesmen tranquil until the Long Vacation.

MISS PRETTIPET goes on manœuvring at every croquet party to play in the same set with the REVEREND MR. RUBBICON.

MR. DODGER is engaged in some political manœuvres to get the promise of a place for his wife's nephew, MR. RATTENHAM.

MR. PRATTLEWELL may be found manœuvring, wherever he may dine, to get an opportunity for telling his old stories.

CHARLEY SPOONLEY is engaged in manœuvring day and night to get asked to balls or dinners where he thinks he has a chance of meeting CLARA SWEETLIPES.

LADY DE MONTMORENCY SKYNFLYNT is now actively manœuvring a battalion of her daughters, with a view to storm the heart (and loot) of COLONEL CÆSUS.

Between Dog and Man.

THAT tale of a fight between dwarf and bull-terrier,
As the *Telegraph* lately received it,
Did GREENWOOD invent it, to make his news merrier?
No: green would he be who believed it.

EAST AND WEST.—"Wot's all this here bother about turning East?" said an ex-Churchwarden of the old school. "I thought the difference was all about Westments."

LUSK ET LUX.

(Letters and Arts feasted by the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House, July 21st, 1871.)

LETTERS and Arts asked to taste civic turtle!
Rich grains of mind clean winnowed from the husk!
The poets', painters', singers' bays and myrtle
Twined with your civic laurels, LORD MAYOR LUSK!
'Tis well one bard, with not too many a wrinkle,
Of lettered statesmanship the flag could bear,
Telling how VIVIAN GREY, M.P., could twinkle,
To shine, "*Premier des Premiers*," as Lothair.

BUT HOUGHTON—*Punch* feels doubts about the title
By which he on SIR ANDREW's right appears—
Is that high place of honour the requital
Of Peer 'mong poets—Poet among peers?
Why ask? All own he plays well either part,
Sustains both ranks—still cordial, good at need;
Who never lets the hand gainsay the heart
Ready to crown kind word with kinder deed.

HE knew Great ALFRED in his dawn at Trinity,
And heard the prelude of his glorious chimes:
Lives to be startled from his equanimity
By SWINBURNE's loose Muse, *sans reproche*—for
rhymes:
From boyish memories he can give description
Of CATALANI's trumpet-tones at York,
To the strange concert, for the Hall Egyptian,
Of TITJEN'S, NILSSON'S, PATTI's knife and fork!

Wondrous conjunction! Three such stars bid glow
In one night and one heaven, yet bode no dread,
No earthquake shaking operas here below!
So Lord Mayors rush where Lessees fear to tread.
And lesser lights were there, names known of men,
Each a great planet in its proper sky
Of verse or prose, form, colour, or sweet sound,
Gathered to make up LUSK a galaxy!

The crafts the Times once cuffed they now caress;
Grub Street's gone, with its scribes, tattered and lean,
The bulk their bed, the blanket off their dress—
CAVE's beef to JOHNSON thrust behind the screen.
Now Arts and Letters defy bankrupt's dockets—
Are paid and pay: if the City sit at ease:
Men, in good coats, with money in both pockets:
Ladies, with diamonds as big as peas!

What fog asks has Art risen with the price of it?
If "*le jeu vaut la chandelle*" hints a doubt:
Were the cake in his reach he'd take a slice of it:
'Tis not from one of the well-paid, *that flout*.
Art ne'er had so much honour, so much money,
So many diamonds, since 'twas first a sinner;
Never had so much treacle, sugar, honey—
All sorts of sweet things—ending with LUSK's dinner

O yes, the City loves Art—is possessor
Of a large stock-in-trade of works of mind.
But who's this out-at-elbows Art-professor
Whom I hear yonder, grumblingly inclined?
"What is your money to my untold treasure,
By me, PAUL PENNILESS, bought for a song,
A verse, a picture—wealth, *yours* cannot measure,
To whom both Easts—London's and Earth's—belong

"Money is good, and Lord Mayors' invitations,
Well meant, well given, and kindly ta'en as offered
But there's no gold-gauge for mind-mensuration,
Nor is Art paid for when cash-price is proffered:
Money, the saw says, will make Mayors to go;
Mayors it may, but not Artists nor their Arts;
Or with the cash now Art-wards bid to flow,
More of Art's life-blood would run in our hearts.

"Men talk of merchant-princes, cities fair
Where Art and Commerce once walked hand in hand
Serene and stately sisters, in warm air,
By sapphire sea, on marble-terraced strand.
Alas! no Venice, Florence, here can rise,
For all our money, Mansion House, and Mayor—
Money-grubs *you*, *we* money-butterflies,
Who buzz to-day—to-morrow shall be where?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



CORONAT opus. Everything indicates the beginning of the end. London is oozing out of town; and the Parliamentary crew can hardly be got to stick to the ship. A Saturday's sitting (*July 25*), for the purpose of clearing the decks, coiling down the loose ropes, fishing the damaged spars, and heaving the dead overboard; and yet there has been no battle. But the ship is in as great a mess as if there had been, and all her own officers' doing! Thirty expiring Acts were continued, by the united efforts of less than thirty all but expiring Members. Vehement complaint from **MR. MARTIN**, swelled by a chorus of Home-Rulers, against the Government for "sandwiching three Irish Coercion Acts between thirty expiring statutes"—a feat only possible, we should

have said, on the assumption that Irish Acts, like Irish birds, have the faculty of being in many places at once. MR. SULLIVAN is indignant that Irish Members should be brought down to the House on a Saturday, while English Members were enjoying themselves elsewhere. This is really too unreasonable. Where would the gentlemen from Ireland enjoy themselves, if not in the smoking-room, and the tay-room, and the library? Sure, isn't it themselves are the best customers for the Club-accommodation provided free *gratis* at Westminster by a grateful country? And why wouldn't they be thankful for it on Saturday as well as every other day of the week? MESSRS. BUTT, SULLIVAN & Co. complain that the expiring Irish Coercion Acts are not allowed to expire. Isn't it notorious that Ireland is a model country, where the Circuit Judges keep themselves in white gloves out of the Grand Jury presentments at Maiden Assizes, while the blameless Milesians might stand for examples of all the virtues, domestic and social, political and religious, to the base, brutal, and bloody-minded Saxon? Did anybody ever hear tell of such things as Ribbon-men and their lodge-trials, and executions by lot? Or of such little bits of playfulness as occasionally knocking out a bailiff's brains, or potting a landlord from behind a dyke? Or if such stories have been circulated by the hireling organs of the Saxon oppressor, what are they but fiction—the original, "tales of MILETUS," from which BULWER LYTTON took the idea of his collection under that title?

Monday.—"Who killed the Judicature Bill?" A question *not* to be asked apparently—at least, one to which SIR H. JAMES finds it impossible to get an answer. The general impression seems to be, that LORD CAIRNS has been "got at;" but by whom, or for what motive, remains a mystery. All was ready.—The New Rules framed, and on the table. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL primed to go into Committee.—The legal M.P.'s on both sides the House ready and willing to help him.—In short, the good ship Judicature Bill was just about to be launched for a triumphant start on her trial voyage, when lo! a sudden countermand, and she is detained, docked, and dismantled—laid up in ordinary till next year!

Among the many disenchantments of the Session this is about the cruellest, the least expected—and, as far as *Punch* can find out, the least excusable. A day in Committee would have done the business. Was it that one well-grown, and well-dressed fish would have discredited the poor shabby little trio destined to figure as the solitary *plat* in the Ministerial *menu* at the revived Greenwich dinner? (See *Punch's* Cartoon.)

Well, MR. DISRAELI has shown, at least, *one* flash of pluck in these weak and wavering last hours of the Session. He stands gallantly by MR. BURTON's purchase of the *Piero della Francesca* at the BARKER sale, for all the Barkers against it—who protest it was JOHN BULL that was sold on the occasion of that purchase, and *not* a *Piero della Francesca*, but, at best, the coarsely repaired ruins of one. *Punch* can only say that he would be thankful for more such ruins. To be sure, he is no expert. All he can say is, that he wouldn't for twice his salary be BURTON. For as BOXALL had his MOORE, has not BURTON his J. C. ROBINSON?

To borrow from the old song (to the air of the College Hornpipe)—

"Though BURTON has got BOXALL's place at last,
He mustn't think the perils of the passage to it past;
While a picture he dare buy,
There'll be one to shout, 'O fie!'
And to make his life a burden—J. C. ROBINSON!"

Scotch Kirk Patronage Bill went through Committee. Free Kirk, U.P., and all the other varieties of sour Presbyterian schism, grant it a good deliverance!

Tuesday.—The two tongues of Marylebone wagged loud and long against the Civil Service Co-operative Societies. It's no use, my worthy Mary-bones. "Ready money, honest goods, and reasonable prices." There is the simple spell of co-operative success. Suppose Marylebone imitated instead of attacking it?

Public Worship Regulation went through Committee. An Appeal to the Archbishop was voted.—Discretion is good, but Arch-discretion is better. University and school chapels are not to be exempt. Why should they? "Even as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Who can say how much Ritual tares may be sown with school and college wheat? MR. A. B. HOPE facetiously suggested hoisting the engineer with his own petard, i.e. bringing Bishops within test of their own discretion under the Act; and MR. HARDY really couldn't see why not!

Wednesday.—But where is the Judge's salary to come from? That's the question—gravely discussed through most of Wednesday's sitting—and finally only allowed to be shunted off on Consolidated Fund as a temporary arrangement. Bill for making an Indian Councillor for Public Works, well introduced by LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON; opposed by MR. FAWCETT—at least till we can hear what LORD NORTHBROOK thinks of it; torn in pieces by MR. SMOLLETT, tooth and nail, or rather tusk and claw, for that Honourable

Member, (in his weapons of offence at least,) belongs to the *carnivora*—and stoutly supported by MESSRS. GRANT DUFF, SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, and SIR GEORGE BALFOUR. The Ayes have it—decidedly. MR. DISRAELI told the House that LORD MAYO's last letter to him pressed the need of such a Minister. And if the MARQUIS of SALISBURY is permitted to work his vigorous will in Indian administration, such a Minister will be more necessary than ever. For the Marquis means Public Works; and Public Works, if waste and failure are to be prevented, will want a master's eye to look after them.

Thursday.—Names of New Charity Commissioners announced. The first is MR. LONGLEY, son of the late ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and a late Poor Law Inspector, who—to the scandal of those who have appointed him—ousts MR. HARE, Inspector to the Commission for twenty years, who has been doing the work of a Commissioner without pay for two years past—more shame to the late Government who allowed it—and who ought, by all rules of fairness and deserts of service, to have had the appointment when he was saddled with its duties. If it were not so late in the Session, here would be substantial matter for a nice little administrative scandal. The others are CANON ROBINSON—one of the late Endowed Schools' Commission—and LORD CLINTON, formerly known to the Commons as MR. TREFOUS, a Peer, and late Under Secretary of State for India.

Revival of the Irish row over the Continuance Bill and the Coercion Acts. Much—if it were not Irish, we should have said—impudent nonsense, was talked by Home-Rulers, about the cruelty of putting Ireland under coercion. MR. SULLIVAN contrasted his countrymen's virtues with the ruffianism of Lancashire kickers, and the lawlessness of Sheffield rattenners. As if Coercion Acts were directed against these kinds of offenders.

The O'DONOGHUE spoke some plain truths about Ireland, and was called a "political bawd" for it. The Home-Rulers persisted in dividing the House till even MR. BUTT was ashamed of them. They kept up this little game till a quarter to four—CAPTAIN NOLAN and MAJOR O'GORMAN being particularly lively.

Friday.—In morning sitting of the Commons MR. DISRAELI made the startling announcement that he had found a Judge to do the work under the Public Worship Regulation Act without a salary. LORD PENZANCE is understood to be the author of this innovation, of detestable example, against which SIR W. HARCOURT very properly protested. MR. DILLWYN tried to ensure work for this disinterested Judge by getting all Parishioners admitted to make complaints under the Act, whether Churchgoers or not. Surely this is hardly reasonable. SIR W. HARCOURT lashed the unnatural Law dignitary, who had volunteered to do work without salary, and boldly proposed to restore the pay of the office to the £4,000 originally proposed by LORD SHAFTESBURY. *Punch* admires SIR WILLIAM's courage, all the more, because he himself believes that SIR W. is right—that the best course and the cheapest in the long run for JOHN BULL, is to decline gratuitous service, and to pay his Judges handsomely—above all, the Judge whose learning is to overawe Ritualism, and whose discretion is to throw oil upon the waters of Sacerdotal strife. Who can say that such a man would not be cheap at £4,000 a year?

The Home-Rulers, after a last division on the Continuance Bill, consented to let the business of the House proceed—MR. DISRAELI complimenting MR. BUTT on the example he had set his unruly young followers, who desire apparently to give England some illustration, by anticipation, of the taste and tactics, the style and spirit of Home Rule. It is wonderful how thankful people may be made for small mercies sometimes.

Achilles again in the field!

MR. GLADSTONE, who had hurried back for the purpose, moved on the report of the Public Worship Regulation Bill to strike out the appeal to the Archbishop, and brought up a whole battery of Canons against such an innovation in the relations of Metropolitan and Suffragan. He fired round after round till seven, and then sat down with his Ecclesiastical ammunition still unexhausted.

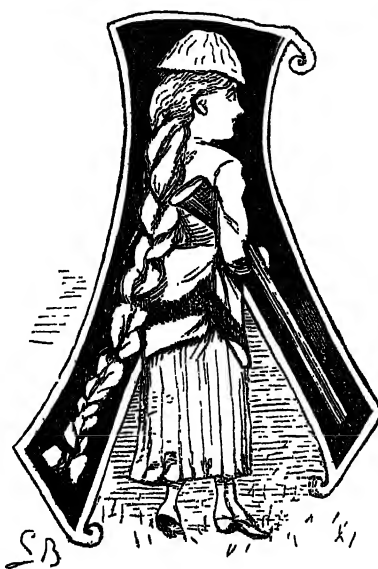
In the evening sitting he again opened his battery, and drew a heavy counter fire from SIR W. HARCOURT, who opened the great gun of Common Law against MR. GLADSTONE's Canons. The arraying of this antiquated Church artillery, SIR W. said, was enough to make COKE's bones stir in their coffin to move for a *quo warranto* against him who dared to bring up such weapons in an English House of Commons. MR. GLADSTONE, it must be owned, even by those on the other side, brought up his Canons with a courage worthy of a better cause. He even found backers in MR. HARDY, MR. CROSS, and DR. BALL; but the House was against them, 118 to 95.

Third Reading stands fixed for Monday.

A NOTABLE OMISSION.

THERE has been a Concert of "Quaint and Humorous" Music at the Crystal Palace. Oddly enough, the programme did not include a single composition by WAGNER.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS HAIR."



SPRING Dresden, not to be outdone by Brussels, has held her own Congress. While the Soldiers and Statesmen of Europe have been considering the rules that are to guide the world in all future wars, the noble Confraternity of Hairdressers have taken in hand the heads of the nations. It would be scarcely just to publish a report *in extenso* of proceedings in which Journalists have been invited to take no part, but it can hardly be called uncourteous, when the present excited state of public feeling is taken into account, if a few hints of the secret transactions at this most momentous meeting are printed in these pages.

The first day of the Congress was devoted to a scrutiny of the Motions to be brought before the Conference.

Before the formal commencement of the proceedings, a protest was lodged on the part of Great Britain: that under no consideration whatever should the pig-tails or side curls worn by Sailors of the British Navy be discussed at the Congress, on pain of instant withdrawal of the Representative of Great Britain.

This objection gave rise to a long discussion, in the course of which a Russian Hairdresser insisted that Chinese pig-tails were of not less importance to the interests of his countrymen than the beards of their own Moujiks, and that the subject could not therefore be excluded. The objection was ultimately withdrawn upon the receipt of a telegram from the British Cabinet, to the effect that, after a correspondence with several Departments of the Admiralty, it had been ascertained that the use of pig-tails in the British Navy had been abolished for more than thirty years.

The Congress was then opened, and a German Hairdresser (believed to have been inspired by a certain distinguished Prince) moved that in future only Yellow Chignons be permitted in Alsace and Lorraine. He declared that as the women of these countries were German by blood, they should have Chignons, to match the blue eyes, fair hair, and light complexions, to which by nature they were entitled under the everlasting laws of race.

It was imagined that this Resolution would be strongly opposed by the French Hairdressers, but to the surprise of the meeting they were too busily engaged in quarrelling among themselves to pay it any attention, further than to remark that whatever the hair of the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine might be, at least their hearts were French.

The next Resolution was moved (with some levity) by a Spanish Hairdresser. It ran as follows:—"That on account of the difficulty experienced by Spaniards in dealing with the Crown of Spain, the Congress be invited to insist upon the compulsory use of wigs in the Peninsula. This rule not to apply to a false hair like DOX CARLOS."

This Resolution was strongly supported by the German Hairdressers, who bitterly complained of the proneness shown by DOX CARLOS to comb his neighbour's hair without obtaining the proper permission. One of the speakers declared that if this habit became chronic, the use of powder in Europe might become general.

Upon this threat, an Italian strongly advised the Congress to have nothing to do with the matter. Neither France nor his own country could look back with pleasure upon their past connection with Spain. As a Cockney would say, "the hair of Spain was unhealthy to foreigners." As this seemed to be the opinion of the majority of the Congress, the Resolution was lost.

At this point the Public were on the eve of being admitted, when a Frenchman (who seemed, after many hand-to-hand fights, to have conquered the rest of his compatriots) proposed a Resolution to the effect that *Coiffures à l'Empereur* be revived. (*Confusion.*) To this a second French artist moved as an Amendment that *Coiffures à l'Aile de Pigeon*, and other Revolutionary modes of wearing the hair, be unanimously approved [by the Conference. On this an Amendment was moved by a third French artist, that only *Têtes à la Brutus* and *à la Victime* be

sanctioned by the authority of the Assemblage. Prolonged sensation, which reached its height when a fourth artist, also French, moved an order of the day that no Frenchman, for the next seven years, be allowed to wear his hair in any but a Provisional crop.

The Congress hurriedly resolved that Europe had nothing to do with the hair of France, and the outside world were invited to enter. In the competition by foreign artists to produce the most elegant coiffures, with which the proceedings terminated, the following designs were those that obtained the greatest share of admiration:—

The German Style.—Coiffure à l'Union. Ribands—gold, red, and black, bound together with an iron chain, and a knot *couleur de sang*. Coronet of pure French gold. Ear-rings—with the arms of Alsace and Lorraine.

The Russian Style.—Coiffure à l'Agression. Ribands—yellow and black, intertwined with Indian jewels. Coronet—the Treaty of 1856 worn in shreds. Earrings—the arms of Khiya and Persia.

The French Style.—Coiffure à la Septennat. Ribands—red and blue divided by a band of white. Coronet—a cap of Folly, ornamented with chains and shells. Earrings—the arms of MACMAHON and the French army.

It is to be hoped that the rival meeting at Brussels will prove, if not as useful as the Congress at Dresden, at least as harmless.

THE TOURNEY AGAINST THE TURF.

"BETTING ON RACECOURSES.—The Newmarket Magistrates have granted a summons against MR. CHARLIN, as Steward of the Jockey Club, for permitting betting on the Newmarket racecourse during the July Meeting."

Ho, all you virtuous, now begins
Your day of glory! Justice wins
A triumph, with the worst of sins
In its own birthplace grappling.
Beneath the magisterial frown
WARNER has paid his "tanner" down,
Dismay o'erspreads Newmarket town,
The Jockey Club, and CHARLIN!

What next? Why Epsom's race must go,
Those "Isthmian Games" can't last, we know,
If heavy fines arrest the flow
Of plunger, backer, hedger:
Empty the Ascot stand will be;
From Goodwood Park who'll view the sea?
And Doncaster must lose the glee
Of her world-famous Leger!

No stand or ground can money take
From those the odds who book or stake,
If there's an Act in force to make
Your bet a misdemeanor:
Hurlingham's lawn will miss those loves
Who never "plunge" except in gloves,
And back the slaughter of the doves,
With smiles that make hits cleaner.

So Virtue, scorning cakes and ale,
Would send the Jockey Club to gal,
Nor only tag-rag and bob-tail
Of the Turf make its raid of:
For betting swell as betting rough
Would gladly twist a halter tough,
And try what "perdurable stuff"
The Turf's "one neck" is made of.

But Virtue may her zeal o'erdo:
Laws stretched too far their game let through;
Sauce for geese won't suit ganders, too,
While "circes alter cases,"
Our thoroughbreds will gallop yet;
And those who mean to bet will bet,
Against them howsoe'er you set
Your statutes or your faces.

Epsom and Ascot still will please;
Still high-bred beauty, 'neath the trees
Of midsummer, will stand at ease,
In Goodwood's green enclosure:
And *Punch* thinks, though the Ring he hates,
CHARLIN may face the Magistrates,
As he has faced the racing Fates,
With tolerable composure.



A JOB'S COMFORTER.

Maud. "O, UNCLE GEORGE, I CAN SEE AT LEAST *THREE* GREY HAIRS ON YOUR HEAD!"

Uncle George (with Sentiment). "AH, MY DEAR, ALL MY HAIR WILL BE GREY SOON!"

Ethel. "NEVER MIND, DEAR UNCLE GEORGE! THERE'S SO VERY LITTLE OF IT THAT IT WON'T MUCH MATTER!"

"IN ALL COURTS, OVER ALL CAUSES, SUPREME."

"SUPREME Head of the Church." That lofty title
Gives to our Sovereign but our Sovereign's right;
Our forefathers have sealed the stern recital,
With Martyr's blood in Truth's and Freedom's fight.

Are we to be perplexed by strange quandaries,
To wrest plain words to other than they mean,
For her semi-papistical vagaries
Who was as much weak woman as strong Queen?

The gain for England's Church and State won dearly
England's Great Seal records, whose legend saith—
And where was ever great truth writ more clearly?—
"Head of the Church, Defender of the Faith."

And when we give this far-extended sway,
We know how wide the circle that we draw:
But willing is the allegiance that we pay,
For in her Queen England obeys her Law.

And ever since the English were a nation,
Over their Church and State Law reigned supreme:
We who have faced the sun of Reformation,
Must thenceforth walk by no less regal beam.

Can still make bold to set Truth's solving prism
To silliness of fools and craft of knaves:
We will not have, as in the Latin schism,
Our God an idol, and our women slaves.

Reason we will not yield to Church command;
To sacerdotal juggling trust salvations:
'Gainst Papal power and Priestcraft firm we stand,
Most Protestant of all Protesting nations.

GREAT ESCAPE FOR THE BISHOPS.

THE question was once asked, What is an Archdeacon? and the reply is historical. It is possible that there are persons who may feel the same curiosity about a Rural Dean. If so, the following extract from the *Times* summary of the proceedings of the House of Commons, when in Committee on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, may give them some insight into the nature of Rural dean functions—

"Clause 8, which prescribes by whom the representation to the Bishop is to be made, was discussed at some length. . . . The Rural Dean who appears in the Bill as one of the persons who may set the Bishop in motion, was struck out with general assent."

For the sake of the Bench we are glad the Rural Dean was struck out. In many respects Bishops are but as other men; and it would have been positively cruel if a Rural Dean (perhaps two Rural Deans holding conflicting opinions) had appeared at the episcopal residence on a very warm day—it might be just after dinner—with a deliberate intention to set the Bishop, a divine advancing in life and with a possible tendency to obesity, in motion—to run him down, run him up, or run him out, as the case might be, one of High, Low, or Broad Church institution. If this oppressive clause had been allowed to remain in the Bill, which comes into operation in July, no one—not even the most inflexible Nonconformist—could have blamed a Bishop for declining to see so disturbing a visitor as a Rural Dean until the return of cooler weather.

Questionable Publicity.

WE do not know MR. CASSELL, but aware of the distressing effect of such pedal excrescences, we are ready to sympathise with him, when we read on all the hoardings a conspicuous advertisement of "the re-appearance of CASSELL'S *Bunyan*." We must, however, doubt the good taste of so conspicuous an announcement of a fact which, however distressing to MR. CASSELL, we should have thought rather of private than public interest.



A REAL CONSERVATIVE REVIVAL.

"WE HAVE LITTLE OR NO *FISH*, GENTLEMEN; BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE REVIVED THAT GREAT AND CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION, *THE MINISTERIAL FISH-DINNER!!!*"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FOURTH—GETTING HOME.

I.—*There is nothing like Leather—with a Foot in it.*

THE Marky was under lock and key.

ANTONEROLY had telegraphed to MADAME TOOSEW, "Coteched."

She had wired back in one word—"Bringimalong."

GAMMON wished that the Marky should perform at once in his Cirque.

The opportunity of treating the public to so strong a bill had never before presented itself to him. "LULUISA, the Bounding Belle of Bridgnorth, with her Acrobatic Children of World-wide Celebrity; the English Clown, JOEE; and the Unequalled and Unrivalled JAMES MARKY DU CROW, the great Equestrian Negro Delineator."

Was he to lose such a chance now? No.

And if he did lose it: for whom?

For ANTONEROLY? For him whom he had detested ever since his childhood. For him who would have blighted the prospects of his career by omitting to teach him how not to be found out?

Who was this man? Years ago he had placed a watch under ANTONEROLY's pillow. That story has been told. Since then ANTONEROLY had kept a watch. On whom? On him: GAMMON.

ANTONEROLY owed him one. How would this be paid? As a boy, GAMMON had brought ANTONEROLY to justice by injustice. Was it ANTONEROLY's turn now to defeat him—to ruin him, GAMMON, his own pupil, at the very moment that brought him fortune?

ANTONEROLY had determined to take the Marky to MADAME TOOSEW's, Rue du Boulanger.

He had said to GAMMON, "It is no longer your affair."

To this GAMMON had replied by extending his hand towards ANTONEROLY, not as a sign of friendship, but in so constrained a manner as to keep the ball of the thumb touching the apex of the nose.

Hence arose an altercation between them: then a quarrel.

ANTONEROLY quitted the room, but returned with wolf-like paces to where GAMMON was standing before the window, open down to the ground, meditating.

In ANTONEROLY's foot there was a power and a will. Also, he wore the thickest boots.

GAMMON's thoughts sped quickly.

Quicker than GAMMON's thoughts rose the boot, clumped and hobbled, of ANTONEROLY.

There are moral earthquakes.

GAMMON felt every faculty of his soul totter. His most solid buttons, his most elastic braces, his most firmly fastened buckles, his single cloth straps, all lost their steadiness. The unforeseen—that inexplicable power of the strongest sole—had struck GAMMON, and launched him into space. Before him was the middle of next week. Behind him was the Improbable transformed into a Reality—palpable, inevitable, inexorable. It was the Palpable against the Pulpable. What did he think of it—he, GAMMON?

What had happened could not be avoided. GAMMON was concerned in it: he felt within his soul that pang which a tree may

feel when torn up by its roots. In such cases there is an analogy between men and trees, between roots and boots.

Every man has a foundation on which he rests. A disturbance of this foundation causes deep anxiety. It was what GAMMON now felt. His head whirled. He pressed it between his two hands.

He had been, as it were, lifted out of himself by the recent event. It was, indeed, in the middle of the following week that he alighted.

ANTONEROLY had said to himself, "A kick in time saves nine."

GAMMON was flung to the earth by a boot of transcendent brightness.

II.—*A Last Impression.*

IN the absence of GAMMON, ANTONEROLY would not lose a minute.

THE MARKY DU CROW was alone.

ANTONEROLY said to him, "Your face will be your fortune—in wax."

THE Marky answered, "Be it so."

He had come to conquer: he had remained to fail. This Sphinx of a man had been a riddle to himself. Now he had given himself up.

Humanity, family, country summoned him to return.

ANTONEROLY, once an enemy, now a friend, appeared to assist him. He said, "My boat is on the shore."

THE Marky rattled his bones once more, took three steps which, at another time, would have astonished even ANTONEROLY, and replied, "Dat's me, GEORGE!"

ANTONEROLY's name was not GEORGE, but they understood one another, these two.

On their arrival, ANTONEROLY presented him to MADAME TOOSEW, at night.

Lanterns were lighted: wax-chandlers came out, and measured him: saw-dusters came to stuff his body.

Around him were the effigies—silent, awful, motionless. The only sound was the regular clicking of the machinery as Mlle. ST. AMARANthe lay in her perpetual slumber.



A voice uttered these words:

"Take his head."

In the twinkling of an eye, swift hands smothered him with wax, as with the covering of a tomb.

The same voice as before said:

"In a month's time you will be in the Catalogue."

THE Marky replied:

"I have the honour to be your very humble servant."

THE Marky went out—like a candle. Candles go out, so do men.

THE LAST.—*Winding-up Act.*

GAMMON recovered himself, picked himself up, and returned.

He re-opened the Cirque Republicain with all its attractions—and more.

His company consisted of LULUISA the Bounding Belle, the three Acrobatic Children, the English Clown, JOEE, real Soldiers, and a real Sergeant called RUBADUB, with KATEGOT for Leader of the Band, BILLIBARLO for Comic Singer, and WINDICOMB JUNIOR for Master of the Ring.

THE MARKY DU CROW was denounced as an impostor. He had disappeared.

But GAMMON was to be the victim of the Unforeseen and the Inevitable. ANTONEROLY returned.

The Maire of Tristesse had been ANTONEROLY's master: had lost the watch that the boy GAMMON had taken and placed under ANTONEROLY's pillow.



"MELANCHOLY, SLOW."

Conductor. "LOOK ALIVE, BILL! HERE'S A OLD GENT INSIDE'S AFRAID HE WON'T KETCH HIS FUNERAL!"

The Maire swore to the watch.
ANTONEROLY swore to GAMMON.
GAMMON swore to anything—then at everybody. Being convicted, he asked what was his sentence?

ANTONEROLY replied,
"You be hung."

GAMMON, by the Judge's order, which admitted him to the Gallery of the Court, was banished to a State of Suspense.

ANTONEROLY paid the first week's salaries in advance to the *troupe* of the Cirque Républicain; and, in addition to the enormous attractions, he was able to advertise—

"First Appearance of the Renowned and Unequalled JAMES MARKY DU CROW, descendant of Two Great Originals, who, having lately appeared before all the Crowned Heads at MADAME TOOSEW'S, has been prevailed upon to perform his celebrated feats on the present occasion under the patronage of his Excellency the Maire of Tristesse."

The Marky was received with acclamations, and bounded through all the hoops, playing his banjo as advertised.

That evening, LULUISA rose from her seat at supper, and drank the health of JAMES MARKY DU CROW.

She said:

"We owe him our present engagement. When I say 'we,' I mean I and my three Acrobatic Children; and when I point at myself and at them I say, 'You will always remember us as the price of a bottle of SERGEANT RUBADUB'S wine—'"

The Ollendorffian Sergeant interrupted her by murmuring—

"Have you the good wine?"

She continued, partly answering him—

"I have the good wine. But the price of this is more than that of yours. The latter is the remembrance of the Mother and the Children—is, in brief,

ONE-AND-THREE."

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—One of the Jockeys at Goodwood, being of an impulsive temperament, after riding a race sat down on the Spur of the Moment. His feelings may be better imagined than described.

"SALOPIENSES FLAGELLATI."

(Times, Friday, p. 11.)

ALAS that boys should be so tough,
Or Heads of Schools so kind!
'Tis hard to lay on stripes enough
To leave a smart behind.

The youngster, after eighty-eight
Light touches on his skin,
Rows out upon the Severn straight,
Perhaps a race to win!

O ghost of KEATE, appear and say,
How check the school-boy's tricks,
If four-score strokes won't do to-day
What you achieved with six!

Your fine Orbilian power rebukes
Head Masters such as these:
You flogged senarians into Dukcs,
And Bishops into sees.

And Shrewsbury would ne'er have seen
So charming a *Corolla*,
Had its Greek-loving Doctor been
Powerless to make boys hollow.

False quantity so hated he,
They who in *that* got fishing,
Soon found out one *true* quantity—
The quantity of swishing!

But there are those, though learned in
The needful Greek and Latin,
Who seem to touch a school-boy's skin
As if 'twere ladies' satin.

Head Masters now, 'tis very odd,
Are growing over mild:
They ought (see HOOD) to spoil the rod
Rather than spare the child.

And Shrewsbury its chief not less
Will prize, but yet more highly,
If he will practise in recess
Upon some *corpus vile*.

Some blockhead pachydermatous
His gentle arm must wallop
Secundum artem, till he thus
Restore the fame of Salop.

Nor think, though Poesy's unborn,
That flogging comes by nature.
It is an art, which they that scorn
Ne'er in it reach full stature.

Birch-accent turns on divers sorts
Of nicely ordered circes,
And much on well-packed longs and shorts
Depends, in rods, as verses.

Well-sorted twigs will sting, draw blood,
Yet ne'er to bruise endure;
And if you choose them thick in bud,
They'll a good blow ensure.

When Moss has learnt the Birching Art,
To LOXDALLES yet in blade,
Six cuts, laid well, will cause more smart,
Than eighty-eight ill laid.

The Keeper of the Seal.

CRITICS have remarked a conspicuous omission in the Great Seal Officers Bill. It contains no clause making due provision for M. FRANÇOIS LECOMPTE, the meritorious officer in charge of the "Sea Lion" at the Zoological Gardens.

Victimised Avenger.

No wonder the Infanticide Bill was rejected, the other night, in the House of Lords without a division. Had not Ministers already begun the Annual Massacre of the Innocents?



A DISCREET HINT.

Matilda (star-gazing). "How I wish I could catch a falling star!"
Young Dobbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "That's impossible, Miss Matilda. But—a—might I suggest that you needn't go far for a rising one?"

Shooting too Far.

THE gallant soldiery of DON CARLOS, under the command of DORREGARRAY, a short time since, were so bold as to shoot the Correspondent of a German paper. A German fleet has been in consequence despatched to cruise in Spanish waters. Those brave fellows may perhaps discover that the chief who shoots a SCHMIDT has brought down a BISMARCK!

The Voice of the Tempter.

WE regret to see the painful announcement repeated, night after night, "Gaiety led astray by BOUCICAULT." Where is MR. HOLLINGSHEAD? Can't he keep his Gaiety "within the limits of becoming mirth," for all MR. BOUCICAULT's seduction?

AN OLD-WORLD CITIZEN ON OLD WAYS AND NEW ONES.

THE Keystone loose in Temple Bar!
 The Monument a-going!
 What is there that's worth living for,
 As they ain't overthrowing?

They tell me that the sinking's caused
 By Law-Court excavations—
 I thought the City and the Law
 Stood on the same foundations!

Well, now-a-days folks *will* go down,
 To what's called "fundamentals;"
 Will know what all things stand upon,
 From men's faith to their rentals.

But I say, take care how you dig,
 Lest in your spade-work's smother,
 While one foundation you prepare,
 You meddle with another.

Lest digging to old basements down,
 And rooting up old curbing,
 You loose the keystone of some arch
 You ne'er thought of disturbing.

The old Bar might be troublesome,
 It might impede the traffic;
 It mightn't be the gate to make
 A figure in the *Graphic*:

But 'twas a symbol of the rights
 Of Home-Rule in the City,
 And I can't help but feel the loss
 Of what marks *that*, a pity.

I like to think o' Kings and Queens
 Bound, crowns and all, to wait,
 Until Lord Mayor and Aldermen
 Chose to ope that there gate.

I like to think there once was heads
 Of rebels stuck up there;
 If only 'cause it shows the times
 Are better than they were.

I like to think CHILDS' books was kept
 In that room o'er the centre;
 How but through cash and well-kept
 books
 Should men the City enter?

In short, though, if 'twas now to build,
 I don't say I should choose it,
 I was fond of old Temple Bar,
 And shall be grieved to lose it.

If the old keystone should drop out,
 Can't they put in a new one?
 But as for pulling down the Bar—
 The idea quite goes through one!

SHORTEN YOUR SPEECHES.

PITHY MR. PUNCH,
 THERE certainly has been more talk
 than work this Session, though it has not
 been so idle as some people may make out.
 Still, here are we poor Members kept in
 Town as usual, till we've barely time to
 pack up and get ready for the grouse. I
 propose that, with a view of lightening our
 labours, M.P.'s should, in future, be chosen
 who are not on speaking terms with one
 another. This may seem a simple remedy,
 but it might help towards a shortening
 of the Session, and a lengthening of the
 lives of those who have to sit.

Believe me yours perspiringly—I mean
 to say aspiringly—

PETER THE SILENT.

House of Commons, Tuesday.



GETTING HIS ANSWER.

Important Old Gent (from the Country, who thinks the lofty bearing of these London Barmaids ought to be "taken down a bit"). "GLASS OF ALE, YOUNG WOMAN; AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE!"

Haughty Blonde (blandly). "SECOND-CLASS REFRESHMENTS LOWER DOWN, SIR!"

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

If you see half-a-dozen new patent leather covered basket-trunks with a name written upon all of them, in staring white characters, accompanied by a gigantic portmanteau and three hat-boxes, you may know that the Honourable LIONEL and ROWENA SILVERSPORN have started on their wedding-tour.

If you see a weather-beaten portmanteau, accompanied by a neat little trunk and a pretty little birdcage, you may know that EDWIN and ANGELINA DOVECOOT are going to Ventnor for the honeymoon.

If you see a big carpet-bag, accompanied by a large white umbrella and a tin colour-box, you may know that DAUB, A.R.A., is going to Brittany in search of subjects.

If you see an overcrowded portmanteau, accompanied by a double-locked despatch-box, you may know that urgent private affairs have induced CAPTAIN BUBBLE (Promoter of Public Companies) to leave the City hurriedly for Spain.

If you see a small bundle, accompanied by a pair of handcuffs, you may know that urgent public affairs have induced SERGEANT SMART (of the Detective Police) to follow the same route taken by CAPTAIN BUBBLE *en voyage* for Spain.

If you see twenty-four patent reversible, extra waterproof holdalls, with all the latest improvements, painted blue, green, yellow, and red, and covered with hotel labels, accompanied by thirty-seven deal packing cases, you may know that COLONEL JERUSALEM R. X. E. SQUASH, U.S.A., and family are engaged in "doing" Europe.

If you see fifteen trunks, all more or less damaged, accompanied by an old portmanteau and a double perambulator, you may know that MR. and MRS. PATERFAMILIAS and children are going to Herne Bay for a month.

If you see, in conclusion, a neat knapsack and a spiked walking-stick, you may know that *Mr. Punch* is off to Switzerland to enjoy himself.

PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION.

AMENDMENTS proposed by *Mr. Punch*, M.P. :—

That no Clergyman whose face is worth looking at turn his back on his congregation.

If any Clergyman is in doubt as to whether his face is worth looking at, he may compare his personal appearance with that of the Ordinary.

That no Rector, Vicar, Incumbent, or Curate, introduce any innovation into the service without the requisite faculty—common-sense.

That after twenty minutes' preaching the proper position for the Minister be deemed to be out of the pulpit.

That celibacy be enforced on those of the Clergy whose incomes do not exceed £200 per annum.

That no Clergyman who has not passed in honours be allowed to use the expression "Philosophy falsely so-called" in his sermon.

That the Offertory shall be always accompanied by the Collect for the day.

The Last Week's Work.

August 1—8.

A FAG-END of fagged hacks untiring

Fag final clauses through :

A knot of Law-givers, perspiring,

Expiring laws renew.

The Lady Advocate.

"MISS LAVINIA GOODSELL, of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been admitted to the bar."—*Echo*.

THE information is too brief. We could wish it had been fuller. Thousands, in these days of Woman's Rights, would like to have known whether Miss GOODSALL styles herself a barrister or a barmaid.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Traveller (suffering from the Heat of Weather, &c.). "WESH BROMPT'N—SHINGL'—
COLD 'TH BIT O' LEMON—LOO' SHARP—'R ELSE SHAN'T KESH MY TRAIN!"

THE LAST OF AN OLD FRIEND.

"The Sea Serpent has not only been seen, but actually killed, in the Republican River, near Scandia, in Kansas, United States. The Serpent would probably have escaped, but for the happy thought of Mr. A. P. SMITH, who arrived on the scene with a fire-extinguisher, primed with sulphuric acid and other chemicals. This machine was aimed at the open jaws of the monster, and a tremendous dose of the mixture was discharged 'squarely' into his throat. . . . Such was the sad end of an old and respected friend, who will be much missed when Parliament has been prorogued." (See *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 22.)

At Parliament's next prorogation,
When Ministers rush to the Sea,
When lawyers begin their vacation,
And Londoners Oceanwards flee,

When the Claimant has lapsed into quiet,
And French "*non*" fights no longer with "*oui*,"
When the Carlists have ceased to run riot,
When Archbishops and Bishops agree,

When they've settled the Sun's composition,
When the Transit of Venus they see,
When Stroud is without a petition,
Returning a blameless M.P. ;

When BISMARCK no longer is shot at,
When the last has been talked of Fiji,
And when there's no news to be got at,—
Ah, then there'll be mourning for thee !

No more will the "Dailies" inform us
Of thy gambols and antics so free,
Nor describe thy proportions enormous,
And length like a Peer's pedigree.

Ho ! bring me my salts aromatic,
A cigar, and a Soda and B,
Though a red nose ain't aristocratic,
And bleared eyes beneath my degree,
Punch mourns for thee, Serpent erratic ;
Farewell ! *Requiescas in P.*

A REAL STRONG BOX.—MESSRS. MILNER have sold their works to a Limited Company. The shares must be an eminently "safe" investment.

GHOSTS AND GEESE.

THE "Second National Annual Conference of Spiritualists" was opened last week on Tuesday evening by a *soirée* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The *soirée* did not include a *séance*, although "two Mediums of considerable power, MESSRS. BASTIAN and TAYLOR, who have just arrived from America, were introduced to the company." Music, instrumental and vocal, formed part of the proceedings at the Beethoven Rooms, but no influence of the spirit that may be supposed to be the *genius loci* appears to have inspired any one of the performers with a sonata, or a waltz, even a song. Those who assisted at this assembly of Spiritualists, under auspices associated with BEETHOVEN, might reasonably have expected that some musical Medium would at least strike up "*Kennst du das Land ?*" or "*Adelaide*." Though, if we may judge from the analogy of alleged spiritual communications from deceased men of literary genius, a musical Medium "controlled" by BEETHOVEN would be much more likely to sing "*My Pretty Jane*," or to play "*Drops of Brandy*."

At a second meeting of Spiritualists, held the next evening, in Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, however, some manifestations were related, wonderful if true. According to the *Post* :—

"Mr. MORSE said he had been informed that miners had manifestations in their pit-workings, and that a little boy employed in a coal-mine near Glasgow was in the habit, when tired, of calling upon a spirit to help him push his truck, which it generally did. On one occasion the spirit, it was said, used such violence as to damage the truck considerably."

The story of this rather capricious "Kobold" was capped by something still more marvellous, of the drudging goblin kind :—

"To the Chairman (DR. SEXTON) the subject of conditions was somewhat perplexing. In his house it was no uncommon thing for spirits to appear to the members of his family, to remove articles from one room to another while all the doors were locked, to make the beds at night, and to walk up and down the stairs with tread as heavy as that of an ordinary man."

DR. SEXTON may be supposed to have—

"eaten of the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner" ?

Perhaps he is in the habit of mixing *hyoscyamus* with his salad. This supposition, however, is quite unnecessary to account for the testimony following :—

"Mr. ROGERS remarked that a piece of cloth cut off by a female spirit from her materialised skirt was found to have been dressed with lime in the Manchester fashion, and he admitted that this presented a difficulty to Spiritualists which had not been surmounted."

Nay, come, this is a story which it is almost possible to believe. What can be more suitable to a Medium personating a "materialised spirit" than a costume which has been dressed with "devil's dust," except one likewise consisting of "shoddy" ?

DRESS AND UNDRRESS.

"SWIMMING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace Company have, with a view of encouraging the practice of this art, decided upon holding an annual swimming entertainment in the lake, when various prizes and a challenge cup will be contended for. The first of these will take place on Monday, the 24th inst. Amateurs of any recognised swimming clubs, or any gentleman wearing University costume, will be entitled to compete."—*Daily News*, August 6.

I ENCLOSE an advertisement which has much exercised me. "University Costume" usually means Cap and Gown. If so, would not the Mortar Board and Academic Robe be rather an impediment to rapid swimming ? Or is "University Costume" merely a Crystal Palace translation of "bathing drawers." "Do tell," as the Americans say.

Yours, PUZZLED.

Summing up the Session.

(From the *Conservatives' Primer*.)

I'LL tell you a story of the first Session Tory—
And now my story's begun :
It began in excuse, and it ends in abuse—
And—now my story's done !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(THE LAST DROP.)



CHIEF Commissioner LORD LYTTELTON took his cashiering like a man (*Monday, August 3*). The DUKE OF RICHMOND did his best to discharge a disagreeable duty without offence, but it is impossible to kick a man down-stairs quite inoffensively, though the kicker be the sweetest-mannered man in the world and the kicked the most unresisting of victims.

If ever there were scapegoats driven out under the weight of a popular prejudice, due far more to injudiciously outspoken words than to deeds, it is the Endowed Schools Commissioners. They began by saying what had been better left unsaid; but they were doing their work on the whole well and wisely; and every year's good work was obliterating more and more completely the uneasy recollection of their first injudicious proclamation of war to the knife upon outworn trusts and undutiful trustees. It is no use sending the fiery cross through the enemy's country. Whatever Government is in power, or whatever body has to work the Endowed Schools Act, the Act *must* be worked, in the main, as the Jonahs of the original Board have worked it. All this is plain as A.B.C. from the DUKE OF RICHMOND's speech and LORD LYTTELTON's simple and dignified reply. They are both honest men, and the truth comes out clear between them. MR. DISRAELI should have known better than set so pernicious an example of sacrificing good and profitable public servants to misdirected ill-will, in or out of the Cabinet.

Besides LORD LYTTELTON and his brother Commissioners, another public official came out of Monday's talk all the better for being thrown overboard—SIR HENRY THRING, K.C.B. Both the DUKE OF RICHMOND and LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS did him justice, declaring that whoever was to blame for the unintelligibility of the clauses in which MR. DISRAELI retreated from the fight over the Endowed Schools Bill, like a Homeric hero in a cloud, it was *not* the Government draughtsman—to whom *Punch* is bound to take off his hat, *en passant*, as one of the most indefatigable and most unfairly abused of public servants. If JOHN BULL only knew the flimsy and ill-spun stuff that that over-worked legislative laundry-man had the getting up of!

"If you saw our Bills before they are made,
You'd lift up your hands and say THRING was ill-paid!"

In the Commons, Third Reading of the Public Worship Regulation Bill without a division.

Let us hasten to relieve our readers' minds, shocked, no doubt, by the Premier's last week's startling announcement that he had found an unnatural lawyer willing to work without salary. It was all a mistake of MR. DISRAELI'S. He only *thought* he heard a lawyer make the monstrous offer. The Judge between "High, Low, Broad—and the Blame!" turns out to be LORD PENZANCE. MR. GLADSTONE might say that the appointment of a Judge whose distinction has been entirely won in divorce cases augurs ill for the union of Church and State under the new Act. LORD P. is willing to take the Judgeship for such salary as the two Archbishops can squeeze out of the Ecclesiastical Court sinecures, which will be absorbed in the new office.

MR. GLADSTONE has pronounced his opinion that the chance of such an income is "pure and undiluted moonshine." Which is the "moonshine?" Ecclesiastical Court Fees, or the hope of making the Ecclesiastical Court Officials surrender them? LORD PENZANCE evidently thinks that money may be extracted from the moonshine that falls on those mysterious functionaries, "the Official Principal of Provincial Courts," and "the Master of the Faculties to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY." What an awful office! "Keeper of the King's conscience" sounds grand—but "Master of an Archbishop's faculties!" Think of keeping that weight of wisdom locked up, and letting the Archbishop

have it out for use as he wants it, a little at a time, and rather less than he wants, usually. ARCHBISHOP TAIT seems to have got a surreptitious key of his own to this officer's strong room. He appears to have the command of his own faculties, and to draw upon them with a freedom very uncommon in an Archbishop. We hear nothing of a keeper of the faculties of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. How comes it that the Northern Province is without such an officer? Is it that York is supposed to be sharp enough to do without faculties in its Archbishop? Or that the sharpness of the Yorkshire air is so catching that Archbishops of that Province may be trusted to make the best use of their faculties without the help of a keeper?

There was a solemn dismissory service over the Bill by a choir of eminent performers, including MESSRS. KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSEN, A. B. HOPE, BARTHELOTT, KINNAIRD, HORSMAN, NEWDEGATE, and CROSS, crowned by an imposing *finale* from MR. GLADSTONE. Like COLLINS'S *Ode to the Passions*, the cantata expressed every tone of feeling from cheerful hope to wan despair. But all the solo performers joined in a burden invoking gentle airs and genial weather for the vessel thus launched on her voyage. Only GRANT DUFF, from the height of his private philosophical and prophetic pedestal performed a ceremony of vaticination on his own account, on the text from the Vulgate "*Et quid volo nisi ut ardeat*,"—"and what will I, but that it be kindled,"—the Established Church in England and Scotland—to wit. It was strange, he said, that a High-Conservative Ministry should have stuck a live coal into the rotten rafters of these two venerable edifices.

The Indian Budget was brought in to a skeleton House, as usual, by LORD G. HAMILTON in a speech worthy of a better audience.

There is a deficit of more than twelve millions on the last four years, but half of it is for money spent on relief of famine *in presenti*, and the rest on works meant for prevention of famine *in futuro*. Famine Relief and Public Works left out of account, the twelve millions deficit would be changed into five millions surplus.

The Sanhedrim of Indian pundits who make a point of keeping a House for Indian facts and figures—a House weighty in the wisdom, if meagre in the number, of its heads—received the Budget cheerfully and hopefully. All seem of one mind that in the present Governor-General England has a blade of the right sort—"the Northbrook's temper"—and if the blade is tempered for the work, that the work is out for the blade. Meantime, England rejoices that in the year's wrestle for life foresight has conquered famine.

Tuesday.—The Lords had a night's cutting and carving of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, as sent up to them re-dressed by the Commons. The bone of contention was the Appeal to the Archbishops. Archbishops don't want to have to sit upon their suffragans, but were willing to accept that disagreeable position if put upon them, or rather, if they were put upon it.

THE BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER and LINCOLN protested—EDWARD OF WINCHESTER on the astounding plea that Bishops held office *jure divino*, Archbishops *jure humano* only, and that the divinely ordained could not be subject to the humanly!

LORD CAIRNS, though he preferred the Bill without the Appeal, was afraid its rejection might endanger the Bill—if the Commons chose to ride rusty.

LORD SALISBURY pooh-poohed that argument vehemently, after his wont, calling the threat of possible action by the Commons "bluster," and the terror of it a "bugbear"—terms not over civil to the LORD CHANCELLOR. (See, in Wednesday's Essence of the Commons, what comes of needlessly strong language.) In the end, the Appeal to the Archbishops was struck out by 64 to 32, as was the exemption of University Churches and College, and Inns of Court Chapels.

In the Commons, SIR G. BOWYER questioned MR. BOURKE about foreign intervention in Spain. MR. BOURKE said HER MAJESTY'S Government knew nothing about any intention of armed intervention in that distracted Peninsula. That England certainly doesn't contemplate any such intervention, nor will she encourage (would "tolerate" be putting too fine an edge on it, MR. BOURKE?) such intervention by any other power. Europe quarrelling over Spain reminds *Punch* of QUIN in his cups finding a friend, still drunker, in

the gutter, and cordially hiccupping out, "My dear fellow, I can't pick you up, but I'll lie down beside you."

MR. MACARTHUR trailed his coat through the fair for a final fight over Fiji, by asking the House to vote approval of the Government's acceptance of annexation, "as far as it has gone," i.e., to invoking the aid of SIR HERCULES to report. SIR C. DILKE moved in favour of caution, considering the 20,000 mountain savages and the domestic slavery. MR. GLADSTONE demurred to expressing approval when he felt nothing but vexation, and pitched into the Commissioners' report as "meagre and chaotic." He declined to march under the lead of MR. MACARTHUR, and strongly recommended that gentleman to allow Government tubs to stand on their own bottoms. MR. LOWTHER admitted that *was* the safest rule. MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN was content to leave the matter in LORD CARNARVON's hand. SIR WILFRID LAWSON was facetious on Cannibals and Missionaries, and rang a variety of merry changes on the God of Battles and Bottles, to whom he appealed as the true God of the *non-professional* British Missionary, at all events—rifles and rum being the agencies usually first resorted to by the white man for the civilization of his black or brown brother.

Wednesday.—Consideration, in the Commons, of the Lords' Amendments to the Public Worship Regulation Bill. The best, but about the most mischievous, talk of the Session, led off by SIR W. HARCOURT, who contrasted the dignified decency of MR. DISRAELI in the House of Commons, with the "rash and rancorous" language of LORD SALISBURY in another place. He had dared (SIR WILLIAM said) to talk of those who had shaped the Bill in the Commons as "a blustering majority." Then followed round after round from SIR WILLIAM's big battery of Common Law and Constitutional tenon guns, strengthened by the last five days' reinforcements, into MR. GLADSTONE's heavy-metalled Canons, from VAN ESPEN downwards. MR. GLADSTONE returned the fire with red-hot shot, till Liberalism, perplexed and pained, might have exclaimed, with *Faulconbridge*—

"O, prudent discipline! from north and south
Our greatest guns shoot in each other's mouth."

MR. DISRAELI followed the bad example of the Opposition Chiefs, and in urging the House to agree to the Lords' Amendments, took occasion to deliver a rattling broadside into LORD SALISBURY, as one "not given to measure his phrases"—"a master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers"—capable of baiting a trap with irritating and contemptuous words, for the House of Commons to fall into, and in the pet provoked by his incivility, reject the Bill.

We have not heard how LORD SALISBURY liked this kind of friendly banter; but we observe that neither he nor the PREMIER dined at Greenwich after it.

Altogether Wednesday deserves to be memorable in the annals of Parliament and the history of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Great and strange things may date from that day's work.

Thursday.—LORD SALISBURY protested to the Lords that he never

used the language attributed to him in the House of Commons by "a person or persons of considerable authority." When he used the terms "bluster" and "bugbear," he referred entirely to what had been said in the House of Lords. "Yes—by *me*," interposed the LORD CHANCELLOR. "I perfectly understood it, and rather liked it."

Well countered, my LORD SALISBURY! Who is "rash and rancorous" now?—Eh, SIR WILLIAM?—Eh, my Right Honourable B. D.?

Let this remarkable episode remain as the last drop of Essence extracted by *Punch* out of the Session of 1874—a Session of moderate promise, and even more meagre performance—of no great cry, but still less wool—a Session to which the Little Wittlers coming for wool went away shorn—a Session, if not otherwise memorable, perhaps destined to be long remembered as the one to which two Churches may yet have to trace the roots of Disestablishment, and in which the anarchy of Her Majesty's Opposition has been reflected in the heedlessness and headlessness of Her Majesty's Government.

Friday.—The Queen's Speech of Prorogation. It says nothing but what everybody knew already, and so amounts to the usual sum and substance of Queen's Speeches of Prorogation—*nil*. Stay—there is one paragraph in it worth noting: that which expresses the belief of H.M.G. that the restoration of peace and order in Spain will be best promoted by a rigid abstinence from interference by other Governments. [Exit Sessio!]

Go, my Lords and Gentlemen of both sides, *Punch* dismisses you to the relaxation of your pleasure-places or the retirement and reflection of your homes. "Go"—and next Session do not "do likewise."

So the Session is over: then hey for the clover

Of life out of London by mountain and mere:

Cool breezes of autumn—we soon shall have caught 'em,

Where rosy peaks shimmer, where rivers run clear.

We've hampered the Cleric, Rome-rampant, hysteric;

We've left my LORD LYTTLETON nothing to do:

But CAIRNS would not press on his Bill meant to lesson

Our spinners of law-costs, and lessen costs too.

We've queered Bonifaces with "populous places,"

With "Bonâ-fied" travellers, and other such gear;

But Vinegar Margaux still comes by the cargo,

And we have not insisted on malt in our beer.

Yet our holiday won is, and joyous the fun is

'Twixt Scotland and Switzerland settling the doubt

Which fair road to follow the flight of the swallow,

As long as the circular notes will hold out.

The Clubs may be painting, the Ritualists fainting,

The Exeter reredos kept up or pulled down,—

All geniuses busy, from *Punch* unto DIZZY,

Kick their troubles aside, till they're harked back to town!

TO MY "PUFF PUFF."



Puff me away from the
noise and the worry;
Puff me away from the
desolate town;
Puff me—but don't be in
too great a hurry;
Puff me, but don't in a
tunnel break down.

Puff me away to my loved
Isle of Thanet
Swiftly—or e'en at the
pace called the snail's,
Puff me thesea-breeze, and
pleasantly fan it
Into my nostrils—but
don't leave the rails.

Puff me away, far from
Parliament's houses;
For brown Moors of
Scotland my soul is
athirst—
For a smell of the heather,
a pop at the grouses;
Puff me, but mind that
your boiler don't
burst.

Puff me en route for care-killing Killarney,
Tenderly take me, as bridegroom his bride;
Bear me towards Erin, blest birthplace of Blarney,
Puff, puff, like blazes—but, *please*, don't "collide!"

IF FIJI FEEL FIDGETY.

UNTIL the arrangements for the annexation of the Fiji Islands by the British Government have been completed, the following list of Suggestions will be circulated for the guidance and information of the Fiji public:—

1. To avoid interruption of the street traffic of the metropolis, auctions of the wives and grandfathers of the inhabitants of Fiji should only be held between the hours of six in the evening and four in the morning.

2. At pic-nics held in the public parks, young married men should be cautioned not to eat their mothers-in-law without proper official authorisation.

3. Cannibal mountaineers should be politely requested not to interfere with their Methodist fellow-countrymen on Sundays. Banquets of an impromptu character held in churches having been found to create much confusion, should in future be strictly prohibited, in deference to the strongly expressed wishes of many influential Fiji parishioners.

4. As the Fiji national drink, "rava," is known to produce a partial paralysis of the muscular system, together with a lethargic state of the sensibility, and is said to resemble, in taste, "GREGORY'S Mixture" combined with soap-suds, the Fiji public should be strongly recommended to use, as a substitute, "Ginger Beer"—a most refreshing beverage, which may be imported in bulk from the mother country, where it can be obtained of every respectable chemist and pastry-cook in town and country.

5. Members of the Fiji Government should be urged to refrain from unnecessary assassination during the shooting-season.

6. Bayonet-charges and rifle-volleys should be discontinued until after the arrival of the British army in the Fiji Islands.

BONÂ FIDE TRAVELLERS.—SIR SAMUEL BAKER and CAPTAIN BURTON.



(Advice to Undergraduates and others who intend to spend the Long Vacation in Reading.)

"BE READ TO."

THE "ARETHUSA."

"The *Chichester* has for several years been sending poor boys to be seamen in the Merchant Marine or Royal Navy. She has now been joined by a consort, the frigate *Arethusa*. The managers of the Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children in Great Queen Street find that nothing is so popular among the London Arabs as the idea of going to sea. The strongest lads are sent down from Great Queen Street to the training-ship. It is only those whose health is less fitted for a seafaring life who go to the farm in Surrey. The *Chichester* was opened in 1867, and contains 214 boys. But English seamen are still wanted in English ships, and there is no lack of destitute boys. LADY BURDETT COURTIS was therefore applied to for the establishment of a second vessel, and she offered £5,000 to fit out the frigate lent by the Admiralty—the *Arethusa*. The glorious ring of the name has not been dishonoured by the vessel's achievements. This is not the 'Saucy *Arethusa*' of metrical legend, but it is the *Arethusa* launched in 1847, and fitted with a screw in 1862, which at the beginning of the Crimean war, and when she was still only a sailing vessel, went boldly into the port of Odessa during the bombardment of the forts by the Allied fleets, and in sight of the whole fleet, who cheered her as she came out, sailed right up to the Russian batteries and broadsided them; then wore round and broadsided them on the other tack."—*Times*, Tuesday, August 4.

COME, young Street-Arabs, bright and bold,
Whose gutter-mud hides English mould,
While better fates kind friends unfold

Aboard o' the *Arethusa*!
With a heart of oak, and no iron skin,
To Odessa's batteries she sailed in,
Broadsides to exchange,
At short-musket range,
Then wore and gave it them, 'tother tack,
And as cool as she sailed in sailed back,
As became the *Arethusa*!

Now, thanks to our ANGELA BARONESS COURTIS,
At another guess kind of foe she shoots,
Means to give it to Old Nick like old boots,
Does this saucy *Arethusa*!
Alongside the *Chichester* now she lies,
And street Arabs to sailors transmogrifies,

Put on 'tother tack,
From ruin aback—
Though the sneerers may scoff, and think it stuff,
Into bright Jack Tar we can turn street rough,
Aboard o' the *Arethusa*!

With rough or smooth of British race
Some dirt is no deeper than the face,
And most dirt is good stuff out of place,
Till it reaches the *Arethusa*!

The *Chichester* boys the proof can show,
And the *Arethusa*'s have but to go
The same road, d'ye see,
To rise to A.B.—

"No, no," says the doubter, "that can't be"—
But LORD SHAFTESBURY he says "Yes," says he,
"That's the work of the *Arethusa*!"

Still a fighting frigate, at WILLIAMS' * command,
She will muster a crew by their guns to stand,
And 'gainst t'other Nick's forts by sea or land
Bear down in the *Arethusa*!

For Street-Arabs that rob and starve ashore,
She'll give old England trained tars galore,
Two hundred a year,
To hand, reef, and steer,
All from blackguards turned into guards true-blue,
Till with *Chichester* boys they'll rate the crew
Of the saucy *Arethusa*!

* The Secretary of the Society.

Saints of September.

THE pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Edmund will start from London for Pontigny on the First of September. The votaries of St. Edmund are expected to be numerous, but their number will, we fear, be exceeded by the devotees of St. Partridge.



“COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS!”

FERDINAND (*following ARIEL*). “WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC
BE? 'T THE AIR, OR THE EARTH?
IT SOUNDS NO MORE! AND SURE IT WAITS UPON
SOME GOD O' THE ISLAND! SITTING IN ST. STEPHEN'S,

WEEPING AGAIN THE SHIPWRECKS OF THE SESSION,
THIS MUSIC CREPT BY ME ON THE ROUGH WATERS,
WITH ITS SWEET AIR. THENCE I HAVE FOLLOWED IT,
OR IT HATH DRAWN ME, RATHER.”

A TRIP TO SPABOROUGH.

From Your Private Red Rover.



DEAR PUNCH,

La Saison est morte, vive la Saison!
 "The Rover is free."

Where, O where shall the Rover go? To some cool grove where he could remember the oyster, and heard him in his nativeshell, when there's an "R" in the month?

The Rover's eye was on a place. It had been attracted, long since, by a picture of the Grand Hotel, Spaborough, Yorkshire.

"If Spaborough," said the Rover to himself, "is all that Fancy has painted it, then it must be a very charming place."

Here let me pause to say that it is *all* that Fancy has painted it: and I am bound to admit that the representation in the advertisement is not sufficiently flattering. My imagination may be, like a Hotel Company, "Limited," but I can *not* picture to myself a more perfect site for a Grand Hotel at any fashionable

watering-place, than that occupied by the Grand Hotel of Spaborough.

En passant, when you are comfortably lodged, well served, and most civilly treated, it is but fair and just to make public mention of it, as it is also good and wholesome to take notice of the reverse of the medal. Other Hostelties may be as good, they can't be better; and indeed from its size, extent, and adaptability to all classes (even down to the basement on the sands, where the Cheap Trippers are accommodated, without any detriment to the Upper Ten, i.e. the Upper-stairs Ten), the Grand Hotel is Spaborough. Externally and internally it is a magnificent building.

The Journey thither.—We reached Spaborough, in spite of all such obstacles as a Railway Company can put in your way if it only takes the trouble. The train started unpunctually, it never made up for lost time; the engine was like the donkey in the old song, "Wot wouldn't go," and panted, and snorted, and groaned as if painfully appealing to some Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Engines. Poor creature! it was obliged to stop at a place where it ought *not* to have stopped, in order to take in water.

The Guard cheerfully observed to me, "You're for Spaborough, Sir? 'Fraid you won't catch your train to-night." He was quite happy over it, and evidently accustomed to it. I wasn't.

Spaborough.—Arrived. A furious driver, rendered probably more furious by having had to wait for the train, whisks me through broad streets, narrow streets, round corners anyhow, depositing me at last at the door of the Grand Hotel.

The Hotel.—I was prepared for something, not for *all* this. In the train they had given me no lights, and here all was ablaze. I was emerging from the darkness like a mole. To describe it briefly in stage-direction phrase, which is familiar to your Red Rover, (whose portrait may still be seen, a penny plain and twopence coloured, wherever toy-theatres are on sale,) I should give it thus:—*Lights full up. The Hotel is illuminated as if for some grand occasion. Sounds of revelry heard within. Music. Guests are discovered walking about. Ladies in elegant costumes, &c., &c.*

Yes, after a seven-hours-and-a-half journey, the Rover had arrived at the Grand Hotel, Spaborough, in the middle of a ball. Men in dress clothes regard me superciliously. The ladies are making remarks. I am the travel-stained wanderer. They do not seem to be aware that in my portmanteau is such an evening suit as will astonish them. My entrance, however, is dramatic and mysterious. I throw a mist of romance about it by having luckily a large waterproof cloak, which would be perfect if I hadn't got on a modern hat. However, with the exception of the hat, the situation does seem to be part of a drama. I ascend the stairs to music. On the disappearance of the gloomy stranger, the guests recover their hilarity, and the dancing is resumed.

When I come down to supper, half an hour afterwards, it is as somebody else, and, except the polite and attentive assistant Manager, the hall-porter, and perhaps two of the waiters, no one knows that I am not an *habitué*.

For those who can't rest and be thankful, or for those to whom rest means a varied round of amusements peculiar to sea-side places, and who love refreshing themselves after their laborious London pleasures with public balls, theatres, promenades, and the daily programme of the Spa, there cannot be a much better place than Spaborough.

Your Rover likes to be free, and, when he leaves London, he likes to leave Mister Dress-coat and white tie and chimney-pot hat at home. He would leave his polished boots behind

him. By the way, a good title for a song. "*The Boots I Left Behind Me.*" More of this anon. In changing the scene, he would have no such directions for the *dramatis personæ* as, "*First dress, morning suit. Second dress, fashionable afternoon walking suit, with hat. Third dress, evening suit.*"

No; and a few days at Spaborough decide the Rover on avoiding as much as possible his fellow-man, and seeking a humble cot in a Welsh valley. Of this, also, anon. *Nous verrons.*

A Friend in Need.—Being an entire stranger here, I am delighted to meet a friend who hasn't seen me for years, and "who knows this place, Spaborough, down to the ground." He is a knowing fellow; but is evidently full of information. What can he do for me? In the kindest manner he does everything he can, including introducing me to the Manager of the Hotel, Mr. FRICOUR, who is evidently the right man in the right place, and who, with enlightened and liberal ideas of management, will, if any one can, make this huge place a huge success.

My confidentially knowing friend takes me under his wing. His first item of information is startling and curious: he says, "I'll tell you something funny here."—(By the way, I find subsequently that he generally prefaces all his morsels of intelligence with a few words which would lead you to suppose you were going to hear one of the best jokes ever told. And he invariably whispers—in a noisy whisper which attracts general attention at table—and he generally finishes with a hearty laugh at what he considers "the fun of it," or with a prodigious chuckle.) He continues, "You see the waiters here? Well," in a loud whisper, "they're all retired Dons from Oxford and Cambridge. They come down here to spend the summer, and pick up a trifle."

Was it possible or probable? I know that the ultimate end of donkeys and post-boys is still a mystery, but that College Dons should subside into waiters! On my questioning his accuracy, he says, "Dons? No. I meant Oxford scouts and Cambridge gyps,"—which, I need not say, is quite another pair of shoes. We walk on the terrace. He stops abruptly, and, taking my arm confidentially, points to a building below, and says, always whispering, as if this were a most important secret, "Here's some fun here."

I don't see it; perhaps there is. I only see a dingy building below where we're standing. I can only say, inquiringly, "Is there?"

"Yes," he replies, squeezing my elbow in his, and becoming almost red in the face with suppressed chuckles. "That's where they wash. The washing of the house is done there."

I was obliged to laugh, out of compliment. But what at? He could have told me quite seriously that that building was the Laundry. But no, he wouldn't. He sees something ridiculous in it, I suppose, but I don't. I humour him, however, and hope he doesn't often do this. But he does.

We walk to another part of the terrace. At the end there is a Restaurant's closed for the day. He stops and jogs my elbow. Then confidentially as before he points towards the Restaurant's, and says, "Rather a lark here. Such rum people come here." Then he goes off into more chuckles. We turn. He points below. He says to me, "You don't see the fun of this." If it is anything he is doing, certainly not; but I reply, "No, what is it?"

"Well," he replies, chuckling heartily,



TANTALUS.

Old Party. "I SAY, MY LAD, COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE KIDNEY-PIES, IF YOU WERE OFFERED ONE?"

Vulgar Boy. "EAT ONE OF THEM KIDNEY-PIES? WHY, I COULD SWOLLER THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT!"

Old Party. "COULD YOU, REALLY! NOW, I COULDN'T EAT ONE IF I WERE PAID FOR IT!"

[Exit Old Party.]

ORDER! ORDER!

House of Commons! House of Lords!
When a Member used those words
In the good old days gone by,
"Order!" was at once the cry.
This or that was called, in case
It were named, "another place."
What next? By and by, irate
And excited in debate,
Members will, as they declaim,
Of each other speak by name!
Then what mortal can foresee
What the consequence will be?
O may Order's late transgression
Not occur again next Session!

DON CARLOS ON HIS COUNTRY.

DON CARLOS declares in his late manifesto:—

"I dream of the glory reserved to this hideous land, to the point of imagining that possibly she is destined to be the initiator of the purification of the active and intelligent Latin race, spread over both Continents, as the indispensable vanguard of Christian civilisation."

The vanguard of the Carlist forces in Spain appears to be employed less in diffusing Christian civilisation than in waging civil war, as distinguished from civilised warfare. The former, rather than the latter, in both the Old Continent and the New, has for some time been the sphere of action in which the Latin race has chiefly distinguished itself by its activity, if not by its intelligence. There is much more reason to wish than to hope that Spain may be destined to initiate its purification. But unless that process is effected by some agency or other, that race bids fair, or rather foul, to sink to a level with the Mongolian or Malay, the Red Indian, or the Nigger. Then, perhaps, Professors, lecturing on national skulls in ethnological societies of the future, will describe the Latin race as prognathous.

Temple Gardens to Temple Bar.

HERE'S a wrinkle, Temple Bar!
If you can't stay where you are.
City sites no need to try—
There's the very thing close by!

as if he'd been outwitting somebody by his own unaided ingenuity, "there are bed-rooms under here." He almost goes off into a guffaw at this. Then he adds, "And below that is where the excursionists come: they have only to order their liquor, and they're provided with salt, pepper, and mustard for nothing." This is very nearly too much for him.

Next Day.—A Bank Holiday. I should say, at Spaborough, a sandbank holiday. Here's the crowd of Ramsgate and Margate and Boulogne, only with a North Country accent. But such sands, and such driving and riding races on ponies and donkeys, and such a row and noise and bustle below us superior creatures on the terraces of the Grand Hotel, from morning till late in the afternoon. York comes here, Leeds comes here, and even Manchester, for an excursion. Here you may see the new edition of *A Trip to Spaborough*. In the evening, the renowned Messrs. So-and-So are at some rooms, giving their "marvellous entertainment." Mrs. Thingummy is "reading" at the Spa, Mr. and Mrs. What-you-may-call-'em are ready to delight the public at one of the theatres, and Mr. Stick-inthemud and his talented company are doing their best at another. There is a band *al fresco* for those to whom stuffy rooms and hot theatres are now an abomination; but it's pleasanter to lounge on the terrace of the Grand, smoke the fragrant havannah, and moralise on the vanity of things in general, than to mix with the giddy throng.

I have one complaint to make, and there is no remedy. I was horrified to find that there were blacks (I don't mean nigger minstrels—they're everywhere) at Spaborough; genuine London blacks, on my dressing-table; nasty smuts. I don't like mentioning this to the housemaid, as she might make the stereotyped reply everywhere made to those who complain of having been bitten in the night, "Lor, Sir! never 'eard tell of such a thing 'ere, Sir. All as I can say is, Sir, you must ha' brought 'em with you!" So she'd say to me as to the London blacks. So I keep my grief to myself.

But the Rover resolves that he will flee away ("flee" being the word just now uppermost in his mind), and seek some far-off vale, where, far from excursion steamers, excursionists, niggers, spas, theatres, donkeys and their riders, he may be at rest.

Then you will again hear from

Your Own

REDDY ROVER.

P.S.—Spaborough by night is lively. Bands, crowds, fire balloons, and flirtations, Chinese lanterns, steamers, boats, and real good fireworks on the Spa, let off by the Crystal Palace artificer. By the way, I met a Cambridge Professor here. He told me he invariably came to Spaborough for five weeks' vacation. I was beginning to observe that "I supposed the attractions"—when he cut me short by saying, "O no, I don't care about these things—fireworks and all that; but Spaborough is the only place (and I've tried a lot of 'em) where they have really good Marionettes. They're first-rate here, only"—and a shade of annoyance crossed his ample forehead—"they always will play the *Babes in the Wood*, and I'm beginning to get tired of it." Not bad this for an eminent Collegiate Divine.

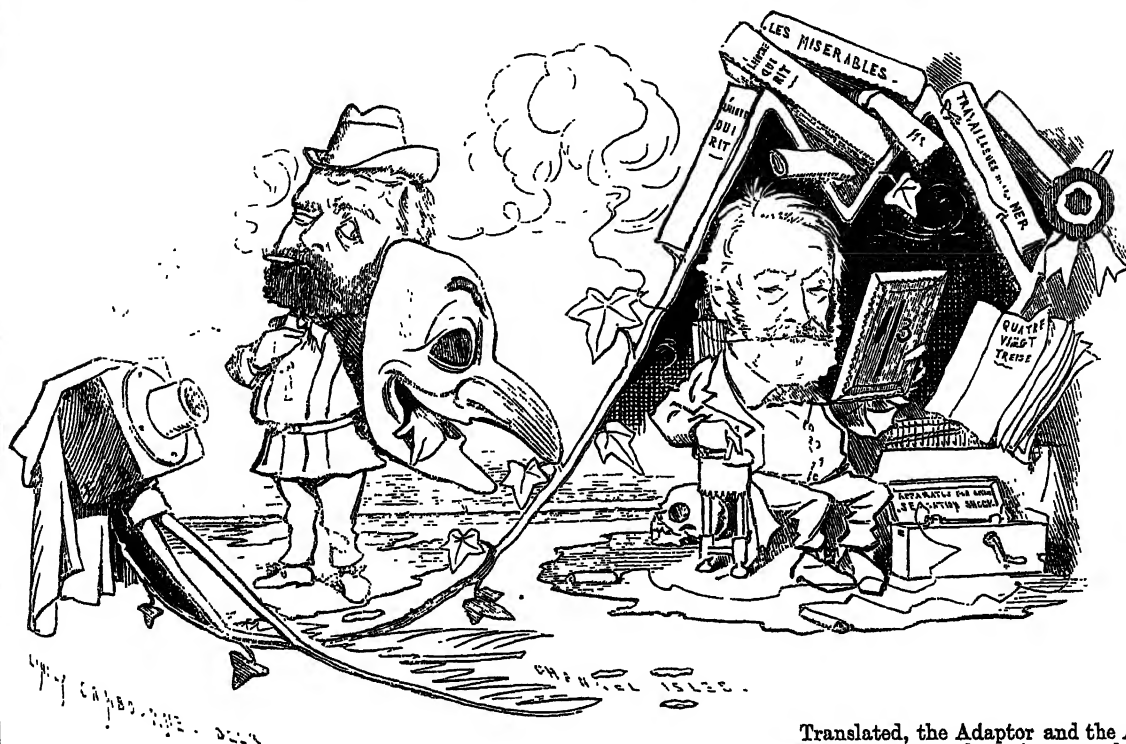
Friend and Fisher.

It is stated in the *Glasgow Herald* that MR. BRIGHT has been staying at Stornaway, and, on the day of his leaving that place, fished in the Creed. We are not informed that the Right Honourable Member for Birmingham caught any articles.

MAN AND DOG.—There is no foundation for the report which was neglected to be circulated last week that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* have telegraphed to Mr. H. M. STANLEY to go and find "BRUMBY" and "Physic."

ONE-AND-THREE!

(Letter from M. FICTOR NOGO, Author of "*Une-et-Trois*," to our Eminent Translator.)



Y HONOURABLE
Co-LABOURER,

Your noble and glorious translation of my immortal work touches me profoundly.

I felicitate London. London, in publishing a work of mine, draws to itself the attention of the civilised world. London swells with pride under the benignant sway of a Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor crowns poets, glorifies literature. He decks you with turtle, and thus does homage to Genius. You represent Genius, for you represent me. Thus I am shadowed: for this I embrace you in spirit. You have co-mingled your ideas with mine.

You and I, the Translator and the

Translated, the Adaptor and the Adapted—it is grand. More than grand—it is stupendous. More than stupendous, it is colossal.

I regret to be absent from you. I have seen a sun-light portrait of you. It has only a half-face, hirsutely concealed. You have more cheek than is visible in this picture. Could I be near you, and yet not so as to see your face, you should feel the expression of my sentiments towards you. I speak emphatically the truth. You should receive an impression of my presence—profound, transcendent, indelible. I would give you my hand; both my hands, with my whole heart.

One such book as *One-and-Three* suffices for a lifetime. Nothing more pathetic, nothing more dramatic, nothing more original. You will understand me to speak of *Une-et-Trois*, not of your representation of it as *One-and-Three*.

I again felicitate you on being at so great a distance as you are from me,

FICTOR NOGO.

DESPERATE RESOLVES OF THE LAST MAN LEFT IN TOWN.

To visit the National Gallery (for the first time), as an Englishman should really know something about the Art Treasures of his native country.

To spend an hour at the Tower (also for the first time), because there you will be able to brighten up your historical recollections which have become rather rusty since you took your B.A. degree just fifteen years ago.

To enter St. Paul's Cathedral with a view to thinking out a really good plan of decoration for the benefit of those who read letters addressed to the Editor of the *Times*.

To take a ride in an omnibus from Piccadilly to Brompton to see what the interior of the vehicle in question is like, and therein to study the manners and customs of the English Middle Classes.

To walk in Rotten Row between the hours of twelve (noon) and two (P.M.) to see how the place looks without any people in it.

To have your photograph taken in your Militia Uniform, as now there is no one in Town to watch you getting out of a cab in full War Paint.

To stroll into MUDIE'S Library to get all the new novels, because after reading them you may suddenly find yourself inspired to write a critique that will make your name (when the article has been accepted and published) as a most accomplished reviewer.

To read all the newspapers and magazines at the hairdresser's while your head is being shampooed (for the fourth time), as now is the time for improving your mind (occupied with so many other things during the season) with popular current literature.

To walk to your Club (closed for repairs, &c.) to see how the workmen are progressing with the stone scraping of the exterior, as you feel yourself responsible to hundreds of your fellow-creatures as a Member of the House Committee.

To write a long letter to your friend BROWN, of the 121st Foot, now in India with his Regiment, to tell him how nothing is going on anywhere, because you have not written to him since he said "good-bye" to you at Southampton.

To go home to bed at nine o'clock, as early hours are good for the health, and because there is really nothing else to do.

And last, but not least, to leave London for the Country by the very first train to-morrow morning!

MORE EFFECTS OF THE HIGH TEMPERATURE.

MR. KERR MUDGEON, having quarrelled with his wife, whom he expects to join next week at the sea-side, is delighted with the thought that he will have a cool reception.

LORD FOPPINGTON has been seen walking out without his gloves, and with rather a limp shirt collar.

CAPTAIN COOLCARD has astonished his young friend, ENSIGN GOOSESTEPPE, by winning a cool hundred of him, in spite of the high temperature.

MR. BEESWING has been dining lately in his wine-cellar, as he fears that his old port may be muddled in this hot weather by being taken up-stairs.

It is whispered at the mess-table that gallant MAJOR FIREBRACE would have proposed last week, but the charming widow vowed she really couldn't stand the warmth of his preliminary expressions.

Kennedy Corrected.

You tell us "DOCTOR MOSS's cuts eight-score

A mere flea-bite to me seem to have been"—

"Flea-bite to me?" pray let *Punch* underscore—

"Phlebotomy" he thinks it is you mean.



THE CAR-DRIVINGEST NATION IN THE WORLD.

Saigon Tourist. "STOP! STOP! I SAY. YOU'VE PASSED THE ROAD HERE ON THE LEFT!"

Car-Drivingest One. "ACH, SHURE I KNOW'T RIGHT WELL, AN' I THRAV'LIN' ON THE ROAD THIS TWENTY YEAR! BUT WHAT SIGNIFIES, YER HONOUR, WHIN I WANT TO BATE THE LAD FOREINIST! SHURE, I'LL ROWL YE BACK AGAIN FOR NOTHIN', AN' THAT'S FAIR PLAY, QUITE CONVAIENT TO ANY SPOT YE MINTION!!"

WESTRY WISEACRES.

St. Bumpus Ward.

SIR,—As you may not, perhaps, be aware that the watering of our streets is now managed by a Special Committee, chosen from our most intelligent Vestrymen, and known as the Insanitary Committee, I send you a condensed report of their last meeting.

YOUR OWN MISINFORMANT.

- MR. A. thought the streets required watering.
- MR. B. urged that it would be flying in the face of Providence to alter the results of hot weather—one of which was dust.
- MR. C. differed from MR. B. on the Education Question.
- MR. D. thought water-carts looked most natural on a rainy day.
- MR. E. considered dust rather agreeable than otherwise.
- MR. F. suggested a compromise. Empty water-carts would not be objectionable.
- MR. G. was astounded at the indifference of members to great principles. Let them draw up a petition for Disestablishment without delay.
- MR. H. differed on principle from anything advanced by MR. G.
- MR. I. thought if dust kept people at home, so much the better.
- MR. J. wondered if the Bank would advance the rate of discount.
- MR. K. said one half of the carts were too shabby to send out.
- MR. L. said the other half were newly painted, and it would be a shame to send them out on a dusty road.
- MR. M. asked for a return of the denominational differences between members of the Committee.
- MR. N. considered dust good for the dress trade.
- MR. O. did not think there was any dust to complain of.
- MR. P. remarked that it was easy to see the two last speakers were drapers.
- MR. Q. suggested that India-rubber-ware manufacturers should not throw stones.
- MR. R. did not put sand in his sugars like some people.

The observations of the next few speakers were inaudible, but a great deal of the furniture changed places, and several members of the Committee were carried away by their feelings, and the Police.

Order having been restored,

MR. Y. Z. remarked that the discussion was interesting, but superfluous, as there had been no water supply for some weeks.

Thereupon it was unanimously resolved—

That the old carts be sent to repair.

That the new ones be sent to the South Kensington Museum.

That the drivers and horses be incorporated with the Volunteer Artillery for the Autumn Manœuvres.

That the Committee do adjourn until wet weather.

A Dry Humorist.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, is becoming conspicuous as a rising joker in the House of Commons. He poured out upon Fiji annexation a flow of eloquence worthy of comparison with a rollicking after-supper oration delivered near Cross time by a (cultivated and refined) Chairman of a "free-and-easy." Can such eloquence be inspired by mere tea? For all his championship of the doleful United Kingdom Alliance, it cannot be denied that SIR WILFRID is a fit representative of "merry Carlisle."

A Labour for Hercules.

THE Government has directed SIR HERCULES ROBINSON to proceed to the Fiji Islands in order to see whether their annexation to this country is advisable. According to SIR CHARLES DILKE, whoever annexes Fiji "will have twenty thousand ferocious mountaineers to subjugate and remove." That would be a labour worthy of HERCULES, to which, if appointed him, let us hope that ROBINSON will prove equal.



A RASH REFUSAL.

Customer (flying from Importunate Tradesman). "NO, THANK YOU, NOTHING MORE, REALLY! NOT ANOTHER ARTICLE, THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!"
[Escapes—ha! ha!—refusing his own Umbrella!!]

LEGITIMATE SCIENCE FOR SPAIN.

DON CARLOS has been interviewed by a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The King explained with a frankness worthy of BISMARCK, what he means to do when he shall have gained his crown. He wishes Spain to advance in civilisation, and not lag behind other nations in education and science. "His Bourbon Majesty," however, added:—

"But there is something radically wrong in modern currents of thought and modern systems of education. The world is rushing into gross materialism and unbelief—a materialism which, if not checked, will end in the extinction of the human race. The fault of all this is in the modern godless system of education, the modern methods of investigation. The so-called *savans* of the day, who will be called fools by the *savans* of twenty years hence, wish us to discard the truth which has borne the test of ages, and to accept their whimsical theories instead. Spain shall never do this if I can help it. Religion and education should go hand in hand with each other; for science without religion is blind."

The encouragement of true and orthodox, as opposed to false and heretical science in Spain, would be greatly assisted by ably-written treatises in support of the former and in refutation of the latter. Prizes might be offered for productions of the following description:—

Ptolemaus Redivivus. A Confutation of COPERNICUS, GALILEO, and NEWTON, demonstrating that the sun moves round the earth, and that this world is the centre of the universe. To which might be usefully added a translation of the pamphlet of "PARALLAX" (not Paradox), lately published, arguing the globe to be not an oblate spheroid, as the astronomers do falsely teach, but flat like a cheese. Also an Appendix, essaying to prove that the blue sky overhead is a crystalline vault, with the celestial regions on the other side of it.

A Confutation of Chemistry. In this work it might be maintained that the elements of matter do not exceed four; that air, earth, and water are simple bodies, and that the elementary substances, so-called by modern chemical theorists, have no existence.

Geology All Humbug. The chief points to be inculcated will be, that the world is but little above five thousand years old, and that all the alleged fossil remains of extinct animals, except those of the Dodo, are *lusus nature*.

An Expurgated History of the World. From this record of events all facts

which heretics and Liberals are accustomed to adduce in support of their errors are to be carefully excluded.

Should the "King" of Spain ever come to rule his dominions, he is quite welcome to the foregoing hints.

VASSAR-MAIDENS.

"The young ladies of Vassar College have decided to spend their summer vacation as waitresses in the leading hotels at Saratoga, &c. This is expected to greatly refine the tone of hotel society, while it will supply the young ladies themselves with pocket-money, free board, and highly valuable knowledge of the world."—*American Paper*.

VASSAR-she-students, who
Summer vacation through,
Feel woman's work to do
E'en a blue belle helps,
Drop from the Muses' chase
Back to the female race,
And at a watering-place
Hire as hotel-helps!

Cut Greek and Latin text,
Drop Metaphysics vext,
Algebra y and x 'd
Fly at a tangent,
To Saratoga, where
Crowds City-waste repair,
Keen in the keen sea air,
"Hauriant" and "Mangeant"! *

Mistresses free of Arts,
Bachelors help with hearts,
And well-planned dinner-cartes
As their auxiliaries,—
Such water privilege
In this dead level age,
Might each blue devil edge
Out of one's biliaries!

Scorning the scoff o' bores,
Fair female sophomores,
For their board offer chores†—
Helps, neat and meet, of man—
PLATO drop, plates to change,
Leave their books, beds to range,
Nor to toil feel it strange,
Meek at the feet of man.

Nature although you pack
Out with a fork, she'll back
Still to her beaten track—
So says the poet‡—
Vassar's she-students blue
Prove the old proverb true,
All Saratoga through
Helping to show it.

Muse changed to maiden see,
Gaily and gracefully,
From high to low degree,
Stooping to conquer:
Hers still the highest class,
Whom her love hails the lass
Mistress of Arts to pass,
Maitresse de son cœur!

What's the next steamer, please,
O'er the Atlantic seas,
Let me take ship to these
Fortunate regions,
Where Saratoga stands,
Whose happy shore commands
Help of your dainty hands,
Vassar-Collegians!

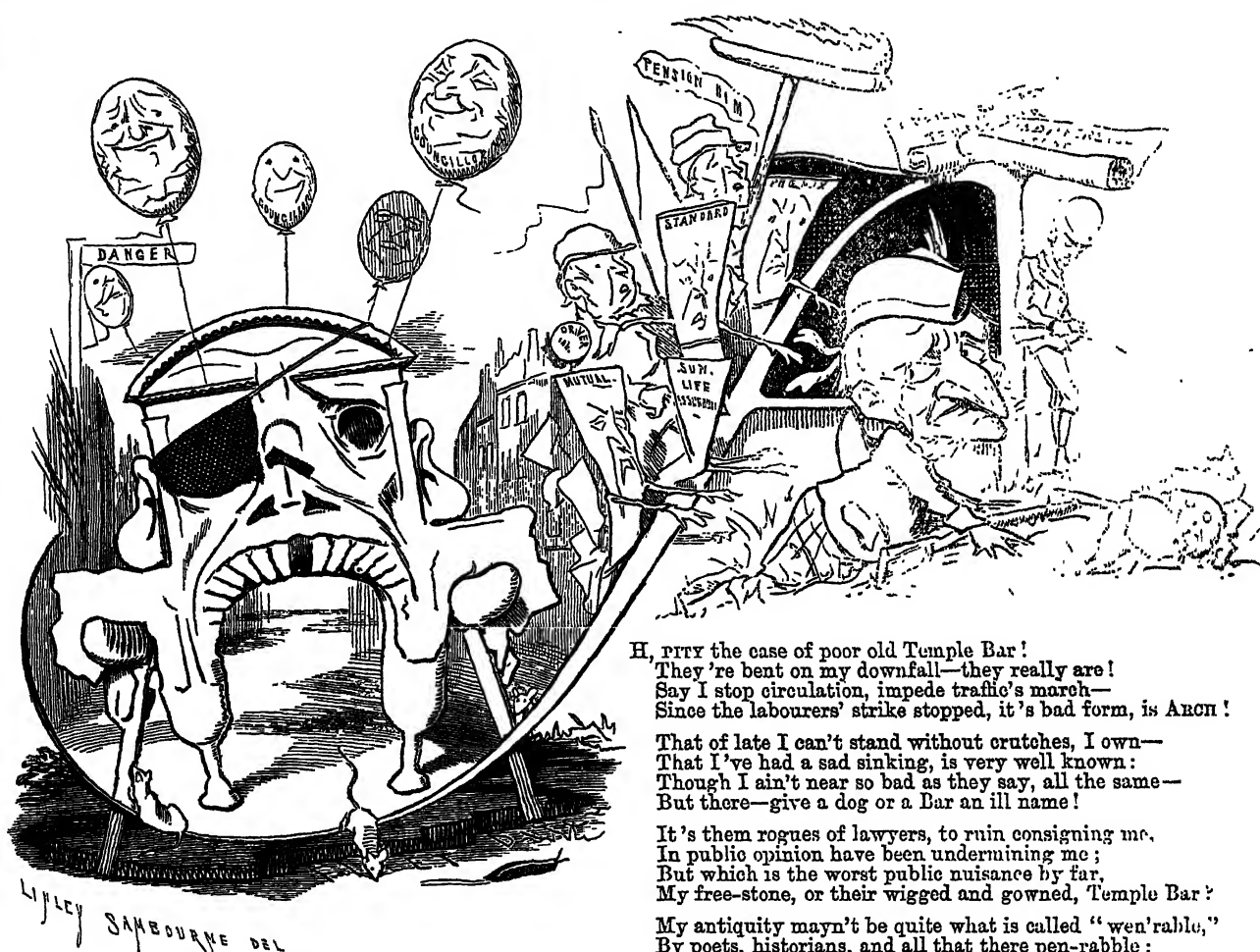
Though with small crop of these
Faiths in Hydropathies,
Punch would a wrap o' these
Wet sheets endure,
Could he rely upon
Such *helps* to try upon,
He'd not look shy upon
This "Vassar-cure."

* The high heraldic phrase for what is vulgarly called "drinking and eating."

† "Chore"—any piece of household work. Once Old English, now American.

‡ "Naturam expellas furcā, tamen usque recurrit."

A PLEA IN BAR.



H, PITY the case of poor old Temple Bar!
They're bent on my downfall—they really are!
Say I stop circulation, impede traffic's march—
Since the labourers' strike stopped, it's bad form, is ARCH!

That of late I can't stand without crutches, I own—
That I've had a sad sinking, is very well known:
Though I ain't near so bad as they say, all the same—
But there—give a dog or a Bar an ill name!

It's them rogues of lawyers, to ruin consigning me,
In public opinion have been undermining me;
But which is the worst public nuisance by far,
My free-stone, or their wigged and gowned, Temple Bar?

My antiquity mayn't be quite what is called "wen'rabble,"
By poets, historians, and all that there pen-rabble;

But a Bar that has seen and let in CHARLES THE SECOND,
On the "weight for age" rule, of some weight should be reckoned.

True, most of the crowned heads I've seen to the City,
Weren't partic'larly wise, or partic'larly witty;
Them last STUARTS, and three, if not four, of the GUELPHS,
Among king's-ware stand low in the second-rate Delfs.

But old Farmer GEORGE—he'd, at least, good intentions;
And QUEEN ANNE as a good sort of woman they mentions:
And HER MAJESTY—she as just now wears the Crown—
What a big lot of bad 'uns her good should weigh down!

Then I've had less with monarchs than Lord Mayors to do,
And just think what a lot of them I have let through!
What Sheriffs, sword-bearers, and Aldermen bold,
I've helped to keep out Kings and Queens in the cold!

True, some some called rebels, and others called martyrs,
Have atop o' me found what you may call head-quarters.
But then think, Mr. Punch, what big-wigs have walked through
me—

JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, BURKE—bless you, they all of 'em knew me.

"What are those?" You mean them round red things like full
moons?

No—they ain't rebels' heads—only Child's air-balloons
That on my old shoulders some joker's been tying,
In allusion to "bubbles," perhaps, or "kite-flying."

But now please, Mister Punch, as an old City-man,
Do give old Temple Bar a good word if you can.
Now I ketches it hot—I'm the talk of the Town;
Down they comes on me, all,—and wants me to come down.

There's the *Telegraph*, with its "world-wide circulation,"
Leads, and leaders, the Town to my extermination;
And the *Echo* says ditto, as echoes will say;
And *Times*, *Post*, *Standard*, *Hour*, they all goes the same way.

They say I'm bad form, were I marble Pentelic;
Old enough for a nuisance, but not for a relic.
That I stop what the cant of the day christens "movement"—
Am a bar that wants moving—a bar to improvement.

Well, I may be; there's few of us quite knows ourselves:
And the shakiest don't like to take to their shelves.
How's an arch to stand up when its bearings are gone,
With all London shouting, "Move off!" or "Move on!"?

Though if every old nuisance with no legs to stand on,
And no special good-service to come Captain Grand on,
No beauty to plead, no appraisable worth,
Must needs be improved off the face of the earth,

Lor bless me! 'twould be going a *leetle* too far
For a many old parties, besides Temple Bar;
And all I can say is—if *that's* here or there—
That game's easier started than stopped, my LORD MAYOR.

The Credit of Spain.

THE papers announce the disappearance from Norwich of a late Secretary to a Provident Society, a defaulter to the imposing tune of £10,000. By the natural attraction of defaulters to Spain, that country was at once hit on as his place of flight, and police-officers were sent thither after him, who have since been tracking the defaulter from town to town, and on Saturday arrested him at Valencia. If the Spanish authorities are animated with any patriotism, will they not show a remarkable want of sympathy in case they give up an unfortunate defaulter?

IN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

(Our Private Bulletin.)



THE following are the notes we have received from our Sporting Contributor. I wish we could say they were a fair equivalent for the notes he has received from us, to say nothing of that new HENRY's patent double central fire breech-loader, with all the latest improvements, and one of MR. BENJAMIN's Heather Mixture suits. Such as they are we print them, with the unsatisfactory consolation that if the notes are bad they are like the sport and the birds. Of all these it may be said that "bad is the best."

North and South Uist.—The awfully hard weather—the natives call it "soft" here—having rendered the chances of winged game out of the question, the sportsmen who have rented the shootings are glad to try the chances of the game, sitting, and have confined themselves to the Whist from which the islands take their name. Being only two, they are reduced to double dummy. As the rental of the Uist Moors is £400, they find the points come rather high—so far.

Harris.—In spite of repeated inquiries, the proprietress of the island was not visible. Her friend, *Mrs. Gamp*, now here on a visit, declares she saw *Mrs. H.* very recently, but was quite unable to give me any information as to shootings, except the shootings of her own corns.

Fifeeshire.—The renters of the Fife shootings generally have been seriously considering the feasibility of combining with those of the once well-stocked Drum Moor in Aberdeenshire, to get up something like a band—of hope, that a bag may be made some day. Thus far, the only bags made have been those of the proprietors of the shootings, who have bagged heavy rentals.

Rum.—I call the island a gross-misnomer, as there is nothing to drink in it but whiskey, which, with the adjacent "*Egg*," may be supposed to have given rise to the neighbouring "*Mull*"—hot drinks being the natural resource of both natives and visitors in such weather as we've had ever since I crossed the Tweed. I have seen one bird—at least so the gilly says—after six tumblers, but to me it had all the appearance of a brace.

Skye.—Birds wild. Sportsmen, ditto. Sky a gloomy grey—your Correspondent and the milk at the hotel at Corrieverriesluskin alike sky-blue.

Cantire.—Can't you? Try tramping the moors for eight hours after a pack of preternaturally old birds that know better than let you get within half a mile of their tails. Then see if you can't tire. I beg your pardon, but if you knew what it was to make jokes under my present circumstances, you'd give it up, or do worse. If I should not turn up shortly, and you hear of an inquest on a young man, in one of BENJAMIN's Heather-Mixture suits, with a HENRY's central-fire breech-loader, and a roll of new notes in his possession, found hanging wet-through in his braacs in some remote Highland shieling—break it gently to the family of

YOUR SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.

HINTS GRATIS FOR COVENT GARDEN CONCERT.

AT MESSRS. GATTI's Musical-Refreshment-and-Promenade Concert, conducted by a French composer, who might have been somebody in *Opéra bouffe* if OFFENBACH had been nobody, we see that the entertainment concluded with the "*Sleigh Polka*." Was this Polka composed on the spot or danced on the spot by the eminent Serjeant-at-Law whose name it bears? Being successful, SERJEANT SLEIGH is congratulated. But here's a hint for a future programme: why not have a "Legal part" to the concert? Instead of the Ashantee musical nonsense in the worst possible taste, let there be such an attraction as this, *e.g.*—

"In consequence of the great success of the

SLEIGH POLKA,

it will be repeated nightly, and in addition will be given the new Terpsichorean Music, with explanatory libretto, entitled The

BALLANTINE BALLET.

After which a new set of Quadrilles called, after another learned Serjeant,

À LA MODE DE PARRY!

Which will be followed by a composition, imitated from the old style, entitled

THE COCKBURN CORANTO AND THE MELLOR MINUET.

In preparation, the Phillimore Fandango and other legally musical pieces, and on one evening only, on account of its repetition being utterly impossible,

THE GREAT KENEALY BREAK-DOWN!"

Now the above would be a collection of novelties; and such enterprising caterers for the public taste in ices, lemonade, gingerbeer, coffee, &c., &c., as are the MESSRS. GATTI, might find it an easy matter, and quite in their line, to secure the attendance of the eminent Lawyers abovementioned by providing them with constant "Refreshers."

A MISPLACED CRITICISM.

THE first line of a new Toll-table for Windsor Bridge specifies that:—

"For every hearse or coach passing over the bridge with a *dead corpse*, there shall be a charge of 6s. 8d."

This paragraph has been derisively quoted under heading of "Killing the Dead." Kind friends may have cut it out and sent it to members of the Corporation of Windsor. Take heart, your Worshipships. Let them gird at you that list. Ask them who it was that wrote:—

"What may this mean,

That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

Bid them give Windsor none of their sauce, and tell them to go to Stratford-on-Avon.

Your real mistake touching the "*dead corpse*" lies in charging 6s. 8d. for the carriage which conveys it over your bridge. Or is it because you consider *dead weight* so much heavier than *living*, that you tax it at a figure only too familiar to us hitherto in connection with *lawyers'* conveyancing, but not *undertakers'*.

The March of Intellect North o' Tweed.

It may well be said that in Scotland wisdom comes out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, when we find the Edinburgh School Board advertising for "an Infant Mistress and Three Certificated Assistants, one Male and two Female"—infants, also, we presume—for their Public Schools. In spite of the proverbial parsimony of our neighbours ayont the Tweed, we find the Edinburgh Board offering what it calls a "*minimum*," but what we Saxon pocket-puddings would have called a "*maximum*," salary of £60 to the Infant Mistress and Male, and £50 to the Female, Assistants! Who can say that Scotland is not the School-master's Paradise, when even an infant with the gift of teaching can begin where many an English School-master leaves off, at £60 a-year?



FEMALE INFLUENCE.

(Master Tommy, the hero of the cricket-field—and of a hundred fights—comes Home for the Holidays.)

Master Tommy. "Now, THEN, WHICH GOES ON FIRST—THE FLANNEL PETTICOAT, OR THIS ONE?"

THE RAILWAY GAME OF EXCURSIONS.

It is not surprising, after the success that has attended Badminton, Lawn Tennis, and other out-of-door games, that the Directors of many influential Railway Companies should have invented the following rules for the proper playing of the above-named popular diversion. It is only just, however, to state that, in framing these regulations, the Directors do not accept any responsibility for anything beyond that imposed by the Bye-laws of the Companies to which they respectively belong.

The game of Excursions shall be played in a Train, with a limited number of Carriages, with an unlimited number of Passengers.

The players shall consist of the Directors and their officers (Station-masters and Guards) on the one side, and of the Passengers (representing the Public) on the other.

The game consists in the Directors and their officers obtaining the maximum of profit out of the Public, for the minimum of comfort.

The Train having started, the Passengers will find themselves sorted into three classes. The first move (which will be played by the Directors and their officers) is called "shunting the Train on to a siding." When this is done, the Passengers lose a couple of hours.

When a Train arrives at a station, the Directors and their officers will attempt to force a number of noisy third-class ticket-holders into first-class carriages. Should they succeed in this, the first-class Passengers lose their patience.

Should the Passengers take the laws into their own hands and break any rules of the Directors and their officers, they pay into the pool forty shillings. (See Bye-laws.)

A Passenger may attempt to take a Guard into his confidence, when it will be the duty of the Station-master to give the signal for the starting of the train, so that the Passenger may gain no advantage by this move.

If a Passenger complains violently to a Guard, that officer shall be at liberty to laugh in the Passenger's face, and shall immediately whistle for the Train to move on.

Should a collision occur, those of the Passengers who survive shall

appeal to a Judge for compensation, when it will be the game of the Directors and their officers to oppose the application to the full extent of their strength and wealth.

A letter of complaint to the Newspapers will count one to the Passengers: but, unless followed up, carries no further advantage.

To such a letter the Directors and their officers are entitled to reply immediately with a letter of explanation, and the game commences afresh.

BIG GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.

(A delicious dish for the Dull Season.)

TAKE a couple of fine railway accidents and chop up one or two passengers into little bits, allowing your details to simmer steadily through a heated fortnight's correspondence. Add to this several gallons of putrid milk, taking care to spread them freely over a crowded neighbourhood. Your public will now be at boiling point. Shred in briskly an escaped tiger, a high life scandal, and a brace of nonagenarians, adding, if you can procure one, a storm of hail as big as ostrich eggs. Shake the whole up with a South American earthquake, and flavour according to taste with rumours of a European war. Warm up when wanted over a London bonded warehouse or Western American City or Prairie on fire, and serve red-hot in leaded type.

Chivalry Afloat.

AMONG the sports of the Cowes Town Regatta, a local paper mentions "The ancient game of Quintain":—"Knights armed with lances will tilt at a revolving target attached to a mast in the water." The reader may wonder on what steeds these aquatic Knights can have been mounted, and perhaps conceive of this chivalry of Neptune as horse-marines. It is even to be feared that there are some wretches who have not hesitated to remark that such a tournament appears less appropriate to Cowes than Ryde.



A PLEASURE EXCURSION—"FIRST-CLASS"!!

EXCURSIONIST "ROUGH," "DON'T LIKE THE 'ARMONY, GUVNOR! WHY WE'RE TWO HOURS BEHIND TIME, AND IT'S 'ARD IF WE MAYN'T ENJOY OURSELVES!"

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, "ENJOY YOURSELVES! DO YOU KNOW I'M A DIRECTOR, SIR?"

ROUGH, "DIRECTOR BE BLOW'D! DIRECTORS KNOW TOO JOLLY WELL WO'TS WO'T TO TRUST THEIRSELVES IN A 'SCURSION TRAIN!"

SCOTCH "WUT."



BESSED for his opinion on the subject of MARSHAL BAZAINE's escape from prison, quoth SANDY McWHALLOP the other day, "Mon, I aye thoct that it wad be 's ain fault if he didna gie them the slip sometime whatever. Besides, hasna the puir mon been made a *scape-goat* o', and why wadna he *scape*?"

In the hopes of bringing the above jokes down to a level with the perception of the most hard-headed Scotchman, we have printed in italics the words in which the "wut" may be looked for. We shall be glad to hear from any North Briton who sees the points.

A PLEA FOR FAIR PLAY.

"PRINCE BISMARCK," (says the *Times*) "has received a letter from some working men, expressing their determination to avenge any attempt on his life by murdering a Catholic Bishop for every bullet which does not hit him, and two Bishops for every bullet which hits; while the one that really killed him should cost the Pope his life."

WE are not told that PRINCE BISMARCK reprobated the tone and spirit of this document. But reverse the picture. Suppose it to have emanated from some fanatical band of Catholic working men, who had addressed the Pope, telling him "of their determination to murder a Prussian General for every bullet that did not hit His Holiness, and two Prussian Generals for every bullet that did hit; while the one that should kill the POPE should cost the EMPEROR WILLIAM his life,"—what an outcry there would have been. How many fresh penal laws would have been enacted in Germany, and how every journal would have denounced the nefarious schemes of the Ultramontanes. And if the POPE had not rebuked these misguided men, what odium would not PIUS THE NINTH have incurred: and justly. But PRINCE BISMARCK has not replied to these fanatics; he is silent, and silence gives consent. We hope, for the honour of humanity, and of BISMARCK, that the story is untrue. Still, at present, there it is—uncontradicted.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—Are you not mistaken? We never understood that DR. PRESTLEY, to whom a statue has just been erected at Birmingham, was in any way connected with the Ritualistic movement.

SONG FOR THE TOWN-TIED SPORTSMAN.—"How happy could I be with heather!"

HOLIDAY HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Penmaenmawr, North Wales. With a Note-Book, Diary, and Maps.

CHIEF Attractions.—Penmaenmawr, the Mountain itself, and MR. GLADSTONE in the neighbourhood.

Happy Thought (something Mahomedan).—If Penmaenmawr won't come to MR. GLADSTONE, MR. GLADSTONE must go to Penmaenmawr. Clear and logical reason. The result of reading VAN ESPEN.

Standing on the beach, I meet GIGGLESWADE, who's been here before, and knows all about it. He says, "Hallo! you here!" as if I were intruding. Then he asks me, "Have you been up Penmaenmawr? Have you seen the Druidical Circle? Have you seen MR. GLADSTONE? He's here."

Meeting several people, one after the other, they ask me, invariably, these three questions. Now, when I come across an acquaintance, I say to him at once, "I've not been up Penmaenmawr. I've not seen the Druidical Circle. MR. GLADSTONE is here. I've seen him."

If I were an American journalist I should interview him, or write an account of how I interviewed him. I can imagine it—thus:—

"I was admitted into the back-kitchen of the small but marvellously clean farm-cottage where the great ex-Premier usually puts up during his holidays. The truckle bed was wheeled on one side into a corner, and covered with a rare piece of genuine old patch-work. The Right Honourable Gentleman's travelling-bag (called after himself 'the Gladstone') lay in a corner; while his hair-brushes, comb, sponge, tooth-brush, and other necessaries and articles de luxe connected with the toilette, were arranged in a most orderly manner on a chest of drawers, which one glance sufficed to show me served both for a dressing-table and receptacle for such linen and clothes as he might have brought with him" (&c., &c., in this style for two columns.) Then—

"The Right Honourable Gentleman was sitting in an old-fashioned wooden chair, deeply engaged in the perusal of a quaint-looking volume, which, on his laying it down, I ascertained was labelled 'VAN ESPEN.' On the table, near him, was a book of Lectures by CANON LIDDON, a Greek grammar, a lexicon, a *Homer*, and a school translation (known in Welsh as a 'Krib'), while over the mantel-piece hung a flute, a blunderbuss, and an alpenstock. I begged him not to move, and inquired whether as yet he had made the ascent of Penmaenmawr. He replied, 'Well, Sir, there are three courses open to me—either to walk up, or ride up, or stay where I am.' I admitted this, but observed that unless the ascent had been previously made, the descent was almost impossible. He

smiled thoughtfully, and then remarked: 'This acute objection of yours has often occurred to me. Yet were I at the summit of the mountain, there would be still three courses open to me—either to walk down on my legs, or to slide down *not* on my legs, or to remain on the top.' After discussing many topics of local interest, and conversing in the Welsh language, in which I found he was almost my equal, I inquired—alluding to the instrument over the chimney-piece—whether he played the flute? The ex-Premier immediately took it down, and performed, in a most touching manner, the exquisite old Welsh air, '*De'wch y Curo*.' I own that I could not restrain my tears, nor could he; and for some minutes after he had blown the last note, we sat in silence, weeping copiously. On recovering ourselves, I asked him, cheerfully, if he had seen the Druidical Stones? He answered with a sly question, 'What would CARDWELL say?' I laughed, and he poked me in the ribs with his umbrella, which he had playfully passed under the table for that purpose. He told me he had a *Dyn* to wait on him, and a *Dynes* to cook. In proof that he was not idle, he showed me some *Papyr ysgrifenu*, and said that he was working '*naw orian Heddyo*.' He read me a quarter of the first book of the *Iliad* in Welsh, and observed that he inclined to the theory that HOMER was a Welshman. After sitting with him for four hours, during which time he regaled me with *Bara, ymenyn, Caws, wy, Cig oer*, and *Curo*, I wished him '*Nosdawch*,' and left him, promising to look in again to-morrow, 'when,' he said, 'I will tell you what I intend doing next Session.' * * * *

I don't do this, however, but walk about and observe.

Geographical Note.—On the right in the distance is the Great Orme's Head. Who was Great Orme? This question suggests a

Happy Thought.—Write a history of Wales. Once having begun finding out who Great Orme was, the rest would be easy. Also, learn Welsh.

Opposite is Puffin Island. Evidently, by its name, the place of all others for Gigantic Advertisers to live. England is so disfigured all over with advertisements that it might itself come to be called "Puffin" Island."

Note.—In Penmaenmawr everybody, or nearly everybody, who is anybody, is named JONES. I shall not be accused of being a Puffin Islander if I say that here MR. JONES is most civil and obliging, and the presence of MRS. JONES sheds a lustre over the shop which perfectly compensates for gas. Everyone will be delighted, and no one hurt, when I say that JONES is a capital butcher, a first-rate grocer, an intelligent banker, a careful flyman, an unexceptionable chemist, a trustworthy fishmonger, a punctual postman, an excellent baker, and a generally invaluable person. As a stranger, and taking only a first superficial view of Penmaenmawr, I cannot conceive what we should do here without JONES.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

MR. PUNCH IS AT PRESENT IN THE HIGHLANDS "A-CHASING THE DEER."
MRS. PUNCH IS AT HOME, AND HAS PROMISED ALL HER FRIENDS HAUNCHES OF VENISON AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVE!

Observation.—Everybody walks about with a leather bag and an alpenstock.

Happy Thought.—Get an alpenstock, and go up somewhere.

I do get one; and feel like a merry mountaineer. On subsequently climbing, I find that I feel much more like a merry mountaineer when on the high road—

[*Happy Thought.*—High road quite high enough for me, without going up a mountain.]

—than when upon a height overlooking a lovely view.

GIGGLESWADE, who is a great walker and climber, says, "O, you must come up and see the Druidical Circle. It's no distance."

I make the following determination during the ascent to this confounded Druidical Circle (which is a distance, and GIGGLESWADE's an ass), that I will not go up anywhere else; but, so as to prevent the immediate reproach, "O, you ought to have been up," &c., I will simply say I have been up, or that I went up as far as I wanted, and I'll immediately turn on them with, "Ah! but have you seen the Druidical Stones?"

What I object to in GIGGLESWADE's going up a mountain is, that he won't stop to look at the view.

I say to him, after stopping for the fifth time in the first half-hour to draw GIGGLESWADE's attention to the view, which he would miss but for me, "I'm afraid I'm not quite in training for this sort of work."

He laughs boisterously as he returns, "A little touched in the wind, eh? Never mind; there's plenty of that article on the mountain."

He is right; there is. So to express it, I don't so much lose my breath as that I have it blown out of me.

Note for Mountaineers.—An alpenstock is very useful if you always get a soft but firm place to fix it in, if you don't strike it against a stone, in which case it slips away and you fall, and if you don't hit your toe with it or get it between your legs. In fact, the less I try to do with my alpenstock the more useful I find it.

At the Druid's Circle.—At last. There's nothing to be enthusiastic about. Yes: there are stones, the highest about four feet high, and the whole thing wants doing up and repairing. Why

THE CASUAL'S COMPLAINT.

(See Report on the mysterious Dwarf and Dog Fight, in "Land and Water.")

If LAND AND WATER'S in a fog:

Is that a motive manly,

A brother penman's steps to dog
Throughout the town of Hanley?

Dog! How the word thrills through my brain!

What guineas would I forfeit,

If I could find the pit again
Wherein that dog and dwarf fit!

O hateful *Physic*! Huge of maw,

Swift rats or dwarfs to slaughter—

I'd rather face thy weight of jaw
Than that of *Land and Water*!

O vanished BRUMMY! Quilp of roughs,

With muscle tough as wire is,

Better your hugs and fisticuffs
Than BUCKLAND's close inquiries.

He casts a slur upon my word,

Of doubt makes strong suggestion:

"Where was I on the twenty-third?"—

"Where am I now?" 's the question.

While cock in my peculiar walk,

I'm willing to let STANLEY

Be sent, and to stop sncerers' talk

Find Dog and Dwarf in Hanley!

Meantime, would I could chronicle

A fight, unseen of any,

Where dog dwarf, and dwarf dog should kill,
Like cats of famed Kilkenny.

Then *Land and Water* should receive

Permission free to find 'em;

Since, being both chawed up, they'd leave
Not e'en their tails behind 'em.

"VERY HARD LINES."—The Railways.

don't JONESSES rebuild this Druidical Temple in the winter time, when they can't have anything particular to do?

GIGGLESWADE informs me that all these mountains belong to different people. Why I thought they were free. "On the contrary," says GIGGLESWADE, "strictly speaking, we're trespassing."

Happy Thought.—If they belonged to me, I'd have gates and men in the summer, and charge half-a-crown entrance. I'd let tourists know what it was to possess a mountain. But, good gracious! what mines of wealth are being yearly thrown away! I'm told (by GIGGLESWADE) that Snowdon belongs to somebody; and yet admission is free!!

Here'd be a place for Temple Bar in the middle of the Druidical Circle, and for the Lion from Northumberland House.

But does every place everywhere belong to somebody? Are we always trespassing? How about Mont Blanc? Why, here's a neglected opportunity for a promoter of schemes. The "Hill and Mountain Company (Limited)." With a large capital they could buy the hills and mountains and waterfalls everywhere.

Only, stop—

If this went on, England, in time, would be the property of a Company Limited. Well, and why not? India was. There'd be admission at the various ports and harbours, and you'd pay so much for entrance. Think this out, and prepare an Essay on the Future Greatness of England considered as a show-place.

Certainly the mountain air *does* agree with me.

Happy Thought.—Think I'll go, and if I see MR. GLADSTONE on the sands, suggest the above idea to him. Disestablish England, and make it a Company Limited.

Quiet Churchmen.

Two eminent Divines often mentioned, but never interfering, are Bishop Stortford, the Eastern (Counties) Bishop, and Dean Forest, into whose condition, however, a Parliamentary Committee has just been inquiring.



"BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, AND OTHERS WILL BELIEVE IN YOU."

Monsieur Bilboquet ("Peintre Académicien"). "I TELL YOU, SARE, ZAT ZE SECRET OF ALL TRUE ART IS LOST, AND ZAT PAINTING IS A ZING OF ZE PAST. ZERE ARE NOT MORE ZAN SREE MEN LIVING WHO ARE WORZY OF ZE NAME OF PAINTER!"

His Patron and Admirer. "YES—YES. AND WHO ARE THE THREE MEN, MONSIEUR BILBOQUET?"

Monsieur Bilboquet. "VELL, I AM ONE OF ZEM! I HAVE FORGOTTEN ZE NAMES OF ZE TWO OZERS!"

ON THE ROAD.

IN these days of public Conferences, held by all classes of the community, it is not presumptuous to suppose that sooner or later we shall hear of a Cab Congress. Should such a meeting ever take place, it is to be expected that the following subjects will be brought under discussion by those interested in the movement:—

(Subject.) The Four-wheeler and its advantages as a sleeping-place for Cab-drivers. Sectional—The use of Nose-bags for pillows, with a few words relative to the advisability of smoking Clay-pipes with all the windows closed.

(Subject.) The Management of Fares. Sectional—On Fares who are supposed to consider themselves entitled to call themselves "Gentlemen."

(Subject.) The Resemblance of the Four-wheeler to the Bathing-machine. Sectional—Springs in their relation to Luggage.

(Subject.) The difference existing between the public's Mile and the Mile recognised by the Cab-driver. Sectional—The use of "short-cuts" with regard to fares from the country and abroad.

(Subject.) Modern languages and their adaptability to the use of Cab-drivers. Sectional—Some account of the meaning and derivation of the words "chaff" and "slang" with examples.

(Subject.) The Police and the Cab-Drivers. Sectional—On some methods of evading Rules and Regulations.

(Subject.) Driving: Slow, Fast, and Furious. Sectional—On the difficulty attending an attempt to consult the wishes of an impatient Fare without incurring heavy punishment for incidental accidents.

(Subject.) Cabman's Finance. 1. Payments to Cab-owners. 2. Receipts from Fares. 3. Demands from Wives and Children. Sectional—Some Thoughts about Home in a Workhouse.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—When the Roses sweetly breathe a Dew.

A VOICE FROM THE SOLITUDE.

Lo the falcon poises
High in ether sunny,
Watching for his quarry
On the fells below:
Far from London noises,
And the toil for money.
Where? I should be sorry
For the world to know.

As upon the smartest
Of the tribe of weasel
Drops that goshawk glorious
From the cloudless blue,
So the eager artist,
Packing up his easel,
Would be here victorious
In a day or two.

Chasm and sleepy hollow,
Mountain streams that hurry
Down tremendous gradient—
All would suit his brush:
Him too soon would follow
Myrmidon of MURRAY,
With descriptions radiant.
Wherefore let us "hush!"

Let us watch the vapours
In the hot sky perish
As we moor in lonely
Bay our boat for lunch.
Write not to the papers,
But our secret cherish,
Or commit it only
To the ear of *Punch*.

Toil that tends to cripple
All the mind's resources,
Riving brain asunder,
Is forgot this day,
By the lake's clear ripple,
Where the mighty "forces"
Downward as they thunder
Madden into spray.

Pools there are for headers,
Where swift streams are filling
Granite basins yonder,
Fresh as Tempe's well.
Mountain pathway treaders,
Up, through silence thrilling,
Up, but where we wander
Never let us tell!

If we've found a corner
Sacred from the "voicing"
Of descriptive leaders,
Innocent of ink,
In it, like *Jack Horner*
O'er our plum rejoicing—
Thoughts not meant for readers
Let us sit and think!

BATHERS AND BUOYS.

THERE was perhaps something in what the wiseacre who had narrowly escaped drowning meant, when he said that he would never go into the water again until he had learned to swim. By accounts from Lausanne, a man was drowned the other day in Lake Lemán. "He does not appear to have been a swimmer, and was tempted out of his depth by the use of an air-belt." If bathers who are no swimmers will carefully mind to swim within shallow water until able to swim without support, they will then be in case to strike out into deep without fear and without foolishness. Otherwise not. Look you, dear reader, sojourning at the sea-side, now turning over these pages on the yellow sands—and of course not being taken out of your depth there—never go out of it into the waves until you are able to swim like porpoises, and dispense with buoys. It is as easy to learn swimming in four feet of water as in ten—and much safer. Respect this!



BREAKFAST AT OUR BATHING-PLACE.

Emily (to Boy on Horse). "LOOK HERE. FETCH SOME MORE STRAWBERRIES; AND THIS TIME MIND YOU DON'T DRINK THE 'CREAM!"

LOOKING OVER LINCOLN.

Query the BISHOP OF LINCOLN's impression
As to who should be 'Reverend,' and what is 'Discretion?'

(See Correspondence of BISHOP OF LINCOLN and REV. H. KEET.—*Times*, Wednesday.)

Now, when diverging tracks perplex our quest,
When stout hearts fail for doubt, that know not fear,
When higher instinct is in turn repress
By priestly pride or proletarian sneer;

When they who scan the past with jealous care,
Some forecast of the tempest thence to win,
Hear on the wind a warning to prepare
For Storm without, by Unity within;

Is this a time for chiefs of the Church cause,
To claim their mint and cummin, every tittle?
Do they who raise a squabble over straws
Prove themselves great by making others little?

After its fruit how shall we name that tree
On Lindum's high hill planted by REMIGIUS? *
If seeking grapes we growth of thistles see,
Much may be orthodox that's not religious.

Words' worth is little; only deeds ring true;
Kindness and charity are joys that never end.
These graces if but LINCOLN would pursue,
And be himself, whoever be called, "reverend"!

A miracle might yet by grace be wrought—
A miracle assumed as fact last Session—
WINTON and LINCOLN, and their bench-mates, brought
To temper zeal and learning with discretion.

* Lindum—Roman name for Lincoln, where REMIGIUS founded his cathedral, 1030—1090.

THE LARKY ILLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Month of August.—First visit to Bath. Lecture on Heads, by a Young Shaver.

In order to save time and expense, some of the disagreeable members will be sent to Coventry.

Later on in the Month.—Equestrian excursion for Ladies to Banbury Cross. Also plans to be discussed for going to Jericho.

The Association will proceed to examine a Mare's-nest discovered by the President.

Lectures will be delivered by several learned Professors on Extracting Sunbeams from Cucumbers, and Dyes from Rainbows.

MOST IMPORTANT.—Arrangements have been entered into with all the leading County families of England to provide luncheon and dinner *gratis*, at their own charming County seats, during the Association's tour. Science not so much an object as pleasant outings and first-rate *innings* (*gratis*).

Spiritualism and Sanity.

In a lecture delivered at one of the late meetings of the "Spiritual Conference," on "Physical Manifestations," it was remarked, in regard to "mediums" for those phenomena, that "the rope-tying always afforded a loophole for doubt which the calico bandages do not admit of." To prevent a "medium" from playing the ghost, would not a restraint still more effectual than calico bandages be a strait-waistcoat? We were informed at the late Spiritualist Conference that our lunatic asylums contain many undeveloped Mediums. *Punch* would have supposed still more developed ones. The strait-waistcoat would thus seem to be an altogether appropriate uniform for Mediums. In such a restraining garment we might say indeed, with a twist of the old Latin saw, "*Medium tutissimus ibit.*"

FROM "OUR OWN."—On dit, that "BRUMMY" has taken *Physic*, and gone to Khiva.



STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

"FAMILY ALL OUT OF TOWN!"

"I KNOW. BUT THIS IS FOR YOU. IT'S MY HOFFER OF MY 'AND AND 'ART. I'LL CALL FOR THE ANSWER NEXT ROUND!"

OUTRAGE ON THE ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON.

AN outrage of studied atrocity has been practised on the sensibilities of our dear ARCHDEACON DENISON. The Venerable Archdeacon has described it as "Church-Breaking at East Brent." It was not the fault of our doughty champion of the Church militant if it did not result in "Head-Breaking at East Brent," also. Its particulars are related in a letter to the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, signed "C. B. CHURCHILL, Churchwarden." When it became known at East Brent that the Public Worship Regulation Bill had passed the House of Commons, certain "most influential" inhabitants of the parish actually desired MR. CHURCHILL to set the church bells ringing; and MR. CHURCHILL is not ashamed to say that he *did* set the church bells ringing accordingly. Everybody who knows ARCHDEACON DENISON's principles must see that to cause his own church bells to be rung for the passing a measure designed "to put down Ritualism," was at once as gross and as refined an indignity as could have been offered him. Suppose any Frenchman, but particularly the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, heard the bells of Notre Dame rung in honour of the anniversary of Sedan!

The ringing directed by this unfaithful Churchwarden aroused the indignant Archdeacon. The Churchwarden had gone to get a key to open the bell-chamber door, that he might inspect the bells, when the Archdeacon appeared in the belfry, and the former, on his return, found that the latter "had frightened the ringers away." He had also locked the belfry-door, and taken away the key. Let MR. CHURCHILL continue:—

"Whereupon, thinking myself very improperly treated, I proceeded with about one hundred of my fellow-parishioners to the church, and instructed the village blacksmith to open the belfry-door, which he did, when, to our astonishment, we discovered the Archdeacon, in conjunction with four or five others, secreted behind it, armed with very formidable and dangerous weapons. At this juncture the Archdeacon sprang to the doorway, brandishing a big stick, with which he made the most strenuous efforts at resistance. However, as you are aware, an entrance was made, although in doing so one was

severely injured by an iron bar, used by one of those who resisted our entrance."

It thus appears that the valiant Archdeacon was overpowered by numbers, and that the anti-Ritualistic ringing proceeded. Fancy its effect on the feelings of an Archdeacon who regards triumphant peals from Church towers as the music of a better day:—

"When the Mass was sung and the bells were rung
And the feast eat merrily."

The unblushing MR. CHURCHILL thus concludes his narrative:—

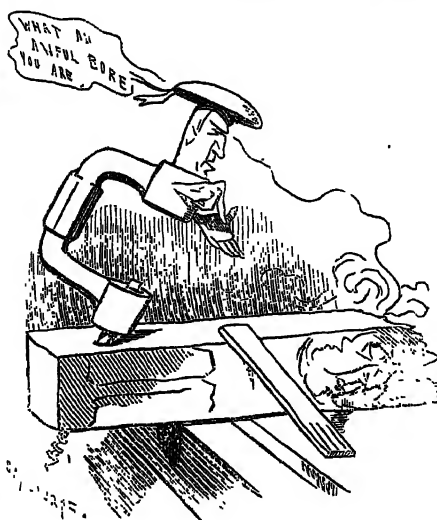
"It will, I think, be most obvious that the above conduct is highly blamable, especially when we remember that it proceeds from a person holding the office of Archdeacon."

"Partly proceeds"—MR. CHURCHILL. It will, perhaps, be urged on the other side, partly, or even mainly, proceeds also from a person holding the office of Churchwarden. Many people will doubt which side was the more to blame. Let us not attempt to compose such great strifes. But it may be allowable to congratulate ARCHDEACON DENISON on the redoubtable attitude he assumed with the big stick, confronting the audacious CHURCHILL (whose name we have no doubt the Archdeacon spells without the *h*). Mr. Punch would suggest that the stout Archdeacon might well sit for the likeness of St. Dunstan in a picture, to be painted by a competent artist, of the famous exploit performed by that intrepid ecclesiastic with the red-hot tongs on the nose of a certain antagonist. What a subject for a Ritualistic memorial window!

THE POINT OF ATTACK.—Nothing can more clearly show the Anti-Clerical malignity of Dissent than the fact that Dissenters from the Turf assail even that Venerable Institution through its CHAPLAIN!

THE TOAST OF THE THYME.—"The Moor the merrier!"

'ARRY'S MARK.



O where I will, about my name I guess I leave no doubt.
'ARRY' IGGINS on his 'oliday he lets 'em know he's out;
Wherever there's a relic, or a ruin to be found,
'ARRY' IGGINS he is down on it, of that you may be bound!

On each statue, on each wall and roof of buildin's known to fame,
When there's nobody a lookin', I always cuts my name.
Which it likewise is my custom, call it right, or call it wrong,
When I goes as a Cookstourist about the Continong.

Seek Tintern, Melrose, Netley, and I'll be bound you'll see Memorials of the visits they've been honoured with by me. Unto Kenilworth's old Castle, or to Carisbrooke's repair; And I bet you'll soon discover 'ARRY's name cut full and fair!

On Ston'enge's rummy pillars you've but to cast a squint For to find my neat A-R-R-Y carved in conspicuous print. 'ARRY's name will live for ever, 'ARRY's mark by 'ARRY's 'and Stands out on all the monuments of 'ARRY's native land!

REGULATIONS FOR THE JERSEY MILITIA.

GENERAL ORDER.

*Horse Guards, Intelligence Department,
85, Fleet Street, August 22, 1874.*

HER Majesty's Government having decided (as announced in the House of Commons on the last day of the Session) to refuse the customary grant for the Jersey Militia, unless that force is put in a proper state of efficiency, the following regulations are to be observed by Officers commanding the Jersey Militia. It must, however, be understood that these regulations, having been drawn up to meet the present exigencies of the case, will be liable to alteration and modification as the force increases in numbers and efficiency.

1. The proportionate numbers of Officers and Men should be so regulated that the number of Officers should in no case exceed that of Privates.

2. Strong Regiments should be equalised so that there should be only three Privates to each Officer retained on the regimental books. The remainder should be draughted to weaker regiments, so that their establishments may be completed.

3. It having been considered desirable for the present to appoint no Militia Officer to a grade senior to that of Lieutenant-Colonel, applications for the *bâton* of Field-Marshal can no longer be received by this Department.

4. Regiments having Regimental Bands should (when feasible) maintain an establishment of two musicians, of which the Drum or Bugle Major may be one.

5. A Sergeant-Major (when harnessed to the regimental water-cart) should never be required to carry more than one of the Colours.

6. Annexed to this Circular are forms of requisition for Arms, which should be properly filled and returned to this Department as quickly as possible. Until further orders, twelve rifles and eighteen bayonets will be allowed to every Private, so that the Estimates may be adjusted to the satisfaction of the Public.

7. Until the Regiments are recruited to their full strength, squares may be formed in circles, according to the rules laid down in the old *Irish Field Exercises*, Part II., edition of 1814, a copy of which work is enclosed for the information of Officers commanding battalions of Infantry.

8. In cases where Regiments are weak, a prisoner may be used as a sentry to guard his own cell, but this practice is only to be resorted to on occasions of emergency, and when an outbreak is imminent from within. At other times the cells will be left unguarded. This regulation will also be found in the *Irish Drill-Book*, to which reference has already been made.

9. Squads should be drilled in French or English according to the prevalent language of the men. Recruits who can speak neither French nor English should be draughted into the Band, and should be frequently encouraged by their Officers to express their sentiments on the trombone, while they are engaged in learning the language regimentally in. By this means a thorough mastery of the instrument specified will be gradually attained.

10. Lastly, Officers commanding Regiments are warned against permitting any Company Drill or other exercise taking place on the sands opposite France, as such manoeuvres, executed by such soldiers, would be calculated to cause alarm in the ranks of the French Army, with whom it is advisable that the inhabitants of Jersey should remain on terms of cordial friendship.

By Order,

PUNCH, *Adj.-General.*

BASE-BALL IN THE VERNACULAR.

*Worlton, Nr. Ipsidge, Suffolk,
August, 1874.*

DEAR OAD POONCH,

WHAT fules you Londoners be! You're allus ridy to swaller any thing a furrenner hoads afore yar jaw. The newest thing I see in the peapers is that the hool country be a gooin to luze thar wits about the game o' base ball.

I'm night forty year oad, and I ha' plaed base ball, man and boy, for more un thirty-five year, as any o' yar folks up there could hev sen if tha'd be come to our village—or fur the matter o' that, to forty o' 'em—herabouts—any evenin' a summer time. I'll try an' show 'em the wai we plaed base ball.

We use at the oad Church wall, and chuze sides, then we t'ake 'em out; them ut git out stop outside the base-bounce, same as in cricket, and them ut git in stop in the field, same as in cricket, and them ut git in the field where he ketches, and then delivers the ball to fust man in base. If he doant hit it wi his stick or his hand, and the ketcher behind him ketch it, he is out, and a dead man for t'innings, but if he hit, he must run like t' oad un to fust bounds, which in our place is t' corner o' public-house wall (the Feathers), and if the next man hit the ball, the fust man runs nation hard to t'other end o' public-house wall, and second man runs to where he left, and so on, to as many bounds but one, as there are men to the innard side. If the field men ketch the ball, the fellar ut struck it is out, same as in cricket.

Blarm me if I doant think them there Yankees hev ben down here and larnt the game, jest to gull yow Cockneys wi', or else some Suffolk emmergrunts ha' goon and larnt them Merriens the game, and thay're a lettin' yow hev it second-hand. (Arnt you got 'em to come and plaed agin our village?—I think thar'd git thar match.

Yours to command,

SAM'L PLANT,

Cow-parstur' farm,

Worlton, near Ipsidge, Suffolk.

P.S.—We eent got much munney, but we'll plaed um for harf a gallon, all round, o' Cobbold's best Bright-eye, jest to let 'em know we doant want folks to come thousans o' miles to larn us what our granfathers larnt our farthers, and thae we.

How is it none o' yar young fellars who come to Fillixter a summer times doant tell the folks about base ball?

Bust and blarm my skin if I eent riled to see such a fuss made about nought.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

PEOPLE who prefer London to the country at this season of the year.

People who go to Margate and Ilfracombe in the face of the Report of the Registrar-General.

People who travel by Excursion Trains.

People who emigrate to a "Free Country," and stay there.

People who believe in Spiritualism.

People who are still in doubt about the identity of ARTHUR ORTON.

People who object to the removal of Temple Bar.

People who support the Brentford Guardians.

People who serenade political prisoners in boats.

People who give *largesse* to German bands and organ-grinders.

People who devote days to the discovery of answers to acrostics.

And (most "peculiar" of all) people who do not read *Punch*. Happily for the welfare of the world, this last class is all but extinct.

A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE.—The Dwarf "BRUMMY."

"BAZAINE'S ESCAPE."

(The Mystery made clear in a Talk with Punch.)

By R-B-RT BR-WN-NG.



RIEND *Punch*?
The man for
me! Permit
me, Sir.
Let world go
wag what bit
of beard it
boasts;
To you, old
white wise-
acre, hunch
on back.
This flight
that flusters
France, sets
cocks a-crow
On every mid-
den - muck
'twixt here
and Dan—
(For aptly call
we not this
raw retreat

You know so well—don't others wish they did?—
Beersheba?—O to you—incline ear close—
Not nose, old Nincum, now—right ear, I say—
(And prithee prick what sense hath seat inside)—
As plain I mean to make as staff of pike.

Begin, then, at beginning, end at end.
This Isle I fled from . . . nay, but stop a bit . . .
Marguerite it names itself; what means such name
You know; what did, or didn't do, perhaps,
The Serpent of old Nile with pearl and Punch
But mix them both together, drain them down?
Marguerite the pearl, as *Punch* the punch; but how
Get pearl, old *Punch*, from oyster sunk? the slush
O' the bed that has no bolster, blind as bat?
You will not tell me? Why should I tell you
What beats all getting out or getting in
Of bed, if that's your word, on land or lymph—
This flight of mine from Isle Sainte Marguerite?

Keep chine to chair, though, and I'll tell you all,
As KIKERO said to THIRASUBOULOS once,
Or CHAVVAT, Mother of Men, to KHOUNG-FOU-TSE.

—How 'scaped I, say you, I, no spider-speck,—
Body o' me, face o' me, legs o' me too for that
One monstrous *gluteus maximus*, fat and flesh,
(Unable out of Metz to bunk or bounce)—
From out those window-bars would squeeze a shrimp,
In that fair island of Sainte Marguerite?
Nip nose from nod of sleep and you shall hear.
Old Wag, you've seen the world, and know, I think,
The little slip o' the snow, wi' the finger-tips,
One—so to speak—immaculosity
On half the window-panes and half the walls
Of churches Catholic and candle-warm
That hold on spit of spire, so prompt to spin
At touch o' the blast, the cock o' the weather—(say
Of France—you catch me there, close all escape)—
You know that little Thing, wool-white, I say—
Whom mean I? Whom but our Sainte Marguerite—
(Go read her legend if you doubt my tip)—
On half the window-panes and walls of church
And chapel. Look, I draw the picture thus,
You see there:—One great gape of devil's gob
Blacker i' the gulf o' the gorgo than beastliest blot
Of ink e'er spat from cuttle o'er our friend,
That pure pearl-oyster, whom you'll not forget,
At cool sea-bottom—to come back to him—
With, right i' the middle o' the throat-thing, just a twist,
A curlieue—to call it what it is—
(Can't spell it for the life o' me, though, can you?)—
A kind of curl of calico, so to speak,
Protrudes, last poor rag o' the robe o' the Saint,
Just, as it seems, a-swallowed by the Beast,
But perch'd as safe and sweet as swan on stream—
(The Saint, I mean, small curl of calico, no!)—
Right on the kind of head that brings the Brute
To something like an end this side the tail.

Three 'scapes—from oyster, pearl; from devil's gulf,
Sainte Marguerite; from bars would squeeze a shrimp,
I. And you have it all, from end to end,
Old *Punch*, as *Toby* knows, or never trust
Or wink of eye or wag of tail again.

Ta, ta. Tell others? Whom you will. Ta, ta.
I shall go stroll i' the square; you know the name.
Or—don't know! What's the odds? I kiss my hand.

He shuts-to door. Who's knave now, he or I?

GUN NEWS FROM THE MOORS.

"DRUMLINGGATE.—It would almost seem that sport will have to be given up. Yesterday was worse than Wednesday. Twenty gentlemen have only got one bird among them. Rain has come down freely, stopping the harvest, and making the moors all but impassable. There is some talk of giving up shooting."

THIS is about the average of the contents of each (post) bag from our unhappy friends on the Scotch moors *pussim*! "It would almost seem" (one would suppose that you might drop the "almost") "that sport will have to be given up"! *Sport*! Well, of all the bitter things "wrote sarcastic"! "Twenty gentlemen have only got one bird," &c., that is, the fortieth part of a brace to each gun. Mark, too, "only one bird among them." The presumption is strong that if there had not been twenty sportsmen on the moor, that solitary bird would still have survived. Perhaps he was blazed away at, regularly enfiladed, by twenty double barrels. How ever did they manage to pick up the pieces? "Yesterday was worse than Wednesday." Not knowing what Wednesday was, we can't say what "yesterday" may have been; but probably it was only to be described as worse than bad. Yet how indomitable is the spirit of the true British sportsman! Under all this, there is only "some talk of giving up shooting." "Talk," we suppose, will be reduced to "act" when the moors have become *wholly*, instead of "all but" impassable, and the shooting absolutely impossible. Meantime, as things go, one bird per diem to twenty guns is not such bad "sport." At least, it *might* have been worse. There might have been none at all!

A LITTLE LAY OF LINCOLN.

(Arranged for Two Voices.)

The VERY REVEREND C. LINCOLN to the not in the least reverend
H. KEET.

"My good Wesleyan friend, you're extremely obtuse,
And stand sorely in need of an orthodox teacher.
Pray believe me there's nothing like 'primitive use':—
Go to WESLEY himself, and he'll dub you a 'preacher'."

The Generally styled REVEREND H. KEET to the VERY REVEREND
C. LINCOLN.

"Very well, my Lord Bishop; go back, if you will;—
Since antiquity furnishes matter to think on:—
To that primitive age, when your Grace had fared ill,
If 'five thousand a-year' be your figure for Lincoln!

"If since the Episcopate's primitive dawn
Better salaries wait on Episcopal labour,
A well-paid Right Rev'rend, in purple and lawn,
Might the bare Rev'rend grant to a Wesleyan neighbour."

So Very Simple!

On your head place a diver's helmet.
On your hands wear steel gauntlets.
On your feet put spiked fishing-boots.
On your breast fix a small railway-buffer.
Stand firmly with your back touching a stone-wall.
And then you may fire the Martini-Henry Rifle with some chance
of not finding your shoulder black and blue, your cheek bleeding, or
yourself knocked on your back, from recoil and kick together.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

How, it is asked, did Fireworks first get associated with Regattas?
Probably by the idea, with an eye to contrast, that fireworks would
go off well after waterworks. At the Crystal Palace fire and water
work in harmony with most brilliant effect.

"POPULOUS PLACES."—Ant-hills.



SUAVE MARI MAGUS, &c.

PEOPLE WHO ARE PREVENTED THROUGH CIRCUMSTANCES FROM GOING OUT OF TOWN, MAY DERIVE COMFORT BY WATCHING THE RAIN FALL IN TORRENTS, AND PITYING THE POOR HOLIDAY FOLK AT THE SEASIDE.

PUNCH TO ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

THE Church should thank you, TAIT—in time it will—
For your sagacious Public Worship Bill,
Which, while it curbs the showy Ritualist,
Allows a healthy freedom to exist,
Nor yet the reverent worshipper annoys,
While it debars child-Curates of their toys,
And guards from tinsel shows, theatric ways,
Our sanctuaries built for prayer and praise.

Not less *Punch* thanks you for your counsel wise,
Which parsons blest with common sense will prize;
To shun the fogs that caste and coterie wreath,
And lay-life's freer air be bold to breathe.
Study the men to whom they have to preach,
Nor fear to know the world they claim to teach.

Steel rusts in damp, but intellect will rust
Condemned to feed on volumes dry as dust:
Nor does it much the manlier impulse stir
To lead aright the fair parishioner,
Who having flirted till of flirting tired,
Her life's fag-end would heavenwards have inspired.

No; *Punch* agrees with you, Most Reverend Primate:
Too oft our parsons breathe a stuffy climate,
And men who rowed and cricketed—and *thought*—
Become, from sheer shop-influence, good for naught;
Magnify molehills into mountain's size;
Unmanned, with men's needs cease to sympathise;
'Twixt the two sexes' stools come sexless down,
And their dwarfed souls in tittle-tattle drown;
Studying the *Record*, *Guardian*, or *Rock*,
Till their brains reel in the white sunshine's shock,
Used to the dim religious gloom, strained through
Windows, stained each with its peculiar hue.

God speed him who would ease sectarian yoke
For these weak teachers of a stalwart folk;
Bid them be no blind leaders of the blind,
But with firm hand, clear eye, and manly mind,
Come forth, the glorious Gospel in their hand,
And speak the great plain truths all understand.

The streets are open, and the fields are free;
"All things to all" our time's St. Paul must be:
Ready to learn, to teach what he has learnt,
Yet leave the unconvinced unbanned, unburnt,
And freely offer—balm of life's annoy—
The all-unstinted "tidings of great joy."

This cannot be, while coat and caste and clique,
The M.B. waistcoat, the smooth-shaven cheek,
The proud pretension of the priestly youth
To stand alone as Lord and lamp of truth,
The priggish ignorance that sets at naught
Worldly experience, philosophic thought,
Ride rampant. Meantime, hopeful let us wait
Result of Primate's and Priests' *tête-à-tête*.

Mayors and their Nests.

21st August, 1874.
SIR.—We have the Correspondents informing us, how MARSHAL MACMAHON "while en route from Rennes to St. Brieuc, received a Deputation of country Mayors, and paid a visit to the Government breeding studs." Is not this a misprint for "Mares?" Who knows but that one object of the Marshal's tour may be to discover "Mare's" nests. They abound in the French provinces, and still more in Paris. It is in these nests that the French *canard* is usually hatched.

A PROBLEM FOR BRENTFORD.—If Brentford Infants are "warm-blooded animals," what are Brentford Poor-Law Guardians?



EMPTY BAGS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE D. "BAD SPORT, INDEED!"

RIGHT HONOURABLE P. (*cheerily*). "YES, IT IS BAD. (*Aside.*) ALMOST AS BAD AS BEFORE THE TWELFTH!"

RAILWAY DRAMA FOR AUGUST.

(RAILWAY MOTTO—"Unpunctuality is the Soul of Business.")

ACT I.—In the Northern District. Spaborough Station.



URRIED but **Polite Passenger** (to **Ticket Clerk**, inside the office). If you please, can I book from here to Gifyswysea in Wales?

Model Ticket Clerk (sulkily). No.

Anxious One (rather bothered). O! (He had made out, by the help of two friends, several pieces of paper, a day's study of "Bradshaw" and **Local Railway Guides**, that he could be booked through. He is inclined to argue the point.) But this train goes through to Kester, and to Gifyswysea from Kester?

[**Model Ticket Clerk** is silent, with a sort of "take it or leave it" air.]

Anxious One. Well, then (making the best of it), can you book me to Kester?

Model Ticket Clerk (carelessly). Yes. (In a tone that implies I'm not going myself, and, therefore, whatever you do doesn't matter a dump to me.)

Anxious One (brightening up, and thankful for small mercies). Ah, well, then (as if he were going to ask for a sandwich and a glass of something), I'll take some—I mean I'll take a ticket for Kester.

Model Ticket Clerk (sulkily). One pound nine.

Anxious and Polite One (paying with alacrity, in order to show that "business is business," and that he is not gossiping idly). There—and tell me, please, do I change at Manchester?

Model Ticket Clerk (with utter indifference). If you stop at Manchester.

Anxious One (a little startled, as all his calculations have been based on this). But surely we stop at Manchester three-quarters of an hour in time to get some dinner?

Model Ticket Clerk (as if all this were new to him). Ah! not so long as that.

Anxious One. But I—

[Decides to tip some one outside on the platform and get the information from him.]

Enter **Anxious Traveller** on Platform. He puts his hand craftily into his waistcoat pocket, as though in search of money, and summons **Porter**, who comes up willingly.

Anxious Traveller. Is there a carriage through to Kester?

[Shows his ticket.]

Porter (appears to be unable to believe his eyes on seeing a ticket from Spaborough to Kester). No, Sir, I don't think—(suddenly)—I'll ask the Superintendent.

A very **Splendid Person**, in a Uniform.

Splendid Person (who, on being consulted, listens to the **Porter** and the **Anxious Traveller** as though he were a Judge hearing arguments in a difficult cause). Hum—(scratches his nose with a key, and then gets an idea.) If you'll walk this way—(to **Anxious One**)—we can see—on the time-table!!!

Anxious One (not wishing to waste precious moments). O! I've done all that. (Positively)—I know this train goes to Manchester, and I'm booked through to Kester.

[The **Splendid Creature**, having no more to say on the subject, walks off.]

Porter (with some information). There's only one carriage on for L'pool, but they'll tell you at Kneeds.

Anxious One (to whom this is a new light). O! Then we stop at Kneeds?

Porter. Yes, Sir. They'll tell you there, and you'll perhaps get a carriage right on to Kester. (Mysteriously, and betraying evident suspicion of the train's uncertainty as to any particular destination.) You'd better have all your luggage in with you.

Porter is tipped, and Train starts. End of Act I.

Anxious One is in a Liverpool carriage for Manchester. York is passed, is put into, is finally left behind, and on we go again.

ACT II.—Kneeds.

Anxious One's head (out of window). Here! hi! **Porter**! (Waistcoat pocket again.) I've got some luggage here, and I want to go through to Manchester for Kester.

Porter (surprised). By Manchester, Sir? You'd better go by Screw.

Anxious One (objecting distrustfully, and beginning to anathematise the surly **Model Clerk** at Spaborough). But they told me it was Manchester.

Porter (cheerfully). O, that don't matter, Sir. The train will be up for Screw soon. It's generally late.

Anxious One (is satisfied that he has got hold of an intelligent **Porter**, and wishes to obtain full information). Where does it start? (The **Porter** indicates the place.) When?

Intelligent Porter. Well, it ought to go now.

Anxious One (thinking of an important point). Will there be time to get something to eat?

Intelligent Porter (uncertainly). Well, there may be four minutes—but you'll have lots of time at Screw.

Anxious One (decidedly). Then I'll dine at Screw.

[Feels happy, and looks forward to dining at Screw.]

A Train, about half an hour late, arrives. **Anxious One** finds out that he would have had plenty of time to have fed at Kneeds. The **Intelligent Porter** labels the luggage for Kester, and the **Anxious One** sees them into the Van. Tip the Second. Off. End of Act II.

ACT III.—Screw Junction.

Various Officials, Porters, &c., about, chatting. They don't seem to notice that a train is coming in. Evidently they are so accustomed to so common an occurrence that they have ceased to regard it as anything specially concerning them.

Anxious One (more anxious than ever). Here! Hi! **Porter**! (No attention whatever.) Por-ter! Here! hi! (Some people get out of the train and disappear. **Anxious One** decides on doing the same, only without disappearing. He descends with portable and personal luggage, and looks about for some one of whom to ask for information. Sees an **Official** walking towards him, and addresses him.) I change here for Kester?

[**Official** nods lightly, calls out to a friend in the distance, and walks on. **Anxious One** approaches a **Porter** and a sort of **Policeman** chatting.]

Anxious Traveller. Where's the train for Kester?

[**Porter** and **Policeman** continue conversation.]

Anxious One (in a tone intended to command attention). Where is the train for Kester?

Porter (as if waking from a beautiful dream). T'other side.

[Exit **Porter**, jumping down one side of the platform. Exit **Policeman**, jumping down the other. They cross lines in opposite directions, and vanish.]

Anxious One (alone with bags). I wonder where— Confound it, it's too bad.

Porter with truck appears. To him another **Porter**. They unlade small quantity of luggage, and **Anxious One** again sees his luggage labelled "Kester."

Porter (answering question). Yes; goin' to take it 'cross t'other side for Kester train. You (to **Anxious One**) go out at that end and round to t'other side.

Anxious One carries out these directions exactly. He re-appears t'other side on a new platform.

Anxious One (to elderly and important-looking **Official**). This side is for Kester?

[**Important Old Official**, as if he didn't want to be bothered about such trifles, merely nods abruptly.]

Anxious One. When does it start?

Important Old Official. Don't know. T'ought to ha' gone now.

Anxious One (excitedly). Ought to have gone! But I'm booked through to Kester; and I was told to come by Screw Junction to catch the train here, and we'd have a long time to wait, so that (plaintively) I could get something to eat.

Important Old Official (quite a "Dogberry," and untouched by the famished **Traveller**). Well, you're late, you see; and the Kester train ought to ha' been off four minutes ago. (To **Porter** passing.) Is the Kester train out?

[**Anxious One** hangs on **Porter's** answer.]

Porter. No; she's shoonted.

[**Important Old Official** walks on.]

Anxious One (to **Porter**). Will we have long to wait?

[Hopes the answer will be half an hour, and foresees something like dinner.]

Porter (easily). She'll be off d'reckly she's oop. (Continues, after looking down the line)—An' t'won't be long afore she be oop.

The remainder of the drama is briefly told. From first to last,



A SCHOOL-BOARD PERPLEXITY.

Active Member (to Mother of numerous "Irregulars" and "Absentees"). "JOSEPH IS JUST TURNED THIRTEEN, AND THEREFORE 'CLEAR;' SIMON, YOU TELL US, IS SICKENING FOR THE MEASLES, AND MARY IS GONE INTO THE COUNTRY TO NURSE HER AUNT'S BABY. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY RESPECTING PETER AND JAMES?"

Mother of "Irregulars" and "Absentees"). "PLEASE, SIR, THEY BE TWINS. CAN'T YOU ALLOW 'EM AS ONE, AND LET 'EM DO HALF A DAY EACH?"

[Active Member is puzzled. Orders Mother to stand aside, and requests Clerk to refer to Mr. Forster's Act "for law bearing on point."]

though informed by *Bradshaw* and Local Guides and Company's time-tables that the train will stop *here* half an hour, *there* twenty minutes, and so forth, for some sort of reasonable refreshment, during an eight or nine hours' journey, yet, in consequence of one train always being late, the half-hours and twenty minutes are reduced to two or three minutes, and these *uncertain*.

At Kester the Anxious One finds that, instead of half an hour to spare, so as to arrange about booking on for Glfyswysea in Wales, he has only five minutes; and he also finds that, as the Model Clerk at Spaborough might, if he had had ordinary politeness and taken ordinary trouble, have informed him, at Kneeds he could have booked himself and baggage right through for Glfyswysea without any further difficulty or trouble. Rush, hustle, bustle at Kester, in consequence of train being so late; guards hurried, excited, and uncivil. Passengers everywhere, porters nowhere. People rushing about, with buns in their mouths, wildly; luggage lost, left behind, tumbled about; in fact, Kester, on the arrival of a few trains, all late, is only what a rough and tumble scene in a pantomime would be with Clown and Pantaloon in private clothes; and here even the Fairy Tippi, with the Silver Wand, is powerless to effect a transformation.

ACT IV. AND LAST.

SCENE—The Station, Glfyswysea, in Wales. The Anxious One descends, wearily. The Train goes on hurriedly; late again, of course. He staggers into the Station-Master's arms with a loud cry.

"Ah! lost! lost! My luggage was labelled for Kester, and I'm at Glfyswysea in Wales."

Station-Master (sings cheerfully)—
I'll telegraph at once, don't fear,
For I need not remind you

If they're labelled for Kester they'll be sent on here,
Those bags you left behind you!

Finale (after telegraphing everywhere for a night and a morning).

I only had to bother and pester,
And now my bags have come from Kester!

Chorus, all—

He } only had to bother and pester,
I }

And now { his } bags have come from Kester!
 { my }

Steam up. Curtain.

"ONE FOR YOUR EYE."

PUNCH has received the following from somebody signing himself "A BOOKMAKER." He would hardly have thought so from the style. Here it is:—

"If I wins a stake amongst bettors,
And gets only 'alf wot I gains,
Why is that like the twenty-six letters
Dear *Punch*, that our languidge contains?"

"Give it up, old 'oss?" Well—

"'Cos don't you see that wot I get
Amounts to just the 'Alf-a-bet."

[All right for once, but don't try it on again. *Punch* strongly objects to undue familiarity from anybody; above all, from illiterate Turfites.]



A SUSPICIOUS OLD GRANNY!

"MY DEAR CHILD, THIS TELEGRAM IS NOT FROM GEORGE! I'VE KNOWN GEORGE'S HANDWRITING EVER SINCE HE WAS A BOY, AND THIS IS QUITE DIFFERENT!"

NOTES FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

"*Jam satis terris*," &c.

Alt-na-blashy.—The aqueous and igneous agencies seem to be combined in these quarters, for since the rain we hear of a great increase of burns. In default of the Moors we fall back on the kitchen and the cellar. I need hardly add that dry wines are almost exclusively used by our party, and moist sugar is generally avoided. Dripping, too, is discontinued, and everything that is likely to whet the appetite is at a discount.

Drizzle-arch.—A Frenchman, soaked out of our bothy by the moisture of the weather, was overheard to exclaim, "*Après moi le déluge*."

Inverdreary.—Greatly to the indignation of their chief, several of the "Children of the Mist," in this romantic but rainy region, have assumed the garb of the Mackintoshes.

Lock Drunkie.—We have several partners in misery within hail, or life would be fairly washed out of us. We make up parties alternately at our shooting quarters when the weather allows of wading between them. Inebriation, it is to be feared, must be on the increase, for few of us who go out to dinner return without making a wet night of it.

Meantime, the Watering-places in our vicinity—in particular the Linns o' Dun-Dreepie—are literally overflowing.

It is asserted that even young horses are growing impatient of the reins.

Our greatest comfort is the weekly budget of dry humour from *Mr. Punch*.

SELFISH SURREY.

THE opponents of the scheme for the abolition of the Surrey Sessions are expected to give their intelligent support to the following disinterested propositions:—

1. That the Lord Mayor's Show shall parade in Kingston every 9th of November from 12 noon until 2 P.M., so that the inhabitants of that important town shall have an opportunity of seeing the procession before its appearance in London.

2. That the St. Leger be run in future on the Downs, near Croydon, so that the sportsmen of Surrey may be able to attend that very important race with less trouble and expense.

3. That Covent Garden Market, Covent Garden Opera, and Billingsgate Market be gradually moved to Richmond, Surrey, so that the tradesmen of Twickenham may be spared a visit to the metropolis for their purchases of fruit, music, and fish.

4. That the principal debates of the Session be held in future in the Town Hall, Guildford, so that the inhabitants of Surrey may hear the speeches of Messrs. DISRAELI and GLADSTONE without having to travel to Westminster.

5. That the name of Surrey be changed to "Little Britain," to distinguish it from the other counties which, in future, are to be known collectively as "Lesser Britain."

BETWEEN PUSEY AND PAUL.*

A Tract for the Times.

PAUL.

"AIN'T you coming, DOCTOR PUSEY,
Ain't you coming o'er to Rome?
Sure 'tis time that you were going
To your true congenial home!
O! if I were DOCTOR PUSEY,
Sure 'tis honest I would be,
And steer in wake of NEWMAN,
For the holy Roman See!"

"Faith, you're thinking long about it:
'Tis now forty years and more
Since you started on the journey,
Though you stumbled at the door!
Others, taught by DOCTOR PUSEY,
There and back have made their roads,
While their teacher has stood doubting,
Like a donkey 'twixt two loads!"

PUSEY.

"You have drawn a truthful picture:
'Tis the 'cult' that presses sore.
All your doctrines I can swallow,
If that 'cult' I could get o'er!
But, if I don't move Romeward,
Still the road to Rome I show,
As a finger-post points others
The way it doesn't go.

"If you make a calculation
Of the English game you've bagged,
All those years since Tract Ninety,
Though you say that I have lagged,
You will find that DOCTOR MANNING'S
Is not half so safe a line:
He his converts counts by dozens,
Where by hundreds I count mine.

"As His Holiness compared me
To a 'Church-Bell'—still at home
Let me keep safely ringing
The chime that calls to Rome.
Though I ne'er your Church may enter,
'Tis from prudence, not from doubt.
I am yours in soul and spirit:
There are those who serve without."

Both.

"Then we understand each other!
To his post let each retire."

PUSEY.

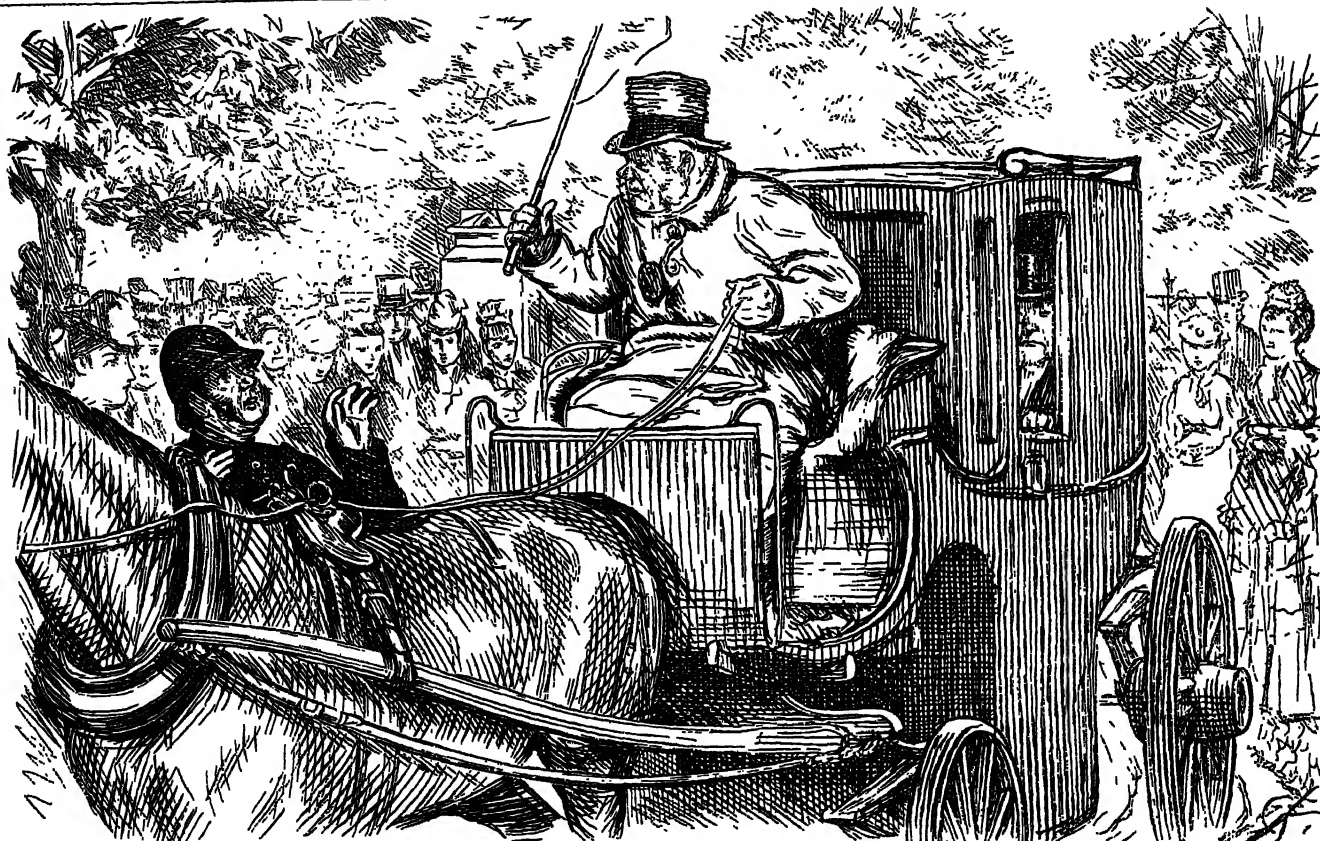
"Still let me work in the belfry,
While you work in the choir."

Ensemble.

Till the haughty English nation
Stoop to Rome its stubborn will,
Spite of SHAFTESBURY, TAIR, and THOMPSON,
And their Regulation Bill!

* N.B.—The Cardinal (CULLEN to wit), not the Apostle.

INEVITABLE OBSERVATION.—It can hardly have escaped facetious remark that Iceland proved itself worthy of another name when it gave the KING of DENMARK a reception as warm as a gush of its own Geysers.



IRREVERENT.

Policeman (on the occasion of our "Confirmation"). "STOP! STOP! GO BACK! YOU MUSTN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE EXPECTIN' O' THE BISHOP EVERY MINUTE!"

Cabby (fortissimo). "ALL RIGHT! WHY 'VE GOT THE OLD BUFFER INSIDE!"

WASHING THE BLACK COUNTRY WHITE.

(See Report of Speeches at the great Sheffield School-Board Meeting, Tuesday, August 18.)

STRANGE concert! York's Archbishop's, ROEBUCK'S, FORSTER'S, and MUNDELLA'S,

'Mid unwonted hush of engine and hammer, wheel and bellows. 'Tis Sheffield starting School-Board work—cost, Yorkshire-fashion, reckoning,

And speaking out in faith the hopes, onward and upward beckoning.

The Sheffield blades were always sharp, 'tis time they took a polish; If stress of School-Board ruffianism and rattening can abolish. If long heads can oust Broad-heads with narrow hearts and notions, Till Labour welcomes Capital as friend, and not as foe shuns.

If the dawn of love and knowledge once set in should spread and strengthen,

Till the suns in Sheffield brighten, and the days of Sheffield lengthen, And darkening clouds that hide her sky, and darkened souls beneath them,

Feel a lifting and a lightening of the heavy veils that wreath them.

Till the brutes' Sin and ruffians' Wrong, which we have let environ Not Sheffield only, but all parts where Coal takes hands with Iron, By School-Board sap and siege are won for better minds and manners, And from their black slag bastions wave the white Christian banners.

Till drunkenness and savage strength that rests in sport as savage, Their rude reign shall relinquish, with its rioting and ravage; And Duty, Thrift, and Order,—for those old wrong teachers, right ones,—

Combine, with God's good help, to make England's Black Countries Bright ones.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Night-Light.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE ENEMY.

(Being the British Code as revised for the benefit of the invading Tourist.)

1. WHEREVER the Tourist stops he shall be regarded as if "in an enemy's country," and, "charged" accordingly.

2. During his invasion of any hotel, inn, or coffee room, he shall, for the time being, have no authority whatever over his own dinner, which shall consist of two or more black and burnt mutton-chops, a stale gooseberry tart, two cold potatoes, cheese, long opened pickles, and a pint of peppery Sherry.

3. For this repast a requisition of fourteen and sixpence shall be made on him.

4. Under no circumstances shall reprisals be allowed, in the shape of explosive letters to the Newspapers.

5. At all Railway Buffets he shall be encountered by refreshments iron-cased (with age).

6. When travelling, he, or at least his luggage shall, if possible, be shot—out at the wrong station.

7. If he manage to escape to a country house, the whole contents of his purse shall be mainly carried off by the repeated "charges" of the servants.

8. He shall at length retreat, and reach home a wiser man, but nothing shall indemnify him for the price of his experience.

9. He shall sign a secret treaty with himself never to do it again—till next year.

Unseemly Wut.

THE following is extracted from the *Bridge of Allan Reporter* :—

WANTED.—Two Young GENTLEMEN, of excellent character, to Light the Lamps of the Burgh. The height of the Candidates will be a consideration, as the use of a ladder might be dispensed with.—Apply to the Inspector of Middens.

Can this be a flash of "wut" in the Inspector of Middens? We should recommend his superiors to look after him.



"BUS-MEASURE."

Bus-Driver. "NEVER SEE THE COMET!! WHY, WHEREVER COULD YOU 'A'——"
(*Notices Shortness of "Gentleman's" hair, &c., and hesitates.*) "HOWSOEVER——"

Passenger (relieving his embarrassment). "WHEREABOUTS WAS IT?"

Driver. "WELL, I'LL TELL YER. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH O' THIS YER
BUS FROM THE FORWARDEST LEADER IN THE GREAT BEAR!"

"SNOOLING."

Being the substance of a Paper meant to be read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Section; Natural History. Subsection: Biology.

THERE are certain subjects which although old are yet ever fresh and new; and Snooling is one of them. Treated more or less exhaustively by a long range of writers, beginning with the elder PLINY and ending with old DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND, there may yet perhaps be found some characteristics of the subject still undeveloped, upon which the student of to-day may dilate with pleasure to himself and profit to his readers. In the few words which I propose to devote to this interesting investigation, I shall treat the topic in no spirit of sedentary sentimentalism, but in its largest and most oleaginous entirety.

And first it may be remarked that legitimate Snooling has changed its character in a very peculiar manner since the sinking of the *Royal George*. It is no longer simply elementary, and more than partially adhesive; the pride of the peasant, and the detestation of the peer: but, having aggrandised to itself the many essentials which it has gathered from penultimate generations, it has from them elaborated in a regular and well-defined series the truest and tenderest thesis that can occupy the most calculating cosmopolite.

But the careless and superficial theorist may ask us what we consider to be the true meaning of the verb "to snool." To answer this in the most satisfactory manner, it is, perhaps, better to say what it is not, rather than what it is. Snooling is not a method of bleaching linen, nor is it a scheme of logical induction. It is no plan for fixing hat-pegs in a passage, nor is it a mode of treating neuralgia with treacle. It can hardly be called a modification of the railway block system, and to state that it is a substitute for the existing mode of collecting the Income-tax would be to bring down on our heads a shower of indignant denial. It is none of these

SAINT PARTRIDGE.

SOME most crack-jaw Saints there are
In whatever Calendar:
Now the almanack perfidious
Gives the First to Saint Ægidius.
Pray, old fellow, who are you?
Had you gaiters for apparel?
Did you tramp the turnips through,
With a double-barrel?

August made St. Oyster ours:
Now September's misty hours
Find us taking joyous trouble
O'er green swede and golden stubble.
Down each lonely lingering dell
Silently the shadows soften:
Where's the poet who could tell
What he sees so often?

Hail, Ægidius! No complaint
Make against September's saint:
Tu patronus es perdicum! . . .
And they're asses who don't like 'em.
Partridge-breast with woodcock-thigh,
People say, is more insidious.
Pending that discovery, I
Vote for S. Ægidius.

Such a Saint must be a true brick:
Ave, avis! that's his rubric.
In good faith we'll celebrate him,
Shooting fairly, yet *certatim!*
When 'Eve's rosy fingers paint
All the West, a hungry bevy
Home we'll tramp, and toast the Saint,
If our bags are heavy.

Monkey-Worship, Ancient and Modern.

A FULL-GROWN specimen of the Abyssinian Dog-headed Monkey has been presented to the Museum of the University of Geneva. A contemporary mentions that this monkey is engraved upon the monuments of ancient Egypt, that mummies of it have been found in good preservation, and that the old Egyptians worshipped it as the emblem of the god Thoth. Monkey-worship is not yet extinct. Are not Ritualist Clergymen the apes of Romish Priests, and are there not Ladies who adore Ritualist Clergymen?

things. To snool fairly and honourably, and in such a way that while purely positive its influence shall be spread over the largest area, is certainly a very precious talent, and the man who snools with no other thought than self, is a contemptible and procrastinating iconoclast.

Cases of abnormal snooling sometimes occur, and are particularly interesting. I know of an evangelical clergyman in Hampshire who regularly snools twice a day while Convocation is sitting; and there is an elderly maiden lady who resides in a remote village in one of the most secluded districts in the West Riding, who very rarely snools at all, but when she does so, it is invariably the reverse way. The tanner of Walton-on-the-Naze, who snooled with double beats whenever his mother-in-law was staying with him, is scarcely a case of legitimate snooling; but the well-known case of the hatter and vestryman 'at Tadcaster, who could only snool with the assistance of a little boy, who helped to hasten the reaction, and restore those balances which had been so seriously disturbed by the paroxysm, is a representative example of this neglected but beautiful art.

I would beg to submit to the Association one word of advice before I conclude. Avoid all collusive and saponaceous snooling. Do not be led away by those who tell you that so did the grand old Snoolers of the Middle Ages. It is not so; the conscientious Snooler is as careful of his antecedents in the past as he is of his more obtrusive relatives in the present.

How fair a sight is the steadfast snool of a venerable and respected old age. Granulated, perhaps, and it may be partially palpable, but rich with its peculiar positivism, and redolent of an elevated antagonism. This is indeed the snool of the poet and the painter, the walrus and the carpenter, and to attain to it should be the aim of us all, especially of members of that British Association for the Advancement of Science to which I have had the honour of communicating this Paper.

PUNCH AND PROTOGEN.



IF the Inaugural Address delivered to the British Association by PROFESSOR TYNDALL, though marked throughout by a philosophical temperance, one passage seems obviously incompatible with teetotalism. Discussing the question as to the "Primordial Form—whence it came," the learned Professor said:—

"Trace the line of life backwards. We reach at length those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water."

This would be a nearly exact definition of whiskey-toddy brewed with a slice of lemon-peel. The Professor might as well have given a name to his liquor. Might he not have at once admitted, perhaps with as much likelihood of being right, that the first of all living organisms was Punch?

THE ONLY FULL, TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

(Communicated by Our Own Reliable Correspondent.)

ACQUIT MADAME BAZAINE, the English Ladies, and the entire Bazaine family, of any complicity in the plot. Alone I did it; at least with another fellow, who was really more nuisance than assistance, being very nearly a perfect fool, and almost stone deaf on one side, which infirmity, however, caused him to be useful as a mere blind.

My friendship, the Marshal's and mine, began, years ago, at the day-school where I first met Old BAZZY, or, as the boys used to call him, DON CÆSAR DE BAZAINE. When I heard of his imprisonment (you know I lead a rover's life, ever ready for adventure, being here to-day and gone to-morrow, whenever it's at all inconvenient to stay any longer.—N.B. The P.O. Order to the address mentioned in my private card. *Vous comprenez*), I exclaimed, "What! BAZZY a captive! Never!"

In five minutes my determination and passage were taken. Opposite the fortress is a small island formed by the ocean-birds, entirely covered with sea-weed and a peculiar sort of marine mushroom, much prized by the natives of the southern coast. This island is hidden by the horizon during the day, and only reappears under certain conditions at night. Here I soon knocked up a little house out of five or six wild sea-birds' nests, and took up my abode, with the boy above alluded to, a sort of distant connection of mine, whose parents have entrusted him to me for a small annual honorarium, knowing that I am a good hand at bringing forward backward boys.

Disguised as an under-butler, Bob (my boy), making a pretence of selling oranges to the Governor, entered the fortress, and wrote, in chalk, on the wall which he knew BAZAINE must pass in the course of his evening's walk, "*Allez-vous promener*." The Governor sucked the oranges, threw the peel playfully at Bob's head, told him to send in his bill, and then merrily kicked him down the steps.

From that moment the communication between the prisoner and myself was uninterrupted. It was of the simplest character: matches that would light only on the box, rockets that would burn under water, squibs that played with sea-serpents on the ocean, and Roman candles that shot up in the air. In the daytime, a tune on the barrel-organ (which, luckily, I had in my carpet-bag) would attract his attention, and through his telescope he would then see what I wrote up with a bit of chalk on my black board, kindly lent for this purpose by DR. CROFT, of the Polytechnic. Bob in the meantime was employed in constructing a small boat, with a rudder and oars, out of the materials offered to his ingenuity by a hip-bath, three bootjacks, a corkscrew, a walking-stick, and two cricket-bats (which I happened, fortunately, to have by me).

On the — of — (I purposely omit dates), the prisoner telegraphed to me—"Pas de corde." ("No rope.") Having my dictionary and conversation-book by me, I at once knew what he meant, and returned "*Ne soyez pas stupide*." This was on my black

board, and had anyone besides the Marshal seen it, I could, at once, have rubbed it out, written something else, and explained that I was only teaching French, after breakfast, to my idiot boy, Bob. However, the whole thing was so admirably contrived that the soldiers and sailors, the Governor himself, and the gaulers, only took me for a rather larger bird than usual perched on the little isle; while some disputed as to whether I were a gull or a lump of sea-weed. (Aha! I knew who the gull was. Aha!) Once they wanted to decide this by firing at me, but the Governor, on behalf of Fair France, would not allow such a waste of powder and shot. Old BAZZY has—I must confess it—no sort of ingenuity. He was always the same. When he found he hadn't a rope, he thought it was all up with him. "*Que faire?*" he telegraphed briefly. I understood him at once, and replied (of which reply I give the translation), "You stupid old mull! Yah! Where's your silly old noddle? What *would* you do without me? Haven't you got your *épauillettes*, your shoe-strings, your pocket-handkerchief, your neck-tie, and the elastic band that keeps your hat on your stupid old head in a high wind? And how about boot-laces? Then fix it as arranged. Come over the cliff. The boat will be below. No ceremony. Drop in when you like. Name your own time. Knife and fork ready, a hearty welcome, and a tune on the accordion." This last alluded to Bob, who is learning that instrument whenever I am absent from home, or whenever he is.

From this moment the Marshal went to work like a trunp. Bob, disguised as a muffin-boy, with a bell, was sent on shore with a rope of onions for the Governor's dinner. The Governor took the onions, and then old BAZZY prevailed on him to play at horses with him on one of the terraces. BAZZY, pretending to be the horse, thus got the string round his arms, while the Governor drove him.

BAZZY then pretended to run away (a good joke this, at which we roared—BAZZY and I—afterwards), and so secured the string.

Unfortunately, just at this time, my rockets and squibs came to an end, for that ass Bob had let a lot off on his own birthday, while I was asleep. As an excuse, he said it (his birthday) only came once a year. He had also pitched away my last piece of chalk, and had begun cutting up my black-board to finish the boat.

There was nothing for it but to write on soup-plates and table-napkins, and send them in on the high tide, when they would be thrown by the violence of the wave right up to the parapet where BAZZYKINS was waiting to receive them.

Thus the time for his escape was fixed.

At eight o'clock in the evening Bob and myself started off in our model boat, using our two cricket-bats for oars. Had Bob learnt rowing, or could he have heard my directions, we might have got on faster. As it was, we got our oars mixed up together, and, in the midst of a tempestuous sea, I was obliged to punish Bob severely in order to make him understand his position.

The rudder, carved out of my old black-board, now came in most usefully. I had seen the celebrated man who paints with his toes, and I knew that I could steer with my feet (for why should my feet be idle after once kicking Bob soundly?) while I rowed with one hand and waved my signals with the other. Finding that, up to this time, we had not made much progress, owing to Bob's obstinacy in pulling dead against me, I hit upon an expedient, which turned out most satisfactory: we sat back to back and pulled in contrary directions, and thus we soon found our wildest hopes realised.

I could not help remarking how much the difficulty of the management of a frail barque in a stormy sea by two persons totally ignorant of seamanship had been over-rated. "I wish PRIMSOLL were here," I cried, as we dashed gaily over an Atlantic wave whose height I should be afraid to estimate. The rocks were now in view, gigantic, awful! The overhanging beetle-browed cliffs, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, presented a prospect sublime and appalling. We gave the signal with a tune on the accordion by Bob, and another by me on the organ. After playing for some considerable time, our attention was attracted by a shadow, which in the calm moonlight seemed to be jumping about inexplicably. I raised my eyes, and right above our heads was the gallant old boy himself, in full uniform, and wearing his cocked hat, hanging on by a rope of his own making. He was high up in the air, midway between us and the summit of the cliff. Such a rope he'd made! I couldn't help bursting out into a roar of laughter. Bootlaces, onion-peel, string, handkerchiefs, and last of all, the elastic band, which naturally kept the whole thing bobbing up and down, making the Marshal dance in the air like a Marionette.

"*Tu te moques de moi!*" he said, savagely. He's got a bad temper has dear old BAZZY, and, of course, it was not improved by his absurd situation. No man of importance likes to be discovered in a ludicrous predicament, and no man likes to be laughed at—specially by friends.

"I swear I can't help it!" I protested, holding my sides; and even Bob stopped playing "*I never go East of Temple Bar*" on his accordion, and literally shrieked with convulsive merriment.

Old BAZZY literally kicked the air (it was all he could do) in spasms of rage.

"*Quand je descends, moi, je vous puncherai la tête!*" he shrieked out.

He knows something of English, and "*puncherai*" is his own invention.

"Look here," I replied. "We can't wait all day for you, old twenty stone. So, if you'll behave peaceably, *très bien*; if not, off we go, and you can continue your gymnastics till the Governor catches you."

He has a noble nature. There and then, with tears in his eyes and down his nose, on which up to that moment there had been a fly, which, as he couldn't use his pocket-handkerchief even if he had had one, had made him very irritable, he apologised, and asked me what he was to do next. I told him, and he obeyed orders with military precision. My instructions were most simple: "Slip yourself," I said, "through your coat, and, as you pass your arms through, you can tie the sleeves on to your absurd rope, then lower yourself as far as the coat-tails, stripping the lining off from within as you let yourself out. Continue to repeat this movement until you are within easy distance of our boat; then drop."

He *did* drop. And for one minute, in spite of all his misfortunes, I was annoyed with him, for he went, as clean as a Harlequin in a pantomime, right through the bottom of the boat. Luckily, being of a buoyant and cork-like nature, he came up again as sharply and as perpendicularly as one of those little black figures in a bottle when acted upon by air-pressure from above. Directly he had disappeared, I bethought me of this idea, and covered the aperture with a bundle containing Bob's holiday clothes; as I suddenly withdrew this, up came the Marshal. We couldn't allow him to reappear entirely in the boat, as we had nothing to stop up the enormous hole he had made, and into which, providentially, he so exactly fitted as to render our little craft watertight as long as he was a little more than half length in the boat and the other half below in the sea. He regretted being obliged to leave the rope behind him, on account of its containing his only pocket-handkerchief, by which, he appeared, not unnaturally, to set some store.

"There's more where that came from," said I, to cheer him.

"Yes," he answered; "at the wash. They never send me back my right number."

Old BAZZY, you see, has his domestic sorrows like other people. When we had proceeded for some distance, Bob and myself rowing, and BAZZY really assisting by steering with his legs under water, he asked thoughtfully—

"What will they say in England?"

I replied that I did not know.

He continued—"Do you think when they know all about the rope, the world will say that a Marshal of France *has let himself down?*"

I was painfully touched by the question, but in another minute the steamer, which I have hitherto forgotten to mention, hailed us, and we leapt on board.

BOB went back to the island to pack up a few things and disarm suspicion.

That is all. As for its truth, you know well enough you may depend upon me.

P. O. Order by return, mind. Can I do anything for you at Khiva, or in the mining districts? If so, command me. Terms as usual, and no questions asked.

(Signed) VERITAS-DE-CAFÉ.

SIR WILFRID THE GOOD TEMPLAR.

(See his Speech at Brayton, Wednesday, August 28.)

O MINGLER of the gay and grave!
Of temperance humorous exemplar!
Long toast-and-water's amber wave,
Drain thou, SIR WILFRID, the Good Templar!

Long to thy park may thousands flock,
Yet not a blade of grass to injure;
For why? They wear the temperance yoke,
And drink the beer that's brewed from ginger.

Delicious beverage, ginger-pop!
Cut string, out cork! from froth to frolic,
Pure effervescence rides atop,
Nor mads like mixtures alcoholic.

Though for Good Templars life must pass
Slowly sometimes, what Saturnalia,
Though sober, to tread Brayton grass,
Drink ginger-pop, and wear regalia!

And hear SIR WILFRID's cheerful scorn,
His logic that might fool a baby:

"He never heard of drunkards born!"

"He thinks" [*Punch* too] "that idiots may be."

Would with his faith we could receive
His plan for tapping social humours—
Drink-sellers without licence leave,
And licence grant to drink-consumers.

See *Punch*, with potting-plate on arm:—
"Three bottles, port: A 1 at Cross's"—
Or worn on watch-chain like a charm,
Insuring 'gainst all liquor-losses!

His bottle who so licensed braves,
Of strength of head gives safest warrant;
Sailor—is safe to rule the waves;
Soldier—to fight like a knight-errant:

Bishop—to rampant Ritualist,
The drastic dose of TAIT to minister;
Premier—to clench an English fist
When foes grew fierce, or friends grew sinister.

Meantime, while we've SIR WILFRID here,
Spite of his crotchets, none dislikes him,
Although his logic may be queer,
And grave or gay, all's joke that strikes him.

Ne'er merrier man in drink's abuse
Bade men the Fiend of Drink lay claws on,
"The clock strikes 'CROSS' as it struck 'BRUCE';
When shall we hear it striking 'LAWSON'?"

WILFRID in fun is good to read;
His laws were less to *Punch's* liking.
If ever "Lawson" strikes, take heed
Lest he set half of England striking.

OUR SEA-SIDE LIBRARY;

Or, *What to Read, and When.*



SEA-SIDE literature ought to be appropriate. We suggest, among the novels of the season,—

Far from the Mad-ding Crowd.—When you determine to have a change somewhere.

Dearer than Gold.—When you settle for your lodgings by the sea.

The Impending Sword.—When you hear that your mother-in-law is coming too.

At Her Mercy.—When she does come.
Cruel Constancy.—When she stays on, regardless of all your hints.

Crushed Beneath His Idol.—When the wife of your bosom actually backs her up.

True to Her Trust.—When your landlady admits that she keeps no cat.

Three Feathers.—When you wonder what is inside your bolster.
My Time, and What I've Done With It.—When you leave your watch in a bathing-machine.

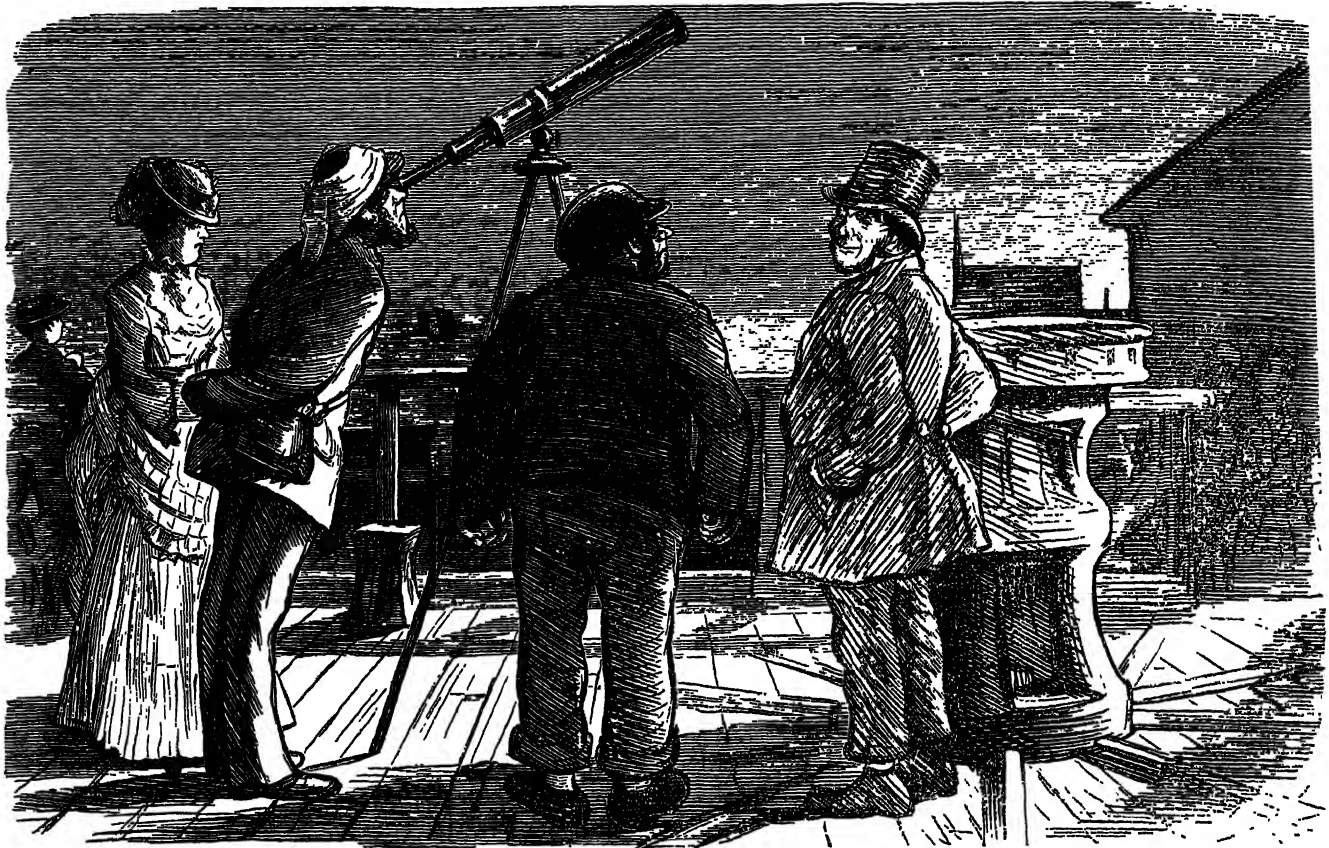
Waiting for Tidings.—When you wonder if you'll hear of it again.
Wandering Fires.—When you watch the practice of the local volunteers.

Under the Limes (lighted).—When you meet MR. BOUCAULT on the Parade.

After Long (Y)ears.—When you are requested to follow the children on donkeys.

The Last Inca.—When you have to pay for the drawing-room cloth, to which MASTER TOMMY has given the *coup de grâce* by upsetting your inexhaustible inkstand.

One Only.—When you announce your intention of going up to Town for a few days on "urgent business."



A LUNAR OBSERVATION.

Old Sailor (to Parties looking through his Glass). "DISTANCE O' THE MEWN FROM THE EARTH, TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS O' MILES!"

Country Eccursionist (standing by). "LAUKS! WH'HEAOW EVER CAN THEY TELL THAT, SIR?"

Old Sailor. "HOW CAN WE TELL? BLESS YER LIFE, 'CAUSE WE'VE MEASURED IT TO A HINCH, SIR!!"

THE REDHILL HARVEST-HOME.

"The Harvest-Home of the Philanthropic Society's School for the Reformation of Boy Criminals, was held yesterday at the farm school at Redhill. Not a boy of the 304 who are at present at school but is a convicted felon; indeed, a boy must have been twice convicted before he can be received into the School. Since the establishment of the School 2,394 boys have been admitted, and 2,089 have been discharged, of whom 1,032 have emigrated. In the four years ending the 31st of December, 1871, 317 boys were discharged, of whom 192 emigrated. Further facts go on to state that over 90 per cent. of these boys were never again convicted of crime, and were heard of afterwards as doing well. About 8 per cent. of the number lapsed back into their old courses, and of two or three no tidings were afterwards heard. Of the 8 per cent., however, that were re-convicted, one-fifth had recovered their character, and were living honestly when last heard of. The principle on which the School is carried on, and by which these excellent results are obtained, is, as the sketch states, by employing four great instruments—religious influence, personal kindness, exact justice, and constant employment."—*Daily News*, Aug. 27.

ENGLAND hath garnered the rich crop by God's great goodness given,
And now in Harvest-Home uplifts her thankful hands to heaven;
But a more special blessing crowns one Harvest-Home—Redhill,
Whose crop is raised from prison-seed and gutter-Arab drill.

Here Faith and Love the long year through, toil on, 'twixt eve and morn,
In the face of doubters' sneering and unbelievers' scorn,
From the seed the prison sends them a wholesome crop to grow,
Let the blades seem ne'er so starveling, and their earing ne'er so slow.

For well they know soul-seed *must* grow, if not for good, for ill;
So they set to hoe and harrow and spud with strenuous will:
Soil may be dank, and weeds be rank, but sourest ground will drain,
And damp will dry, and weeds will die, and then sow wholesome grain!

So have they drained, and harrowed, and crushed, and cleansed, and tamed

This stubborn soil of souls run wild, and natures unreclaimed;
Till for the darnel of ill-deeds, the kecks and burrs of crime,
Comes up the golden growth of good, in the Lord o' the Harvest's time.

Then of all English harvest-homes through all our laughing land,
Is none that asks more lifting up of thankful heart and hand,
Than this of Redhill and all farms that Redhill's labour share,
Spite of ill weeds, to sow good seeds, and rear, and bring to bear.

Our Railway Relations.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN, in connection with a threatened abandonment of the workmen's early trains on the South Eastern line because they don't pay, talks big of "The Great Railway Interest, which has done more than any other interest for the welfare of the nation." "Done" is an awkward word—with more meanings than one. But in SIR EDWARD'S sense of the word, this tall talk is out of place. "Railway interest" may be "great," but the Shareholders would like it greater, and to make it greater is SIR EDWARD'S one aim as the head of a Directorate. The attitude of a public benefactor is one thing, and that of a Railway Director strenuous for the increase of dividends another; and between the two we may fairly ask, "What kin?"

BY THE REQUEST OF SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—The supporters of the Permissive Bill will be known in future as members of "The Good-Temperance Society."

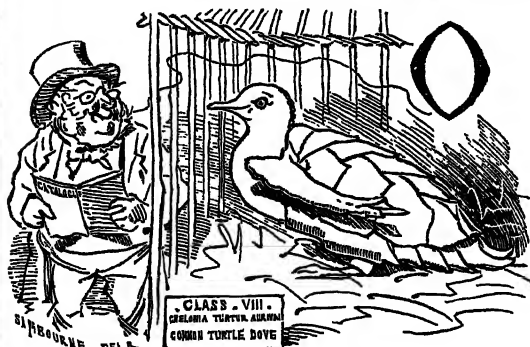
AN OLD SONG FOR NEW SAVANTS.—"O dear! What Can this 'Matter' Be?"



“GIVE AND TAKE.”

CERES (to Farmer and Labourer). “MY HARVEST GIFTS! TAKE—AND SHARE FAIRLY.”

VEGETABLE CARNIVORA.



UR Vegetables are not vegetarian. Readers of the proceedings of the British Association at Belfast must have been entertained by Dr. HOOKER's remarks on "carnivorous plants," in particular the fly-catching *Dionaea*, which has a vegetable gin, armed with spikes baited with sweets, closing on any piece of animal substance put into it, and actually digesting its prey. What if vegetables are included in

the transmigration of souls, and plants of the *Dionaea* order are tenanted by spirits of departed Aldermen?

GOOD FRUIT FROM KINDLY FLOWER.

MR. FLOWER, the excellent ex-Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, the one man who came with credit and honour out of the Shakspeare Tercentenary muddle, and the brewer of about the best beer brewed in England, has added to these high titles of honour that of the Horse's best friend, by his vigorous assault on the cruel stupidity of the bearing-rein. Now that common sense and humanity have been brought to bear on the matter, we may hope to see an end of the barbarous and brainless practice of strapping up unhappy horses' heads tight for the sake of appearance, to the sacrifice alike of their comfort and their serviceableness. The rein is usually invoked to quicken fruit from flower. Let us hope opposition to the rein may in this case produce the same effect.

A SAFE RESTING-PLACE.

THE Pontigny pilgrims stop for a while at Sens. What a pity they should go such a very different road afterwards!

AUGUST SHOWERS; OR, STARS AND SOVEREIGNS.

THERE are certain nights in August when, if skies be calm and clear, The watcher may see showers of stars shoot madly from their sphere, And in a sudden trail of light flare, fade, and disappear.

Time was we watched these star-showers in awe and trepidation; Some deemed each errant meteor a world swept from creation, Foreshadowing for our globe, perhaps, as swift annihilation.

Some gathered omens, dark or bright, from these mysterious showers:

Some thought them Cabinet couriers despatched by higher powers, On errands betwixt Cosmic Courts in systems beyond ours.

Some held them "rogue" stars, on the loose, a-muck through space careering,

Uncontrolled by gravitation, and calculation queering, Big with possible destruction to each orb they were nearing.

Some deemed them dust of shattered worlds, some wild young worlds a-growing

On their way to fixed-star manhood their fiery wild-oats sowing; Some thought them comets that had lost their tails, for new ones going.

Now Science throws cold-water on all such silly histories; For her Earth keeps no secrets, and the firmament no mysteries; "Learn law," she cries, "and fear not: Awe of Ignorance twin sister is."

She tells us these bright wanderers aren't worlds, but paltry aërolites,

On a few grains of nucleus setting up all this glare o' lights, And making asses fancy that they *must* be real starry lights.

And much like August's shooting-stars seem August's shooting sov'reigns:

Whom hidden force, or law, in showers on Albion from above rains—

Princes, King, Empress—some from thrones where hate, and some where love reigns.*

And Europe, too, may trails of light from shooting sovereigns sun in,

While Czar, Kronprinz, and Kaiser hob-a-nob at Bad and Brunnen;

And young Wittelsbach, in Paris, debt for *bric-à-brac* doth run in.

Nor from the lot of star-showers are these sovereign-showers exempt;

Both grow so common that they breed less of awe than contempt, Now most dynasties rule cheaper than their pious founders dreamt.

And for history-hardened students monarchs cross or quit the field, As August's wandering meteors for star-gazers science-stealed, Both bodies with a nucleus small in luminous haze concealed.

Whose import, nay, whose impact, leaves things much as they are; No more helps har'st or vintage, than it brings plague or war; Whose best chance to look big or bright is to be seen from far.

* THE PRINCE and PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, the PRINCE of ASTURIAS, the EMPRESS of AUSTRIA, and the KING of DENMARK, all now or lately visitors *inog.* of this favoured isle.

While science-sharpened eyes, that turn to watch them, seek in wonder,

What our forefathers found in them to bow to and knock under—
Lumen pictum, fulmen fictum—tinsel radiance, play-house thunder!

"CLASS" LEGISLATION.

It having been decided by several Magistrates and other persons in authority that education is the only certain cure for cases of assault and robbery accompanied by violence, the following rules will probably be embodied in a Bill (to secure Parliamentary sanction) during the course of the next Session:—

1. Policemen will in future be required to obtain certificates from the School-Boards of their districts testifying to their fitness to undertake the important educational duties with which they will be entrusted.

2. A Policeman discovering a Burglar on the eve of entering a gentleman's house at midnight through the dining-room window, shall allow him (the Burglar) to proceed with the business he has in hand, if he (the Burglar) can undergo a satisfactory *visd voce* examination in the geography of Great Britain and Ireland, and the rudiments of Algebra.

3. A Labourer shall in future be permitted to beat his wife without hindrance, if he is able to apostrophise her in French, German, or some other modern language.

4. In cases of Riot, attended by the sacrifice of human life, the ring-leaders shall be apprehended and removed to the station-house, where they shall undergo as soon as possible an examination to test their knowledge of English History and geometry. The examination will be conducted by a Sergeant of Police. Any prisoner, not obtaining the minimum number of marks, will be brought before the Magistrates on the morning following the examination. In cases of kicking, Mechanics and Anatomy may be taken up as extra subjects.

5. Prisoners charged with assault, who have taken their B.A. degree at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, will be released upon the understanding that they pay the fees necessary for proceeding to the degree of M.A. at their earliest convenience.

6. The following punishments will in future be awarded to prisoners convicted of assault:—

(a) For kicking a Wife, so as to cause serious damage to life and limb. A fine of five shillings, or an examination in the First Book of *Euchid*. If death follows, the whole of the First Six Books will have to be taken up.

(b) For striking a friend. A week in gaol, or an examination in the *Commentaries of Caesar*.

(c) For highway robbery accompanied with violence. Three months' hard labour, or the ordinary Oxford examination for Matriculation.

(d) For permanent injury of a Police-Constable in the execution of his duty. Penal servitude for life, or an examination testing thorough knowledge of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* in all its branches, inclusive of the Continental Edition and the mysteries of the Loop Lines.

7. During the enforcement of the above regulations the gaols will be converted into schools for the prisoners, and the lunatic asylums into official residences for the Magistrates.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.—"Take a bath, Sir?"



OLD FRIENDS WITH A NEW NAME.

(ISLE OF WIGHT.)

Nearsighted Tourist. "WHAT A LOT OF BLUEBOTTLES!—NEVER HEARD SUCH A BUZZING IN MY LIFE!"

Waiter (indignantly). "BLUEBOTTLES, SIR! THERE AIN'T SUCH A THING AS A BLUE-BOTTLE TO BE FOUND IN THE 'OLE ISLAND!"

Nearsighted Tourist. "THEN WHAT ON EARTH ARE ALL THESE?"

Waiter (whose Face is horribly swollen, by the bye). " 'MUSKEETERS,' SIR, GENTS CALLS 'EM. WE USED TO CALL 'EM 'GNATS.' "

DEEDS OF DARING.

SEVERAL accidents, attributable to the British love of climbing, having been reported this year, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to the consideration of Members of the Alpine Club the following tasks, which will be found to be excellent substitutes for mountain explorations. The tasks have been framed with a view to testing the courage and endurance of those who undertake their accomplishment.

Task 1 (strongly recommended to Artists).—An examination (lasting not less than one hour) of the statue of QUEEN ANNE in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. (Any two of the statues in Trafalgar Square will be considered an equivalent for QUEEN ANNE.)

Task 2 (suitable to Literary Men in search of Authorities).—A visit to the British Museum during its annual cleansing.

Task 3 (a good study for Doctors).—A Railway Trip by "the Day-light Station route" from the Mansion House to Westminster on a sultry afternoon.

Task 4 (a capital exercise for Club-men).—A dinner at a Pastry-cook's or at a Railway-station.

Task 5 (the very thing for excitable Elderly Females).—A ride down Piccadilly when the roads are "up" and the steam-roller is at large.

Task 6, and last (only to be attempted by a Bachelor in the best of health and with the sweetest of tempers).—A visit to the sights of

London in company with a bevy of young nephews and nieces from the country. *N.B.*—The Lowther and Burlington Arcades should be carefully avoided, for fear of accidents.

A Scot in Switzerland.

THE Chamois is running short in Switzerland, insomuch that a party advertises his "Chamois preserves in the Tyrol." *Punch* warns any gentleman wishing to exchange his Scottish Forests for Swiss mountains, that he will find the Chamois even harder to stalk than the red-deer, and that the chances are ten to one his month's sport turns out a sham-mois' sport after all.

À LA MODE.

A FARMER, in full Sunday go-to-meeting costume, was observed walking behind one of his own cart-loads of hay. Being asked why he got himself up to such an extent, he pointed to the cart, and replied, "My da'arter tells me that I bain't in fashion unless I follow the mowed. Zo here I be a followin' the finest mowed as you'd zee in these 'ere parts."

SAMPLE OF "DOUBLE X."—BAZAINE—ex-Marshal and ex-Prisoner.

STROUD—AN ODE.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Free and Independent Burgesses of that lively Borough.)

STROUD Election,
Circumspection :
Blue complexion :
Small reflection ;
Liberal section,
Loose connection ;
Rough collection,
Weak correction,
No protection.

Hustings' 'rection ;
Swift selection,
Sharp rejection :
Some defection,
Loud objection,
Close inspection,
Clear detection,
Court's direction,
Prompt ejection,
New election.

(And so da capo.)

What we are Coming to.

Now that a German Society in New York is actually about to construct a chamber with the appliances necessary for burning the dead, and their example is about to be followed at Vienna and Dresden, we may expect to see fire spreading in the cemetery as it is its nature to spread, till in the end cremation will have everywhere ousted interment, the undertaker's work will be changed from committing earth to earth to reducing ashes to ashes—and the old death-saw will have to be re-set into "*De mortuis nil nisi—burn-em.*"

His Word as good as his Bond.

SPEAKING of the last swindle of its foreign creditors by the rascally Government of Spain, *The Times* says, "MARSHAL SERRANO is a Soldier, and must understand what is the meaning of pledging one's word." If he doesn't, we can tell him. In the case of a Spanish Minister, "pledging one's word," means just as much as "pledging one's bond," and that—among *corzas de España*—we ought to know by this time means, precisely, nothing!

A MUSICAL NAME.—DO-RÉ.

A PIC-NIC.



WEETEST of Graces, with prettiest faces,
 Meeting the rays of the Midsummer sun;
 Trouble and sorrow postponed till the morrow,
 Thinking of nothing but frolic and fun.
 Clad in the lightest, the thinnest, the whitest
 Dresses that ever by beauties were worn;
 Fitting so neatly, and sitting so sweetly,
 Though soon to be flabby, and tumbled, and torn.
 Off amidst laughing and innocent chaffing,
 Off to the fields and the forests so green;
 Sure such a hearty and mirth-loving party,
 So jolly and sociable, never was seen.
 Horses the fleetest, with trappings the neatest,
 Trotting along 'neath the tallest of trees:
 Prancing, piaffing, at roadside wells quaffing,
 Off again, sniffing the Midsummer breeze.
 Singing and talking, and gentlemen walking
 Up the steep hills, 'midst the dust of the wheels;
 Ladies tormenting, in tones unrelenting;
 Torrents of laughter in merriest peals.
 Under the willows, with hillocks for pillows,
 Stretched on a velvety carpet of green;
 Lots of flirtation, and sweet conversation;
 Compliments, praises, and glances serene.
 Though in the sunshine, there's plenty of moonshine
 Mixed with the sandwiches, chickens, and tarts;
 Glasses upsetting, and gay dresses wetting,
 Loosing of brooches, and losing of hearts.

Through the green bushes the merriment rushes,
 Hiding and seeking the foliage among;
 Thickets exploring, with lovers adoring,
 Startling the birds in the midst of their song.
 Notions concerning the time for returning;
 Long shadows falling like ghosts on the ground;
 Daylight fast ending, as twilight descending
 Casts a deep shade o'er the country around.
 Back through the valley, where in and out dally
 Merriest brooklets, through flags and through ferns:
 Back by the sedges, and dust-covered hedges,
 Back again homewards, the party returns.
 Lonely lanes ringing with sweetest of singing;
 Villagers staring as wheels whirl along;
 Countrymen smoking, desist from their joking,
 And listen awhile to the far-sounding song.
 Cot-garden flowers and wild hedge-row bowers,
 Cottages, villages, swiftly are past;
 Lights fast appearing show home they are nearing,
 And happy at home they are welcomed at last!

Sweetest of Graces, with prettiest faces
 Wakefully pressing the pillow so white;

Trouble and sorrow postponed till the morrow,
 Thinking of nothing but lovers to-night.
 Peacefully sleeping, with rosy cheeks peeping
 Out of their halo of gold-tangled hair.
 Sweet be their dreaming, for on them are beaming
 Visions of happiness, perfect, and rare.

Deleterious Tracts.

THE other day, at an inquest held on the body of a juvenile suicide by DR. LANKESTER, some Tracts which the self-murdered youth had been reading were shown to the Coroner, who said that "in his opinion they would affect a person suffering like the deceased." The Jury returned a verdict of "Suicide in an unsound state of mind." Might they not have added, "owing to the effect of pernicious literature"? And could not LORD CAMPBELL'S Act be extended to those who circulate Tracts so poisoned with fanaticism that they end in distraction?

MOTTO OF THE ENGLISH DELEGATE TO THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.—"Silence does *not* give consent."



TURTLES.

She (doubtfully). "WHICH WAY, NOW?"

He (tenderly). "SHALL WE TAKE THE BRIDLE-PATH?"

She (blushingly). "IF YOU WILL GIVE ME A LEAD."

MOSQUITO-PHOBIA.

(See *Dailies and Weeklies*.)

Now shame upon the thin-skinned Briton
Who howls that he's mosquito-bitten!
Have we no winged home-plagues as wight
If not to hum, at least to bite?
Lo, dancing o'er the humid flats
Innumerable gauzy gnats,
Born of the water (VIRGIL sang 'em)
They know the way to bite you, hang 'em!
Nor easy is't the skin to harden
'Gainst wasps, the pirates of the garden;
I like to see each miscreant yellow
Hawked by a hornet, his big fellow,
Though glad, too, that curst *Crabro's* dirk
Our summers rarely find at work.
His sting's no joke—a lesson taught us
As early as old Rome—see PLAUTUS.*
Mosquitoes? Pooh! Their torture's trivial
To what our lively friend convivial
Inflicts, with deipnosophic plans—
To wit, the *Pulex irritans*:
Pulex, a *pulvere*—'tis just
The name for him who bites our dust.
When ADAM from the earth arose,
Came *Pulex* too, as science shows,
Nay, more, survived the deluge dark,
As poets say, in Noah's Ark—
"The creatures came forth three by three,
Two elephants, one lively flea"—
Shall his hereditary fame
Be dimmed by the Mosquito's name?

* *Amphitryon*, ii. 75.

Perish the thought! The fleas industrious,
For thirst and nimbleness illustrious,
Shall feed on all who dare to carp
At the achievements of F. sharp.
It needs a style more strong and solid
To celebrate that insect stolid,
Too business-like to show vivacity,
But strong in John-Bull pertinacity,
Cimex, well-skilled his thirst to quench,
And swelling aggravate with stench:
Thou, who dost mere mosquitoes dread,
With B. flats ne'er hast shared thy bed:
From night of fretful industry,—
In lecto trito Cimice,—
Has't ris'n at morn a world too early,
A fevered wight, stung, sore, and surly:
Or thou wouldst ululate those stings
In strains such as true suffering wrings.
Not girls of Troy for Hector's sake,
Not women at an Irish wake,
Not schoolboy 'neath Salopian birch,
Not Dean of disestablished Church,
Not even patriot out of place,
Can show a more lugubrious face
Than those bled by that stern'st M.D.,
No *hum*-bug, but a silent B!
No shrill Mosquito he, to blow
Himself the trump that warns his foe,
And shrilly twanged, ere blood is shed,
Brings death on his own thirsty head!

* *Martial*, xi. 33.

BAZAINE'S HAND-OVER-HAND DESCENT.—His one feat of arms.



LAWN TENNIS.

Miss Maud. "HOW DO WE STAND?"

Captain Lovelace. "THEY ARE SIX TO OUR LOVE; AND 'LOVE' ALWAYS MEANS NOTHING, YOU KNOW."

Miss Maud. "ALWAYS?"

BRITISH AUTOMATA; OR, HOPELESSLY UNCONSCIOUS.

MR. PUNCH begs respectfully to submit the following "case"—for the authenticity of which he is, in every particular, prepared to vouch—to the consideration of PROFESSOR HUXLEY:—

MR. JOHN SMITH ROBINSON (British paterfamilias) having some years ago met with some marked success in business, has ever since been, from time to time, subject to certain morbid hallucinations as to the obligations of his social position. In his normal life he is cheerful, sensible, and in every respect a rationally conducted man. That normal life lasts about ten months of the year; but, for the remaining two, usually the months of August and September, he passes into a totally abnormal existence. In this last state he is still active, often painfully so; but, though he eats, drinks, and goes about as usual, he enjoys nothing. His actions are purely mechanical. For instance, on a *Bradshaw* being put into his hand by his wife or daughters, he instantly conceives the idea of "travelling," and carries it out accordingly, thereby showing that in this condition the functions of the cerebral hemisphere are largely annihilated, and that left to himself, without knowing what he is about, he will illustrate the first law of locomotion. In this state he is capable of performing all sorts of extraordinary actions on mere suggestions. For example, on a hooked stick being thrust into his hand, he will toil up either Snowdon or the Bighi, at a cost of comfort and enjoyment to himself which is almost appalling.

Again, on being told emphatically that "the girls want sea-bathing," he will take expensive apartments at Eastbourne or Scarborough, allow himself to be dragged up and down the Parade,

and generally hustled and stared at for six consecutive weeks. Sometimes MRS. JOHN SMITH ROBINSON will insist that "he ought to hire a place on the Moors," and then the extraordinary phenomenon of a middle-aged and not over-active man wandering about with a gun, and taking very bad shots, may be seen any day in the neighbourhood of his "place" for two or more months.

In his normal life usually contented and agreeable, he now becomes sulky, irritable, and morose. Naturally truthful and upright in his business transactions, he will now stoop to falsehood and deception, and talk of "urgent business necessitating his presence in Town." If driven on to a Channel boat, he will, for many weeks, allow himself to wander among people whose language he does not know, whose customs he loathes, whose comforts he seeks in vain, and whose food refuses to agree with him.

Finally, at the expiration of his "fit," he is restored to his old quarters and former routine, when he seems totally to forget the irritations, disappointments, and fatigues of his two months' "abnormal existence." To such a marvellous extent are the impressions he has received effaced, that at precisely the same time in the ensuing year he repeats the folly.

The case is an interesting one, but is regarded as incurable.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS.—Have we any native "carnivorous plants"? Some appear to be denoted such by their names—dog-rose, foxglove, sow-thistle, hawkweed, dandelion; and amongst those which, though not indigenous, are cultivated in gardens, there is the tiger-lily.

THE HORN OF THE DILEMMA FOR TYNDALL.—The Matter-horn.

THE CITY MULBERRY TREES.

(Times, Thursday.)

DEGENERATE Drapers! Is it a fact
That the utilitarian cataract

Your eyes has so served to harden,
That you really mean, for a paltry fee,
To disestablish the Mulberry Tree—
Grub up your lovely garden?

O glimpses of green in the City's heart!
A happy garden to lounge apart

From Mammon's turmoil and trouble!

Pshaw! *L.S.D.* is the faith we hold.

Build over the fount with its fish of gold,
So our rental of gold we double.

'Tis the God of the Age, this *L.S.D.*—
The utilitarian trinity—

Whereof we are all adorers:

And a City Company's bound by its creed
To stick right close to the friend in need,
And scorn sentimental soakers.

So the Mulberry Trees are all laid low,
And there's an end to their golden glow—

The brighter it seemed for its rarity;

And may we ask—or were 't better not?—

When the garden is gone and the money is got,
Will it be spent in Charity?

Or will it be spent City-Company-wise,
In making each dinner a new surprise,

For digestion's taxed activity?

What's a fountain fair to a turtle tureen,
Or the greenest lawn to the fat that's green
At a gorgeous Hall-festivity?

For this indeed did our Fathers build?

Was guttling and gorging of each old Guild,
The end if not the beginner?

Did they dream those Mulberry Trees must stoop
To furnish a little more turtle-soup

At the Drapers' magnificent dinner?

Punch troweth not. In those ages old

They feasted well upon well-won gold,

And of charity were not chary:

They lived great lives, and helped their neighbours,
And this was the motto of their labours,

Laborare est orare.

A dinner is good, saith the Prophet *Punch*,
If not too greedily people munch:

But the diners and money-scrappers

Should feel that a spot of garden-soil,

In the very heart of the City of Toil,

Might have sacred been kept by the Drapers.

HOLIDAY HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Being Hints for a New Guide to North Wales.)

PENMAENMAWR is a capital place to go to, and to go from. For excursions—to Welshise the Irish phrase, “it bangs Banagher”—it bangs Bangor. The George Hotel at the latter place has a lovely garden for lounging in, good service, and satisfactory *table d’hôte*. It also possesses one of the neatest-handed Phyllises in the way of dinner-napkin folders I ever beheld. Out of fifty table napkins there were not more than three or four of the same pattern: at least so it seemed. With the exception of this Hostellerie, which has grown out of a small Inn, there’s nothing much to detain you in Bangor. Of course there are the two bridges; but there are the Three Bridges on the London and South Coast Line, so no one will think much

of these. Then there’s Beaumaris Castle on the other side, Penrhyn Castle on Bangor side and the Penrhyn model village, which looks as prim as that humbug of a place, Brook in Holland, where you take your shoes off for fear of dirtying the roads, or something equally absurd. There are very few “model” anythings that are *not* humbugs. They protest too much.

No tourist who cares for Welsh scenery, for lakes, waterfalls, sea, and mountain, would make his head-quarters at Llandudno, which is a pretentious, half-finished, Welsh-Liverpool-Cockney sort of place, with little to recommend it except that there are frequent trains to take you away again. Llandudno hasn’t made up its mind (and it’s been long enough about it) what sort of existence it’s going to settle down to. It oscillates between Scarborough (without its attractions and natural advantages), Margate Cockneyism, and Weymouth gentility. Many of the shops, as yet, haven’t precisely arrived at what their *spécialité*, if any, is to be. A watering-place must be in a very infantine stage of existence when you’ve got to go to a toy-shop to get your hair cut. Yet so it is at Llandudno. There is a rival establishment to this, where “Hair-Brushing by Machinery” is advertised. It made me tremble to think of it.

If two heads are better than one, Llandudno, with the Great Orme’s Head and the Little Orme’s Head, ought to be well off. Perhaps these two brainless heads rule the destinies of Llandudno. The place is between two seas, which is as bad, in its way, as being between two fires. Wind and rain, wind and dust, find quite a little holiday-ground at Llandudno.

As everyone staying at Penmaenmawr is safe to go to Conway and see Conway Castle, description is thrown away. A guide-book should tell us what to avoid. There’s something the tourist *can’t* avoid, and that is the Welsh *gamins*.

Warnings.—The Welsh children, I mean the dirty little girls and boys up to six years old, know this much of English, “Gie me y’ape’ny!” And for this half-penny they’ll pester every visitor, afoot or in a car.

Advice (as to dealing with these horrid little nuisances).—When walking, pretend to feel in your pocket for the coin, and keep on walking. Gradually they’ll tail off one by one, except the ringleader, who has a character to keep up. Let him keep it up; and, if you’re ascending a mountain, *excelsior!* You’ll soon find a convenient place to explain your practical joke to that boy.

In a Carriage.—Adopt the ancient method. Take the ringleader’s cap and return it to him after a mile or so.

They are an avaricious set of little wretches, with dirty noses and shrill voices, who ought to be in-school. Any donor of a penny or a half-penny to these small vagabonds ought to be fined heavily, and—sent to Llandudno.

Thoughts which will occur, probably, to the bold Mountaineer, making the ascent of any height, say of Penmaenmawr.—First: It’s steeper than one expected. It’s more difficult than one thought it would be. “Do you?” (a question, after the last-mentioned thought, to a companion) “think that that workman who is throwing slates and stones down from a height sees us coming up?”

Thought (on seeing a whacking lump come bounding down).—It

would be as well to choose a time for the ascent when they are *not* rolling stones down.

After a certain height, you will probably find it convenient to select a good place for stopping to look at the view. You will probably wish that your companion would stop oftener to look at the view.

Thoughts on getting higher up.—If this next point isn’t the top, I shall turn back.

Still higher up.—If this next point isn’t the top, I shall certainly turn back.

Higher and higher.—Look here, if we’re not at the top after the next stone wall, I’m hanged if I see the fun of going any further.

And so on to the summit.

In order to assist you in reaching your lofty destination, the mountain-climber will do well to provide himself with an alpenstock of some such encouraging thoughts as the following:—

Imagination will help one a long way up Penmaenmawr (or Snowdon, or any mountain.)

When desperately out of breath, and your friend *won’t* wait for you, imagine you’re somebody going to help a female in distress.

Imagine you’re the Knight with the banner in “*Excelsior!*” (Up to a certain verse—not in the after part, “Lifeless, yet beautiful,” &c.)

Imagine you’re to have a sovereign on arriving at the top.

Imagine you will see *such* a view from the top.

Imagine how sorry you will be afterwards to have been in the neighbourhood and left this undone.

Imagine that the eyes of Europe are on you.

Imagine that you are benefitting Society generally by your individual experience.

Imagine what a lot of good it’s doing you.

Imagine how much better you will feel *after* it!

Imagine how delicious it will be coming down!!

But, if imagination will do so much, the contented mind, which is a continual feast (what a bore that would be, even to an Alderman!), might stay quietly at home, or on the beach, and imagine the whole thing from bottom to top. It’s ten to one, or more, against a view when you arrive at the summit of any place. As to seeing the sun rise—bah!—smoke your cigar, and take your coffee, on the terrace of Penmaenmawr Hotel, and see the moon rise. It’s twice as pretty, and not a quarter the trouble.

Note.—Bring your own Washerwoman. The Welsh *blanchisseuses* are angelic in their visits: few and far between.

Conveyances and Horses.—Of all the miserable moving creatures on four legs I’ve ever seen, the horses which, almost invariably, drag the frys, cars, and ramshackle-any-how traps, are the most pitiful. There are honourable exceptions, and some people can give you good horses, comfortable traps, and decent drivers. *But*—see them first, see the whole turn-out with your own dear eyes before you hire it: *insist on this*.

The Drivers.—More often than not a stupid, pig-headed, dirty, apparently unintelligent, and certainly unintelligible boy, who, it may be, is learning his future business, and picking up English at the tourist’s expense. These boys, whom the tourist will come across, and from whom he will suffer much, seem to be out for a holiday from some local idiot asylum.

Advice.—Never travel without a Welsh conversation-book and a dictionary. If the boy can read (long odds against this), you can show him what you think of him in print; if he can’t read, you must depend upon the excellence of your pantomime for the expression of your feelings. My only complaint of the conversation-books is, that there is no language, or, at all events, *no sentence sufficiently strong* for the occasions which are constantly arising.

More than once I have been out with what his proprietor called “an intelligent boy.” He knew enough English to render him suspicious. He was totally unacquainted with any objects of interest on the route, and it ended by my *pointing them out to him, and showing him their names in the Guide Book*. The artful proprietor had clearly adopted this method of giving the boy a lesson: and I was engaged, at my own expense, to teach the intelligent boy his business.

There was another intelligent boy of the same class. The only sign of intelligence he showed, was, in having a three minutes’ wrangle, in high Welsh, with a toll-bar keeper, when the intelligent boy came off victorious, and we saved sixpence. The leech he gave me after this feat of financial diplomacy was something to remember.

The local guide-book, price one penny—a Penmaenmawr Guide-Book—contains gems which deserve setting. Here are a few:—

“The sea-side is sometimes complained of for its monotony. * * * But in lovely Penmaenmawr the mountain breezes whisper to the sea, and the sunlit sea smiles back upon the mountain, except at intervals, when the smile is exchanged for a song, and perhaps that song—“What do you think? No one will guess—“a thunder.”

The tourist will very often hear the “whispering of the mountain breezes to the sea,” and will wonder what the shouting must be like.

Again: "To the tourist who likes to settle for his month where he can find, though not the excitements of artificial existence, yet a little social comfort"—not much, you'll observe—"combined with every facility for sea-bathing. * * * Liverpool beckons him (the tourist) to its social wonders"—(who, or what, is a social wonder? However, there seem to be a lot of them in Liverpool, according to this guide-book)—"Snowdon beckons him (the tourist again) to its awful solitudes"—crowds are making the ascent every day during the season, and dirty little boys offering to "take y'up top o' Snowdon, Sir, for one-and-eightpence"—by the way, a good service would be done by taking a few of these young rascals up to one of these "awful solitudes," and then and there punching their heads—"the sea beckons him to its glad voyaging"—which depends upon what sort of a sailor the tourist may be; but, after all, it only "beckons him," so he needn't go unless he likes. Should the talented writer correct a new edition, I would suggest that it should be "the sea" which "beckons to its awful solitudes"—for "awful solitudes" would be a beautiful description of the bathing-machines.

Talking of the cliffs of Penmaenmawr, the guide-book says: "The sea-eagle till lately made them its favourite abode." The sea-eagle has probably by this time found it more profitable to let it out in lodgings. Perhaps MR. GLADSTONE has taken it.

Of one mode of ascending to the Penmaenmawr quarries—"The empty trucks returning up the mountain may afford the tourist, if he have a good head, a swinging and giddy seat"—but he doesn't go up sitting on his head—which may serve, on this or some later occasion, to save him the fatigue of the climb, and to produce a novel sensation"—rather!

Describing with poetic fervour the view from the summit of Penmaenmawr, the guide tells us what is to be seen: "Bridges, tubes, towns, plains, and valleys—right around to the moors and mountains of Cumberland. * * * The high grounds of the Isle of Man, and the Hill of Howth in Ireland, with—last but not least to the observant eye"—evidently the writer's own is here intended—"those vast and varied tracts of sea surface * * * here the waters hushed in calm, there ruffled by a breeze: one broad belt rejoicing in the sun's salute; another, and more distant, lying in deep, inexplicable shadow:—that that part of the sea which was out of the sun's salute should be lying in shadow appears to have considerably puzzled the owner of the observant eye. How he must have tried to reason it out, and have finally decided upon setting it down as "inexplicable." The gifted being of the observant eye must belong to the Dundreary family, and the phenomenon of any place, which is not in the sun, being in the shade, is clearly "one of those things which no fellow can find out."

After the above selections, let no tourist in North Wales forget to purchase a Pennymaenmawr Guide. And so farewell—a long farewell—to all the Joneses; for, alas! the vacation for many of us is an accomplished fact.

ANOTHER CONGRESS.



INMATED and encouraged by the applause bestowed upon the proceedings of the Congress at Brussels by an intelligent European Public, the Members of the International Robbers' Defence Association have recently sent Delegates to a gathering of their Society, held at midnight, near a fashionable London thoroughfare. The following is a brief report of the meeting in question:—

On a resolution moved by MR. WILLIAM SIKES (Delegate for England), seconded by HERR PLÜNDER (Germany), and spoken to by M. CARTOUCHE, of France, M. POPOFF (Russia) was unanimously voted to the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN said that the holding of the Meeting was a concession to Civilisation. The Attacker and the Attacked had both rights and duties, and it was those rights and duties they now proposed to discuss. But first, it was most important that the proceedings of the Association should be kept a profound secret. He trusted to that honour which was said to exist amongst—well, amongst gentlemen who might be styled "conveyancers,"—that no

one present would play the spy. It would be most inconvenient if the Police were to get scent of their doings.

At this point of the proceedings considerable confusion was created by a report that a foreigner had obtained admission to the Meeting under false pretences. MR. SIKES insisted that the intruder, having no right to be there, should at once be removed.

The CHAIRMAN. The question is very easily decided. Now, Sir, (addressing the person who had created the confusion,) you must pardon my apparent rudeness, but are you—in point of fact—a thief?

The PERSON.—Certainly I am. I should not be here if I were not. The CHAIRMAN.—We are obliged to be very careful. Will you be kind enough to mention the branch of our profession to which you belong?

The PERSON.—Certainly. I am the proprietor of the Swindle Railway Refreshment Rooms.

The CHAIRMAN.—Your claims to be present are admitted. You can remain and take part in the proceedings.

MR. SIKES wished it to be clearly understood that he could not discuss any question affecting the steamboat traffic. He contended that he had a perfect right to search the pockets of every passenger he might find afloat or below the funnel.

The CHAIRMAN explained that naval subjects would be rigidly excluded from discussion. He had several suggestions to make. The first matter they had to consider was the right of the Attacked to call in the aid of the Police. For his part, he had no objection to making this concession. In England the rights of the Attacker would scarcely be even threatened, as the Police in that country were generally obligingly invisible in cases of emergency.

M. CARTOUCHE thought that the permission should certainly be granted in cases where one thief was attacked by another. He himself knew an instance, of recent occurrence, in which a great big bully had been able to plunder one of the cleverest and most successful robbers of his large acquaintance.

The CHAIRMAN called M. CARTOUCHE to order. At a Meeting held to regulate the rules of assault and battery, Civilisation demanded that only the most exalted language should be used.

HERR PLÜNDER thought the attacked should be garrotted if he made any sort of defence. It was for the good of society that a robbery should be accomplished with as little confusion as possible. He contended that the Attacked should be forced to give plans of the houses of all his relatives, showing how they (the houses) might be most easily entered, and their contents put under "requisition."

MR. VAN ROBERMAN (Holland) could not agree with the last speaker in every particular. He saw no reason why the Attacked should object to giving information involving the ruin of his friends and neighbours, but it was quite another thing that he should be bound to offer no personal resistance in defence of his own property.

M. VOLEUR (Belgium) complained that it would be very hard indeed if the drawing-room windows of the house of the Attacked were removed by an Attacker wishing to gain admittance.

HERR PLÜNDER did not see how the proceedings complained of could be avoided if the Attacked refused to open the doors of his mansion to the Attacker.

After some further discussion, the provisional sanction of most of the Delegates present was obtained to a code of rules said to be very favourable to the Attacked, and a vote of thanks was passed to M. POPOFF for his conciliatory and courteous conduct in the Chair.

The gathering was then about to disperse, when a solitary passenger was seen to be approaching the spot upon which the Meeting had just been held. He was allowed to advance within a few yards' distance of the Chairman, when (at a signal from one of the Delegates) he was surrounded, gagged, and robbed.

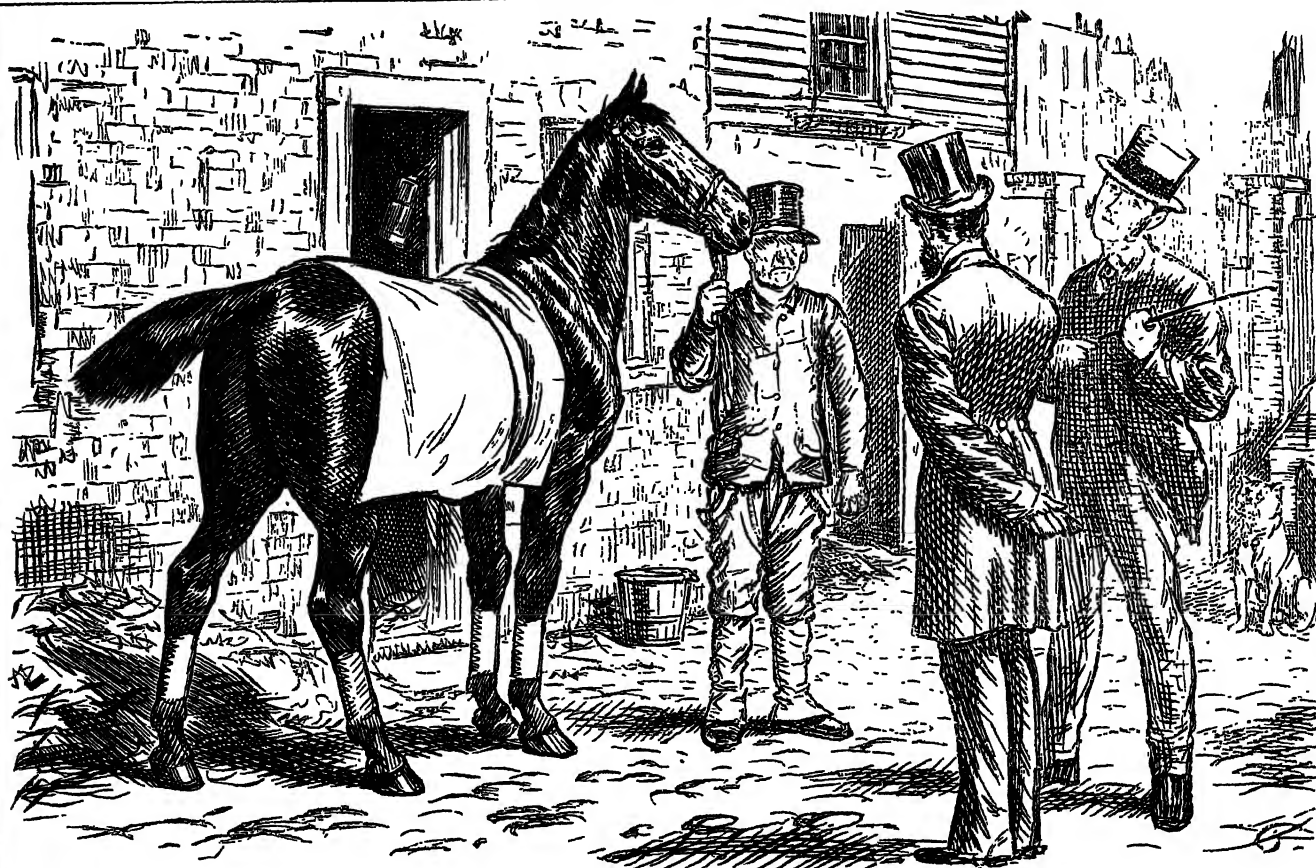
It has since been ascertained that the rules that had just been sanctioned relative to the rights and duties of the Attacker and Attacked were not strictly observed on this occasion.

Notoriety in New York.

THE alleged scandal of gross immorality imputed to a popular preacher at New York has been decided by a Committee of Inquiry to have no foundation. The Reverend Gentleman is, of course, to be congratulated on this result. But, on the other hand, it should be considered that his income is derived from pew-rents, and that if the accusation brought against him had been found to be true, and he had gone on preaching nevertheless, his chapel would have been crammed to suffocation every Sunday.

GLEE FOR ASTONISHED SPORTSMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—"A grouse! a grouse! yea! my merry, merry men!"

A WELCOME "BORE" (when it comes).—The Channel Tunnel.



"ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM!"

Dealer. "I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIS 'EAD, AND I ALLOW HE AIN'T GOT A PURTY 'EAD; BUT LOR'—NOW LOOK AT GLADSTONE, THE CLEVEREST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!—AND LOOK AT 'IS 'EAD' !!!

PILGRIMS, NOW AND THEN!

In the days when of yore Pilgrims took up their staves
To ask intercession of Saints in their graves,
When they sailed the salt seas with no steamers to aid,
And walked the rough roads, before railways were laid;
When Holy Land journeys were made without COOKS,
When mankind had no MURRAYS and hands had no books,
When the robber kept highway instead of hotel,
And his prey bled in purse, and in person as well;
When a Pilgrim who forth to The Sepulchre fared,
Ten to one, on the way found his own grave prepared;
When he faced thirst and hunger with scant scrip and cruise,
And for hard walking need put no peas in his shoes;
For the pious to go on a pilgrimage meant
More than rattling by railway through Sussex or Kent,
To Newhaven or Dover pier-gangway, and then
Your accounts with old Neptune arranging like men;
With a scramble ashore, run to Paris by rail,
Through buffet-extortionists, out of Church pale,
With six in a carriage, and noddles that swim
'Twixt sea-sickness and sentiment, guide-book and hymn.
All this, and the squeeze at the Station du Nord—
For Pilgrims' "bagages" must be searched, though a bore—
And the bother for bed-rooms, and struggling for chairs,
In Not' Dame Des Victoires, for the pilgrimage prayers.
Then more rail to St. Florentin, and that hot drag
A la fin to Pontigny, with banner and flag,
And the pealing of chaunts, hymns, and litanies long—
(For the weaker our ranks, the more need come it strong)—
All this makes a hardish excursion, I see—
But a pilgrimage—such as the thing used to be!
Allow for sea-sickness, hotel-bills and all,
And gammon and spinach the business I call.

And just as your pilgrimage, smoothly railed o'er,
To that which the Pilgrim encountered of yore,
Is the faith that prompts *you*, to the faith that urged *him*:
His as child-like and clear, as yours doubtful and dim.

If blindly he followed the best guides he knew,
There was no one to show him his guides were blind too:
He did not from light turn, deliberate, away,
Nor read Reason's guide-post, and then go astray.

He *believed* Priests could pardon, and Popes could condemn;
That Rome's Keys hung from Heaven, and that Crowns hung
from them;

That the Church kept the toll-gate betwixt God and Man—
Which without the Pope's ticket let those clear that can!

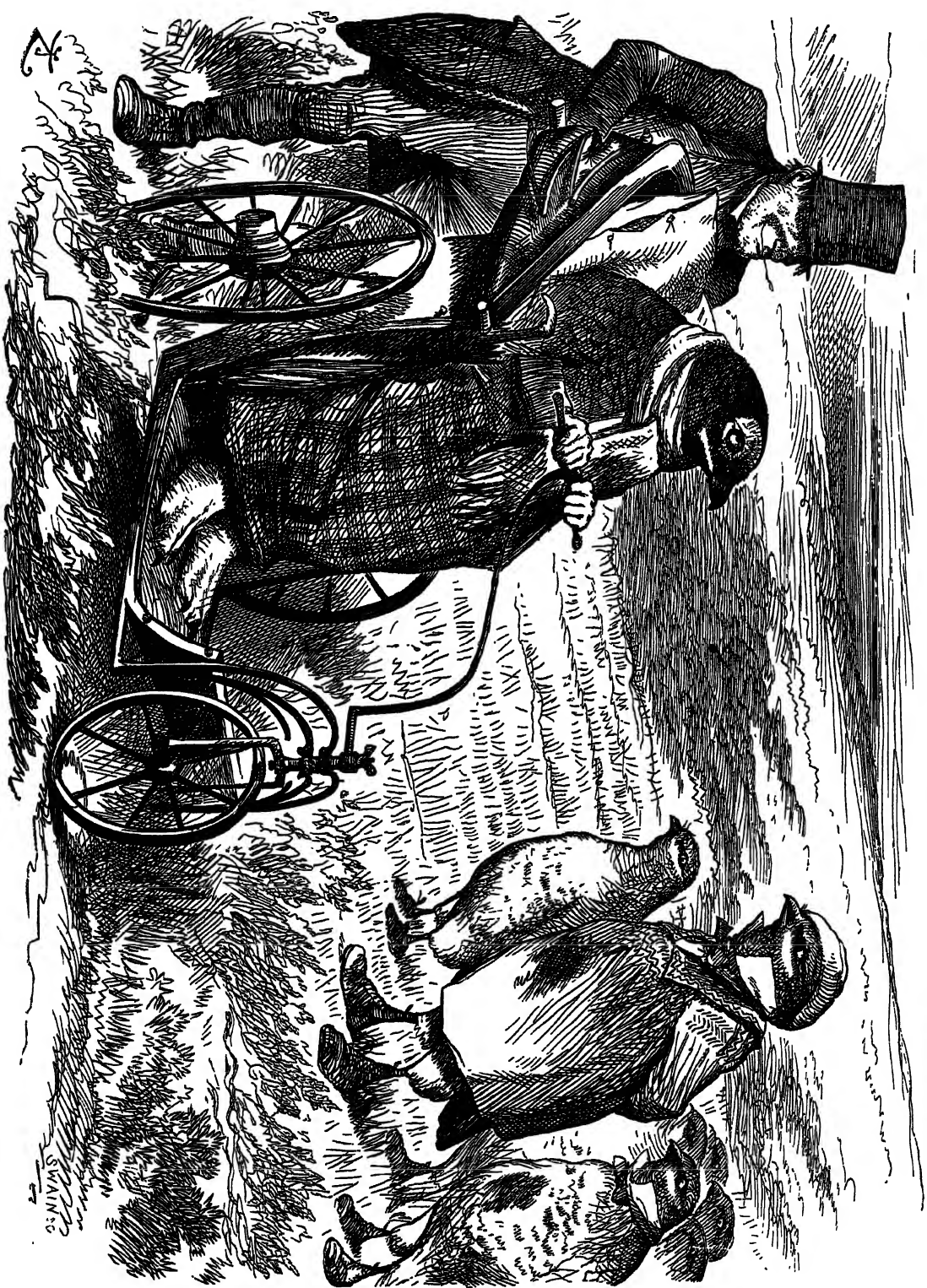
So a Pilgrim he went where the Church bade him go,
To buy the indulgence the Church could bestow,
By payment of money, and masses, and toil,
To wash moral blackamoors white of their soil.

But *you*—is it kinder or harsher to deem
Your belief a belief, or the dream of a dream?
'Tis a sore task for Charity's self to conceive
That what you profess to believe you believe.

Yet Charity holds 'tis in earnest you call
On all who'd be saved to your fetish to fall;
That some of you go to the Pontigny grave
In good faith that its bones have some magic to save;

Strange as it may seem, in these days you hold true
That another man's good works can, somehow, help *you*:
That the savour diffused by their prayers that are gone
Breathes up in a blessing from shrine and from stone!

Well—in days when faith scarce goes beyond gold and beef,
'Tis cruel to quarrel with too much belief—
In all things well intended some good there may be—
In a pilgrimage even, St. Edmund, to thee.



“SICK AND (NOT) SORRY.”

MISSEB GROUSE. “UNUSUALLY EARLY HARVEST THIS YEAR, FRIEND PARTRIDGE! NICE BARE STUBBLES! BAD LOOK-OUT FOR YOU AND THE YOUNG UNS, THOUGH, I’M AFRAID! WE’RE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW!—WE’VE GOT A TWELVEMONETH’S SICK LEAVE!!!”

A LIFE BY THE OCEAN WAVE.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,

WHILE you are chained as usual to your editorial desk, busily slaving to amuse and to improve mankind in general, I am lounging idly, free as air, at the sea-side, doing nothing in the world but trying to amuse myself and to improve my appetite. Yet further to excite your envy by contrasting our positions, I may add that I have been a month here by the beach, and have neither seen a flea, nor heard a banjo or a barrel-organ.

Where is this Earthly Paradise? you will be tempted to inquire; but its whereabouts wild dromedaries never shall drag out of me. No, thank

you: there is now no verdure in my eye. I am not one of those foolish, feeble-minded folk, who, when they find a pleasant place, sit down to advertise its merits. I remember once discovering a nook upon a river, where I was feasted like a fighting-cock for half-a-crown a day, and where big fish could be caught as readily as blue-bottles. In a weak moment I took thither a garrulous companion, and he, like a great gander, wrote a letter to a newspaper, and told where in the world lay this paradise for fishers. Next season, when I went, the banks were bristling with rods, and, instead of living grandly upon half-a-crown a day, I could scarce get bread and cheese for less than half-a-sovereign.

Be content then if I say that I am somewhere by the sea, and not on your side of the Channel. I love my country like a Briton for ten months in the year, but for the other two I am rejoiced to get away from it. And here, where I am now, I see nothing to remind me of the home I left behind me. I doubt if there be even a doormat in the place, and I have stayed here a whole month without seeing a salt-spoon. If an Englishman *could* grumble, it might be at the absence of such luxuries as these: but if he lives abroad, he very soon discovers that they are not vital necessities. Even without a salt-spoon, I manage somehow to exist on two good meals a day, and I pay four shillings daily for about a dozen dishes. I find this far more pleasant to my palate and my purse, than staying in some stuffy sea-side lodgings nearer home, where one has to waste one's appetite on banquets of cold mutton wellnigh every other day, with the addition of a pudding; excepting upon Sundays.

Though I am not by any means a Sentimental Journeyman, I must echo the opinion that some things in the world are better managed out of England. I readily admit that BRITANNIA rules the waves, but I do not admire the rules she makes for men who venture into them. The young lady who blushed to hear the naked truth, might see the bathing here without a change of colour. The Tritons and sea-nymphs are all decently apparelled, and their gambols in the water are certainly amusing. Instead of simply standing in a ring, and bobbing up and down like the sea-nymphs on our shores, here the fair aquatic acrobats can generally swim, and one might call them little ducks, for their prowess in the water.

But there are other things to do here besides watching the bathers, though this is, after all, the most popular of pastimes. There is the never-ending pleasure of looking at the sea, and seeing its clear green change into deep purple under every passing cloud; and, when the wind begins to rise, of hearing the big breakers thunder foaming on the beach. Then there are delightful bracing climbs upon the cliffs, where the sea-mews whirl and scream, and the larks are still in song, and where the sportsman pricks his ears up at the whirring of the partridge, or the twit-twit of the quail. Or, for those who like it, there is the excitement of standing in wet seaweed at low tide among the rocks, and holding a long rod out in the hope of a bite. Moreover, those who like to taste a slice of Paris by the sea, may sip their mazagran or absinthe, and play their dominoes or trio-trac, and their billiards or écarté, close beside the beach. Once a week too here, a little after midday, the children have a ball, and belles of seven flirt coquettishly with cavaliers of six. Partners more mature enjoy a "dancing evening" wellnigh every other night; and yet further to amuse us, the ball-room is betweenwhiles turned into a theatre, where the acting is far better than on many a larger stage.

I cry then "*au revoir*" as I pack up my portmanteau, and pre-

pare myself regretfully to quit this pleasant place. It is not often in his life that an Englishman can hope to come home from his holiday without some grievance on his mind to grumble and to growl about: and, having passed a month abroad free from this mental raw, I feel impelled by gratitude to advertise the fact; but nothing more—not a particular as to the whereabouts of this marine paradise, from your own

VAGABUNDUS.

Bainville-sur-Mer, Thursday, Sept. 3rd, 1874.

P.S.—The date is right enough, but I've invented the address: and I send this under cover, lest you should see the postmark.

ADVERTISING OFFENCES.



LY where you will, your eye is assailed and wearied with an endless repetition of glaring advertisements and pictorial puffs. Of these last some are real nuisances. For example:—

Full-length figures of popular polyphonists and mimics in female costumes.

Portraits of the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUKE OF EDINBURGH holding umbrellas, or exhibiting themselves as the wearers of some newly-devised garment. The offence is often aggravated by conjunction with vulgarly-treated likenesses of their

Royal Highnesses' Consorts, represented as partners in their imbecility.

Similar portraits in tailors' shop-windows of the KING OF PRUSSIA, PRINCE BISMARCK, MR. DISRAELI, MR. GLADSTONE, and other celebrities, fashionably attired, thus serving as it were the purpose of dummies to set off MR. SNIP's specialities in the way of coats and pantaloons. Old heads and faces are set upon youthful figures of exaggerated symmetry, with model legs, the shapely feet encased in shiny boots; and princes and statesmen are represented as posing themselves or swaggering like "gents."

A picture of an elderly noodle in a blue coat with brass buttons, a frilled shirt front, buff breeches, and top-boots, sitting in absurd relation to some big leaves, and calling attention to a leaven.

A monster vignette of a pudding-headed buffoon with a bloated face, thick lips, and a wide grinning mouth, placarded outside music-halls.

Ditto of a square-visaged, massive-jawed old man, with a firm-set mouth and glowering eyes, the alleged inventor of a quack anodyne, and evidently capable of any atrocity.

A fat and flaccid Turk with a fish on a fork—the puff of somebody's something pickles.

A monstrous and meretricious female brushing an impossible head of hair, the poster for some diabolical hair-dye.

The foregoing are a few examples out of many. Do they not constitute a case for the appointment of an Officer in connection with the Board of Works, empowered to superintend illustrated advertisements, and prohibit all such as are public eye-sores?

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE STEAM-WHISTLE.

THE Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts suggest that, to lessen the annoyance caused by the ear-piercing railway-whistle, electric signals and a bell with flagmen at level crossings should be substituted for it, except in the management of freight trains and for warning of danger. Could not a steam-trumpet be exchanged for the steam-whistle, and a silvery sound replace the iron shriek? In these days of mechanism it seems not too much to suggest that a steam-trumpeter might be constructed as well, and made to play a variety of tunes for signals, so as to delight the ears of passengers instead of torturing them. This would be a triumph of steam, which, if possible in itself, would doubtless tax not at all too highly either the resources or the liberality of Railway Companies, to whom the proposed substitute for the steam-whistle would be, in a pecuniary sense, the merest whistle after all.



NOT IN THE GUARDS.

Lieutenant Heaviswell, H.M.S. "Flirt" (one of the Channel Fleet anchored off Inverness), has escorted a Lady to the Train.

Excited Caledonian. "HERE, GAIRD! HEY, MAN, WHIT ARE YE PITTEN' AFF YERE TIME THERE FOR? SHOW ME THURD CLASS, AN' LOOK SHAIRP!"

A ROMAN REGATTA.

(Times, September 4th.)

A REAL Regatta on Tiber!
What would HORATIUS say—
Lively lyric describer
In his Augustan day?
Up the old yellow river
Outriggers swiftly go;
And Roman oar-blades quiver,
In honour of SEARLE and LOW!

HORACE his Sapphics could scribble*
To LYDIA, naughty and sweet,
Who made a regular fribble
Of SYBARIS, quondam athlete:
Poet and lovers from Hades
Would we could but invoke,
To see the Roman ladies
Cheer SYBARIS pulling stroke.

Wake up, old Rome, to the struggle
Of man with his fellow-men!
Laugh at the priestly juggle
And the plots of the Jesuit den.
To the field of CINCINNATUS†
The English crowd to see;
And Young Rome is proud to fête us
In a race pulled manfully!

Well, the lesson we have taught you,
Like men to tug at the oar,
Is a better gift to have brought you
Than that we owe your shore.
Out of Rome to do like the Romans,
Like monkeys at monks to play,
Is too oft English man's and woman's
Lesson from Rome to-day!

* Carmen i. 8.

† The Torre de Quinto, said to take its name from the old Dictator.

SAINTS IN SEPTEMBER.

FREQUENT showers of rain on the First of September, in places, somewhat impeded the sport of partridge-shooting. St. Partridge appears to have shared his day with St. Swithin.

"PASSING THROUGH!"

A Tragedy in Two Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BROWN, a Briton. *Costume, the lightest of tourist suits.*

JONES, another Briton. *Costume, the dress of a bonâ fide traveller.*

SCENE—Regent Street. TIME—September, 1874.

PART I.—September 1st. Enter BROWN (R), JONES (L).

Brown. Ah, JONES, well met! How are you?

Jones. How are you? You in Town?

Brown (regardless of the truth). No, I am not in Town. I am merely passing through. I leave by the twelve o'clock boat for Antwerp. I am fond of the sea passage. To-morrow I shall be at Brussels; the day after at Cologne. But what are you doing in Town?

Jones (equally regardless of the truth). I am not. Merely passing through. I am just going to catch the train for Paris, en route for Switzerland.

Brown. Well, good-bye. Bon voyage!

Jones. Bon voyage!

[They shake hands warmly, and then exeunt hurriedly, JONES (R), BROWN (L).]

PART II.—September 3rd. Enter BROWN (R), JONES (L).

Brown. JONES!

Jones. BROWN!

Brown (aside). I must dissemble. (Aloud.) By the way, I missed my boat the other day.

Jones. And I my train!

Brown. Good bye, JONES. (Aside.) We shall never meet again! He will tell this story at all his Clubs.

Jones. Good bye, BROWN, (aside) for ever! He has me in his power!

[Exeunt (R and L) gloomily.]

SHOTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Good Shot.—If during the early part of this month you call on several people whom you ought to have visited long ago. Safe to be away; or the servant will have to say "the family's out of Town, Sir."

Bad Shot.—When your new servant shows in a tradesman with his little account, and says afterwards, "Please, Sir, I thought it was your huncle as you petikillily wanted to see." Very bad shot this—of the servant's.

Good Shot.—When hungry (but economical), to call in at any family residence about one o'clock.

Bad Shot.—To guess any lady's age exactly.

Good Shot.—To tell a gentleman, who has just said "Bedad then I was in the Phaynix, and a dhirty spalpeen," &c., that "you would never have imagined him to be an Irishman."

Bad Shot.—To mistake a DE MONTMORENCI for a SMUGGINS, and call him heartily by the latter name.

Good Shot (for an invitation).—To say to the lady of the house that "You never saw such lovely children as hers. The air of your place must be very healthy, for I really never saw," &c.

Bad Shot.—To say to a chance acquaintance confidentially, "Of all the hideous women I ever saw," &c., and to find out afterwards that the lady in question was his wife.

Good Shot.—To write to a friend at his shooting-box, taking care to write your own address legibly.

Bad Shot.—To say to your neighbour at a dinner-party, "How any one can like those horridly vulgar daubs of MAULSTICKS!" and then to find you've been talking to the great MAULSTICK himself.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE (between Husband and Wife).—
"Shall we have a new Carpet?"



THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Mrs. M-l-pr-p. "THE FACT IS, MY LOVE, THAT THESE TERRIBLE COLLUSIONS WOULD NEVER OCCUR IF THE TRAINS WAS ONLY MORE PUNCTILIOUS!"

A PILGRIM ON HIS PATH.

SENSATION has been excited by the subjoined announcement in a report of the Pontigny Pilgrimage:—

"It may be worth while to notice that last night, in his sermon to the Pilgrims assembled in full force at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, MONSIGNOR PATTERSON informed his hearers that he had received a letter from 'a very high dignitary of the Anglican Establishment,' conveying his warm sympathy and good wishes for their undertaking."

Who could this have been? DR. PUSEY is not a dignitary of the Anglican Establishment at all; ARCHDEACON DENISON is not a very high one. Therefore, the letter received by MONSIGNOR PATTERSON cannot indicate that either ARCHDEACON DENISON or DR. PUSEY is about to follow MONSIGNOR PATTERSON. MONSIGNOR PATTERSON was a Clergyman of the Church of England. He became convinced of the tenets avowed by the Ritualists, and he kept a conscience. So, no doubt, does MONSIGNOR PATTERSON's correspondent. His heart was with the Pilgrims on their way to Pontigny, and he did not actually join them of course only because he was just then on the point of going over to Rome. If he has not gone it's a pity, and the sooner he goes the better.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

TRAMPS in the Tyrol, in one volume, by the author of *A Peep at the Pyrenees*, will set the aliterative titles going again for seasonable books. The word Tramp and the name Tyrol evidently set in action the magnificent mental powers of the Peeper at the Pyrenees. It was an inspiration. Perhaps he has a series:—

Bounds in Bohemia. Back from Bavaria. Safe to Siam. Walks in Wales. Ventures in Venice. Off to Olyhead. By a Cockney. 'Ints for Italy. By the same. Hops in Hampshire. Looks at Livonia. Pops in Pennsylvania (a sporting work). Dances in Devonshire. Going it in Göttingen. Runs in Rutlandshire. Exercise at Eamore. Yesterday in York. Zum One in Zummerzetshire. All with methodical maps and properly prepared pans, &c., &c.

SPIRITUALIST MOTTO.—"In medio tutissimus."

THE BEST TERMS POSSIBLE!

THE confidence of the holders of Spanish Bonds having been shaken by recent events, it is expected that the following circular will be issued by the Authorities at Madrid in the course of the next few days:—

*Finance Department, Madrid,
September, 1874.*

In future the Rate of Interest on Spanish Bonds will be 500 per cent., payable quarterly at Madrid.

The Bondholders will be merely required to come to Madrid in person to receive their money.

It is the general wish of the Recently-recognised Government that the Bondholders may receive the interest due to them. This official statement should be a source of great satisfaction to the generous capitalists to whom Spain is indebted.

The very best security will be given for the payment of the greater portion of the loan—namely, the solemn word of honour of every Spanish Nobleman.

As security for the remainder of the loan, the Spanish Regalia will be deposited in the Bank of England.

It has been considered advisable by the Recently-recognised Government that the Regalia should be returned to Madrid shortly before the completion of every quarter, so that the Jewels may be properly cleaned by Spanish goldsmiths.

To prevent seizure by the Carlists, the time when the Regalia will be removed from the Bank of England will be kept a profound secret from the Bondholders.

It is hoped that these extravagantly generous terms will be properly appreciated by the capitalists of Europe in general, and by the British Public in particular.

By Order of the Recently-recognised Government,
(Signed) DON JERIMIO DYDDLEO,
Minister of Spanish Finance.

THE INDULGENCE MODERN PILGRIMS GO FOR.—Self-indulgence.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE FOR SEPTEMBER.

(Not from the Morning Post.)

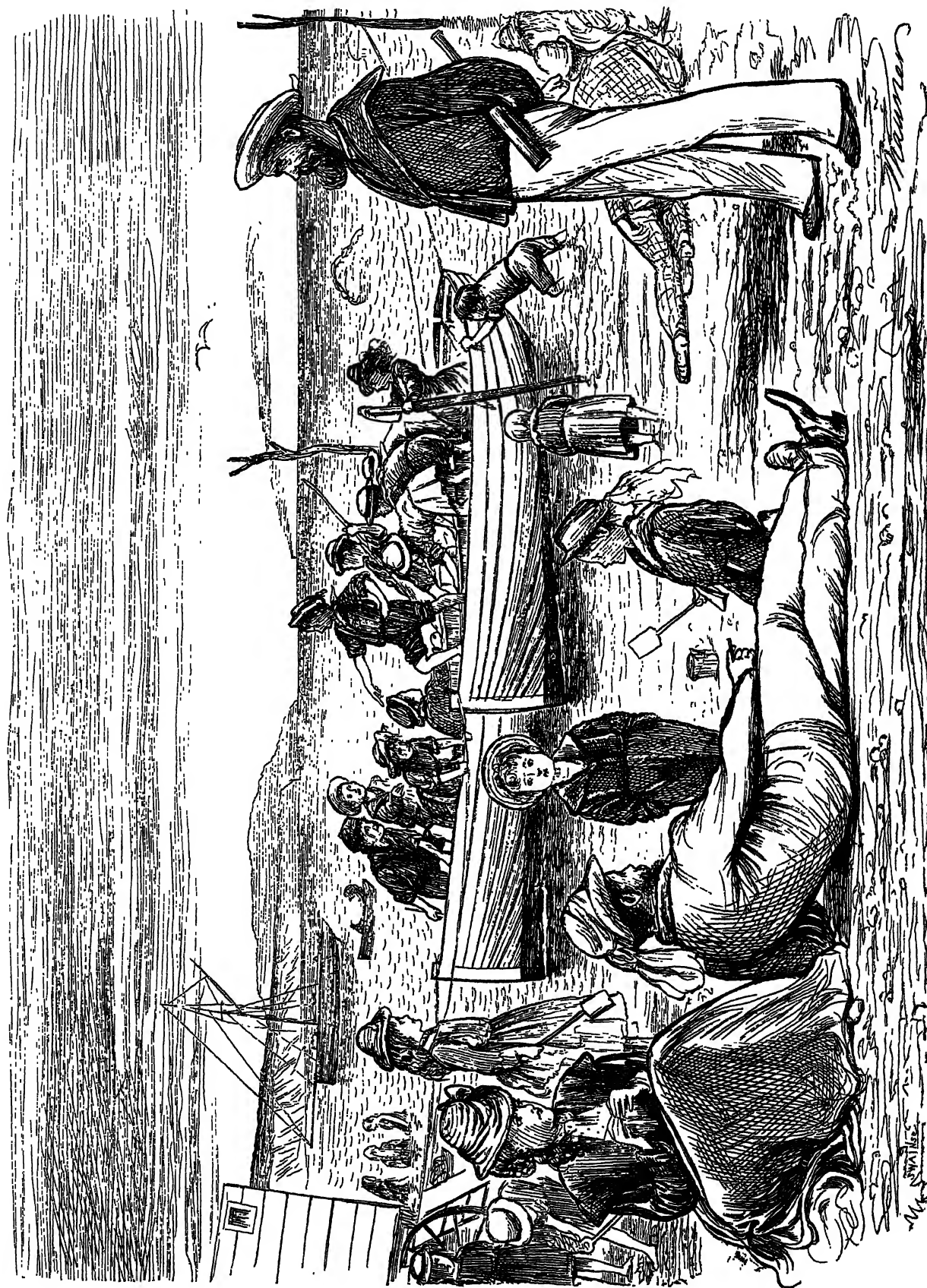
MR. BROWN, having returned from Margate, has been daily receiving a large number of guests at his noted restaurant in the City.

MR. SMITH JUNIOR, of Chelsea, came of age, on the 3rd instant. An elegant breakfast, consisting of tea and bread-and-butter, was served at 8.30 A.M. in the back parlour of the residence of MR. SMITH SENIOR, the well-known cheesemonger, to which a select circle of the family were invited. Amongst those present were noticed MR. and MRS. SMITH SENIOR, MISS SMITH, MISS JEMIMA SMITH, MR. JOHN JONES (the Business Assistant of MR. SMITH SENIOR), and MASTER TOMMY SMITH. There was no toast. In the afternoon MR. SMITH JUNIOR received a printed address from the Judge of the County Court. It was delivered to him by MR. GRIP (an Officer in the service of the Sheriff of Middlesex), who seized the opportunity to congratulate MR. SMITH JUNIOR upon his having attained his legal majority. MR. SMITH SENIOR, who was present at the ceremony, expressed his satisfaction at the result of the interview. The Birthday Rejoicings were of so orderly a character that it was found quite unnecessary to increase the number of Police on duty in Chelsea.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, having been furnished with a letter of introduction by a Metropolitan Police Magistrate, has been staying for the last seven days on a visit at the residence of the Governor of the House of Detention.

On Sunday morning last, MR. DIDDLE, the well-known speculator, was married to MRS. SUSAN POTTS, the widow of a wealthy perambulating pieman. Later in the day a lady, who claimed (so it was understood) to be a wife of MR. DIDDLE of some years' standing, joined the wedding-party, which shortly afterwards separated, not altogether without confusion.

MOTTO FOR THE HIGHLANDS.—"The rain it raineth every day."



PEACE AND WAR.

LA FOLIE MUSICALE.

"Music at night,
Kept in bounds, is delight.
But Music next door
All day is a bore."



"Music hath charms"—and Music has harms—
There she goes, with that BACH *preludio*!
And for means of delight—turned to woe and despite,
Give me music played from morning to night
Next door to an Artist's studio.

That studio I chose, above all, for repose,
After months of deliberate dodging
Through advertisements, agencies, search on the spot,
Till at last I thought I had really got
A model Artist's lodging.

It stood well back, in a *cul-de-sac*,
Away from the thoroughfare's hubbub ;
From the *Punch* Office, Fleet Street, not too far,
Yet in what my Landlady, dropping the "R,"
Persisted in calling a "subhub."

Cats shirked the road, which had been the abode
Of a line of grimalkin-slayers ;
And a local Babbage, who waged fierce war
With the street-music nuisance, had banished afar
The curse of organ-players.

At the public near they don't salt their beer,
Nor with grains of paradise devil it :
We've a buttermilk who is farmer too,
So in butter not lard, milk not sky-blue,
And eggs not shop, I reveal it.

My Landlady's nice, not too pert nor precise,
Nor too ringletty, nor too cappy :
Neither tithes my mutton nor tolls my tea,
"And yet," like *TOOLE*'s my lament must be,
"And yet, I am not happy !"

Though my windows look on a pleasant nook
Of an old-fashioned garden, shady,
I little thought, when the lodgings I took,
That for next-door neighbour I had to brook
A musical young lady !

She is fair to the eye, as I happened to spy,
While about the lodgings inquiring ;
And, alas, I judged by the eye, not the ear,
And thought to have such a nice girl so near
To my work would prove rather inspiring.

I little thought what I'd have to go through,
With her constant thumping and thrumming—
Her scales and her shakes, her *andantes*, *arpeggios*,
And, as if *they* were not enough, her *solfeggios*,
Upon the top of her strumming !

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young"—
Sings *COLLINS* (see *Ode to the Passions*) ;
But no musical maid can be heavenly, I swear,
Though never so young, and never so fair,
And never so up to the fashions,

If from morn to eve scarce an hour she'll leave
This practice that drives me frantic :
Be she never so lovely the thought will prevail
That she's bound to end in a scaly tail,
With a horn for head-dress antic.

But my only revenge, as I sit at my block—
A revenge of the Artist's sort—is
To draw this page-out, in hopes it may knock
At my fair *Folie musicale*'s heart, and shock
Some *piano* into her *fortes* !

A SANGUINE IDEA.

WE often hear talk of "people with expectations." It must have been one of these who inserted the following hopeful request in the *Evening Standard* :—

WILL a rich MAIDEN LADY NAME after her a LITTLE GIRL, just born ; is very pretty and highly respectable.—Address, &c., &c.

Anybody capable of expecting that a rich maiden lady will "give her name"—that is, of course, stand godmother, and give something besides her name, to a little girl just born, of whose parentage she can know nothing, however pretty and respectable a little girl just born may be—must be in the habit of expecting a great deal. The person who can expect possibly to induce even a maiden lady, however old and however odd, to perform an act of motiveless benignity must have a temperament more sanguine than *Mr. Micawber*'s own. But few, probably, of that person's expectations have ever been fulfilled.

MORE IMPORTANT.

A RITUALISTIC Clergyman announces that he is certain of the "Orders" of the Church of England, to which he says he has paid great attention. It is its dis-orders that occupy the attention of most people who care anything about the matter.

NO NONSENSE !



THE Press and the Public not sufficiently appreciating the benefits they owe to the Railway Companies, the following "Bye Laws" will be put in force as early as possible.

1. Directors shall be offered Peerages upon their election to the Board by the Government for the time being. Chairmen of Directors shall, *ex officio*, be Members of the Cabinet.

2. Secretaries and Traffic Managers to Railway Companies shall (when the honour is acceptable to them) be created Baronets of the

United Kingdom. The Government for the time being will be further required to find seats in Parliament for these gentlemen, without making any charge for canvassing or election.

3. The Press will in future be under the control of the Secretaries, who will require every Editor of a London paper to attend at the Offices of the Company daily to receive instructions. Editors of Country papers will report themselves from time to time at the Railway Stations nearest to the offices at which their journals are published.

4. An Editor of a journal refusing to insert a "communicated" article, emanating from the Secretary to a Railway Company, will be liable to a Fine not exceeding £500, and not less than £450, for a first offence, and an Imprisonment of not less than five years' penal servitude for every further offence.

5. The *London Gazette* will be incorporated with *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and the Editor of the last-mentioned periodical will be created a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Member of the Privy Council.

6. The Block System will be abolished, and in future Lamps will not be used at the signal stations after five P.M. in the summer, and four P.M. in the winter.

7. Relatives of Passengers killed in railway accidents will be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

8. Passengers seriously injured in railway accidents will be required to recoup the Company on whose line the accident has taken place for any expense that may have to be incurred in mending the damaged engine and carriages, and restoring the permanent way to its normal condition.

9. Passengers travelling by a train that arrives at a Station more than five minutes after its advertised time will be liable to a term of Imprisonment calculated with a regard to the magnitude of the offence they have committed.

10. A limited number of Victoria Crosses shall be at the disposal of the Railway Companies, for distribution amongst the engine-drivers, stokers, and guards of trains arriving safely at a terminus. A train shall be said to have arrived in safety if, during a journey of five miles, it escapes an accident of serious importance.

11. The Government for the time being will (when required) order Officers of the Army and the Militia to act as officials on the loop lines. Lords Lieutenant of Counties will also be good enough to make arrangements that the services of Field Officers of Volunteers may be at the disposal of the Railway Companies during the excursion season.

12. The Government will pay a "Passenger Duty" to the Railway Companies, calculated at the rate of twenty shillings a mile for every first-class passenger, ten shillings a mile for every second-class passenger, and one farthing for every journey (exceeding fifty miles) for every third-class passenger.

13. In future, Great Britain and Ireland will be known as the Kingdom of Railwaymania.

N.B.—Any person objecting to the above carefully-considered Regulations, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Law on the charge of High Treason.

JEAMES REDIVIVUS.

"MY DEAR SIR,
I wish you could put this little account of Mine as a Black Evening Coats about the beginning of February in the Duke's bill . . ."

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE.



JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE! are you with us once more, The hero below-stairs *Punch* dealt with of yore? Still ready, 'tis clear, to misspell and to swindle, Yet both of those marvellous faculties dwindle.

Why do you write "Duke," JEAMES, when "Dook" would be right? And how have you got in such pitiful plight That some paltry account, whose amount we don't note, Must be made to appear as a "Black Evening Coate"?

A fellow like you, JEAMES, could ne'er be the man To win the affections of poor MARY HANN: Still less could your luck and your pluck have beguiled The fair HANGELINA, the BARE-ACRES' child.

'Tis the day of the decadence, now, of all things,—
As some one or other eternally sings:
We haven't such Princes or Poets or Peers
As there were in the ancient and chivalrous years.

Our maidens are not what their grandmothers were,
Who used no cosmetics and wore no false hair;
Our youth think that DARWIN and TYNDALL are nice,
And haven't a heart for the duel and dice.

A facile descent! And what must be the end
When JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE makes the tailor his friend?
Disestablish the Sovereign, the "Dook," and the Priest,
But leave us the Great British Footman, at least!

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

It must not be thought that the young woman, who is about to communicate her experiences to our Readers, has anything in common with the heroines whose sorrows and joys have been so charmingly described by MISS THACKERAY and MRS. SARTORIS. Our ELIZABETH is no pale, delicate girl, too timid to assert herself against a scheming Mother, and an iron-willed domestic. Nor is she a Governess, careworn, and weary, with a doubtful *poitrine*, and an indubitable passion for an, as yet, unbeneficed Clergyman. On the contrary, she is sturdy, thickset, and square, with no particular complexion, and with a slight hardness of hearing, and an air of dogged resolution, on sight of which the hearts of MRS. GILMOUR and CLEMENTINE would have failed them utterly. Nor have opportunities been wanting to her for the active display of that which, without offence we will call her "cussedness." A Grandmother, three or four elder Sisters, and a commodity of Maiden Aunts, have perpetually goaded her to madness. "It was their duty, and they did;" and it is to their strong sense of duty, on the vexed questions of curled chignons and dress-improvers, that we owe her departure from home, and her entrance into the service of the family, by whom she has been taken to "A French Country House." At a first glance it would seem that we must not expect much that is heroic from our ELIZABETH, or hope to see in her the subtle workings of a grand passion; but who shall say that a young British housemaid, who struggles with an unknown tongue, and yearns in vain to comprehend the passionate protestations of a *Voltaire de la troisième légère*, does not feel as keen a heart-pang as ELLY felt when the SIR JOHN, who came to propose was cozened from her door ere he had done his errand. It is time, however, to let ELIZABETH speak for herself. It requires no great effort on our part to remember that, when we were young, our female admirers, of whom we had great plenty, were wont to give us heart-shaped pin-cushions as *gages d'amour*. They were deftly constructed of card, and covered with coloured silk. Rise! little curtain, rise!

and let ELIZABETH show that a heart covered with printed calico may be equally susceptible of pin-pricks.

FRAGMENT THE FIRST.

I'd better begin by putting down the address of the French Country House:—

*Maison à Louer,
Estaminet du Coin,
Pas De Calais.*

When we landed in France, and when our luggage had been cleared, as they call it (though it's a wicked shame to make a muddle of all the things in a young woman's box, and then talk of its having been cleared), I was left behind to see that the Baggages took the luggage safely out to our new house, which is about three miles away from the sea. The Baggages were all women, and I never should have forgot myself so far as to miscall my own sex by giving them such a name, if it had not been printed on a large label which hung to the neck of each of them. It is true that the French spell Baggages in this way, "Bagages"—but that is their one-eyed way of doing things, and I knew better. For I must let you know that I was brought up to be a pupil-teacher, and should have got the place if it wasn't for my deafness, which made the Civil Service Commissioners think that I shouldn't be able to hear the children their lessons. In my present place my deafness doesn't so much matter, for there isn't a great deal of difference between not hearing a bell and not minding it when you do hear it; and as everybody gives me credit for not hearing it, I can please myself about answering it. But, as I've said, I hope I know how to spell Baggages properly, and so in copying the word off the label I have corrected the bad spelling of the French.

As soon as the Baggages had brought our luggage on trucks to our house, which they did at a good round trot that would have astonished a London cab-horse, I looked for the name of the Villa, and I saw written up "*Maison à Louer*."

I asked our eldest daughter, who has gone through all the examinations for the middling classes, what the words meant, and she said that *Maison* meant a house, and that *Louer* meant "to praise," and that taken together, the words meant that the house was a "House to Praise," or to be proud of. Ah! thought I, that's just the way they go on at Brixton, and Clapham, and Pentonville, calling a house "Fairview," where you can only see across the road—or "Brookfields" where there are no fields, and the nearest approach to a brook is the main drainage—or "The Beeches," when the only trees about the place are two rose-bushes and a hollyhock in the front garden. I'm not going to believe, I said, that this is a "House to Praise," merely because they say so. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, I said; and I've found out since with tears and sorrow that, whether it's a pudding or a *boudin*, it's just the same. I shall try if I like the house, I said, and if I do, I'll praise it; but in the meantime, that's its name, and no mistake!

As for the name of the road in which the house stands, it is written on a house which stands hard by at a spot where two roads meet. Why they call our road the "Estaminet de Coin" I don't know, for all the acquaintance I have made since I came here, and especially one whose image can't be banished (for though you may break your idol, you can't get rid of the pieces) have been as poor as poor. The name of our village (Pas de Calais) I copied from the top of a great board which they call an "*Affichage Public*." I asked my master what was printed on the board underneath the name of the village, and he said it was an *Officiouse Avis*, or officious advice from somebody whom he called the "Perfect." "Thank you kindly, Sir," said I, "for telling me that; for now I shan't want to know anything more about it." Having a grandmother and three elder sisters, to say nothing of maiden aunts (who think themselves perfect enough, goodness knows!), I've been very subject to officious advice all my life, and I didn't need to come here by what they call the *mal de mer* (which is the French, you know, for mail-packet) to get any more of it, perfect or not perfect.

But here am I, chattering on, and only at the door, whilst the Baggages are carrying the luggage into the house. The weights they lifted in doing this would quite remove the scales from the eyes of those who think that "woman's weakness is her strength." Said I to myself, when I saw them, "Woman's strength is her weakness," or she wouldn't be so put upon. "Bear and Forbear" is a very good maxim in our country, I said, but it isn't so good here, where the women bear, and the men forbear, I said. For I can assure you there's no spoiling of the women here. Nobody makes dolls of 'em; Nobody makes petted idols of 'em; Nobody forces them to spend their useless lives in idleness; Nobody is jealous of their doing any work. Oh! No! Not at all! They do pretty nearly all the work of the country, and if they could do it all, the men are so kind and so civil that they might have it all for the asking. But what I can't make out is, that in spite of their having their rights in this *noble way*, not one of 'em looks any the better for it.



KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

Maud (who, with Ethel, has just been invited to go for a Cruise in a friend's Yacht). "NOW, THE QUESTION IS, WHOM SHALL WE ASK TO CHAPERONE US?—OLD MRS. BUSBEE, OR OLD MISS MAJORIBANKS?"

Jack (who is to be of the Party). "WHICH IS THE WORST SAILOR?"

Maud. "MRS. BUSBEE."

Jack. "O, THEN ASK HER! FOR THE SOONER SHE GOES DOWN BELOW THE BETTER, YOU KNOW."

DISRAELI ON CIRCUIT.

DISRAELI on Circuit. Let's hope no despatches
His pleasant track follow, to bore him at morn:
For well he deserves the repose that he snatches,
Pausing now in the steep upward path he has worn.

The wonderful dreams of unscrupulous *Vivian*,
The dashing young Duke, who became a *Lothair*:
These sumptuous visions can't rest in oblivion,
As our BENJAMIN talks to the wise and the fair.

We think of him oft, in a library cradled,
Mixing letters with pap in a curious shape,
Then by ROBERTS with sterling divinity laddled,
And choosing the Angel instead of the Ape.

By force mixed with tact he has reached the high summit
Of power in the world, which men strive for in vain;
But he measures the depth far below with a plummet
Of genius, and treats it with quiet disdain.

For he is not ambitious, as men take ambition,
Knowing perfectly well the full power that he wields,
And he likes just to look upon life as a vision,
And the gardens of Dukes as Elysian Fields.

A Premier who saunters and gossips and glitters,
Has an epigram ready for any girl-rose,
Marks the sunset that blushes, the red-breast that twitters,
Deserves, *Punch* declares, his autumnal repose.

For him, while from county to county he's vagrant,
Wherever caprice may incline him to go,
May the claret be sound and the pineapples fragrant,
And the pretty girls Tories from chignon to toe!

Those beauties around him may joyously flutter,
And flirt with him gaily, at pic-nic or lunch,
For there is not a man who can epigrams utter
So easy and radiant—except *Mr. Punch*.

ELIGIBLE TENEMENT.

THERE are—strange to say—Spiritualists who read *Punch*. They may, some of them, be interested by the subjoined advertisement:—

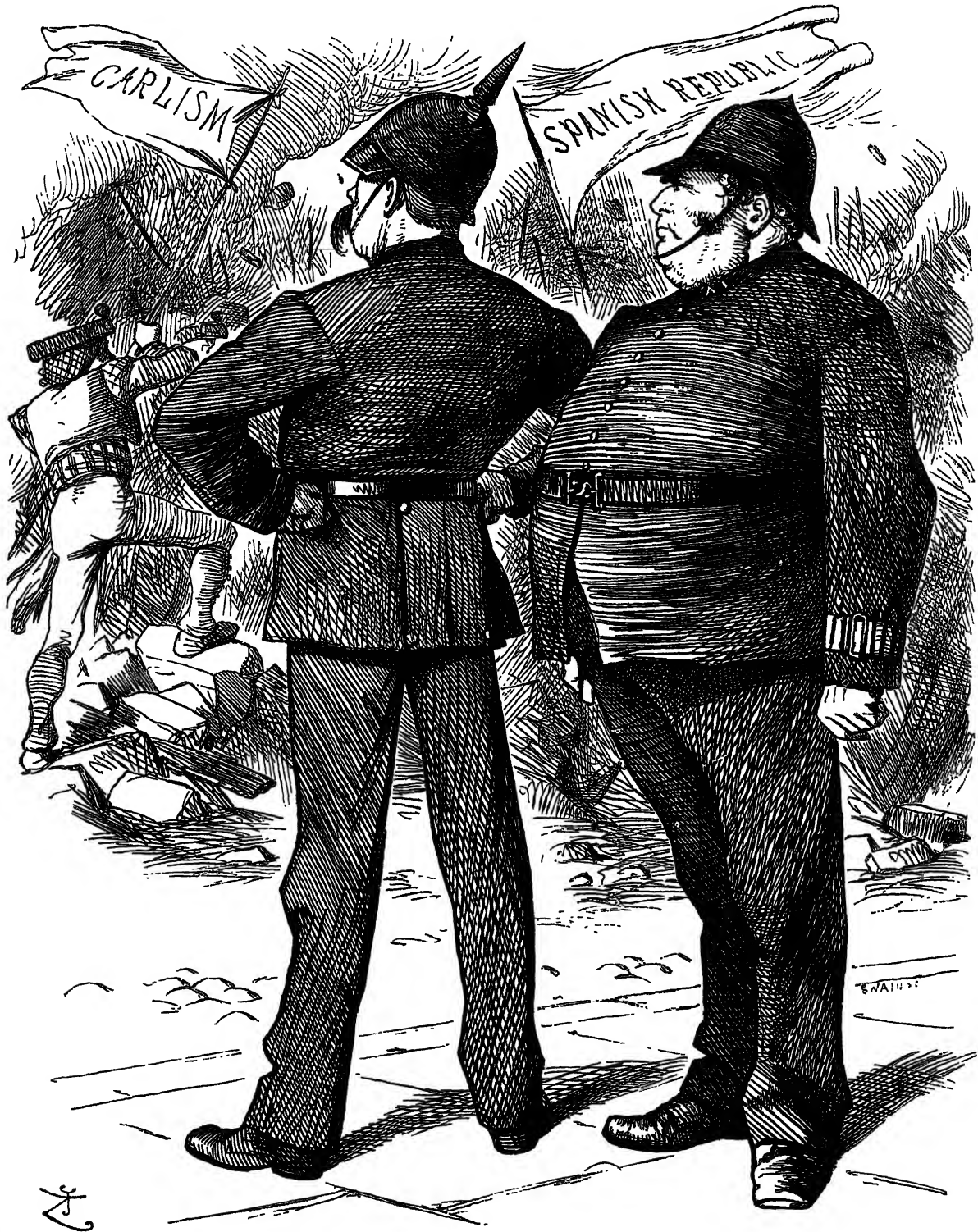
ISLINGTON CEMETERY, FINCHLEY.—For Sale, in the most prominent part of the consecrated ground of this cemetery, a Family Grave, 9 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, and 12 feet deep, with a first-class Monument in Marble thereon, the Owner, leaving the neighbourhood, having no further use for it. Apply by letter, &c., &c.

Can the owner of a grave at Finchley be also one of its occupants? Have we Vampires in our midst? Is there not a Vampire at Islington? What else can be the being who advertises his own grave and monument in Islington Cemetery? The people of Finchley must be very glad to learn that he is going to leave their neighbourhood. Such are the remarks which the foregoing announcement may perhaps suggest to timorous believers in dark *séances* at which "materialised" spirits present themselves in calico, and shake hands with their company.

Temperance News.

THE *Clinic* (American paper) says that a German chemist has produced brandy from sawdust; but we have heard of wood-spirit before. Is it possible that out of sawdust of cherry-wood he can make cherry-brandy, and extract "*Robur*" from that of oak?

BY A LIBRARIAN.—"Outward Bound"—my new Books.



“THE BUSY B.”

POLICEMAN B-SM-K. “HA! I MUST STOP THIS ROW!”

POLICEMAN BULL. “TAKE CARE WHAT YOU’RE ABOUT. IS IT IN YOUR BEAT? ’TAIN’T IN MINE. I KNOW A PARTY BY THE NAME OF ‘SPAIN’!—RATHER!!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Goes to dine with a noble Friend; then to the Promenade Concerts, and Reports on both.



MR.—Being unwilling to do yourself what another could do for you (I will make no comparisons), you expressed your wish that I should represent you at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. Your wish to me is law. As to my opinion of law, that is another question. I mentioned my intentions to the dear old D—ke—well, suffice it to say to an excellent and noble friend of mine, who immediately exclaimed, "Let us go together." "Not full dress," I returned quickly, for the dear D—ke (I mean my dear and noble friend) has a way of wearing his stars and garters on every possible occasion.

"No, no," he replied, "go as we are."

How we were at that moment is of not much importance. Neat but not gaudy: decidedly striking, but not obtrusively stylish. Well, Sir, we stepped into the barouche, and the gallant steppers set out in the direction of Holborn.

"Holborn?" said I, turning to my noble friend.

He winked; as he reclined on the damask cushions, he winked. Full of his fun: that's the best of him, whether he's his Grace before or after dinner, always full of his fun: of his own fun I mean.

"Yes," he answered, chuckling. "I am going to give you a dinner at a new place."

"New or old," I returned heartily, "a stalled ox is better than no beef and a contented mind."

But here we pulled up with a jerk.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed!" And here it was. Could I believe my eyes? Yes. I am, as you know, a young man from the country, and these sudden surprises *do* get over me. Where once stood that undecided edifice which was a dancing place in the winter, and a bathing place in the summer, though in neither capacity did it, I believe, get on swimmingly, there is now a spacious, well-arranged, admirably-served, well-conducted, pleasantly-ventilated, resplendent Restaurant, the like of which I have not yet come across in London, either west or east. An excellent repast is served at a fixed moderate tariff—I am not above saying it was three-and-sixpence, with threepence for the waiter (which that polite functionary told us plaintively he didn't get, and so—but no matter, what was a sovereign, more or less, to my noble friend, the donor of the feast? bah!) and for that sum what had we? A choice of soups, a choice of fish, a choice of *entrées*, a *rôti*, a sweet (the only approach to a failure) cheese, ices, and dessert of plums, pears, and nuts. The liquor was not *vin compris*, but 'twas uncommonly good, and worth the extra money. During this repast, served without any unnecessary delay between the courses, a well-selected orchestra discoursed sweet music. Why we were dining royally! My noble friend was good enough to inform me that he had never had a better dinner, accompanied by a better band, even in B-ck-gh-m Pa-ace, or at W-nds-r C-stle. In fact, he admitted that the cheese at either of the above-named places was far inferior to that of which we had partaken at the Holborn Restaurant.

The airs were net, to my thinking, sufficiently well chosen; but this is a serious subject, on which an essay might be written. Digestion is nine points of the law. Dinner-music should be neither lugubrious, nor exciting. You should float on it as on a melodious stream, eating the while without distraction. The D—ke (I mean my noble friend) said it reminded him of Vienna. I don't know why, and he didn't explain himself. It didn't remind me of Vienna; but that may arise from my never having been there. One thing I will swear to, that coming out of that dull second-hand thoroughfare, it did seem as if we were in some gay Parisian realm of joy; only I cannot call to mind any place in that festive capital where there is so reasonable and so good a dinner set to music. The dinner-music time is six-eight: I mean, it is performed from six to eight. Then there is a temporary lull. But with the coffee and

cigars, MR. RIPLEY's musicians burst forth again, and it must be a strong attraction, or a stronger sense of duty, which is able to tear the lounging and satisfied one from so blissful a scene.

But duty called, and the Covent Garden Concert had already commenced.

The D—ke (I mean my friend), who is himself an amateur of music, and no mean performer on the Hungarian Bolophone (a slightly ponderous instrument, demanding most delicate manipulation, and generally played in the mountains during the grape season) was anxious not to miss one single *morceau* in M. HERVÉ's programme.

I am delighted to say that we were in time to hear selections from M. GOUNOD's *Faust* (arranged by the late ALFRED MELLON), performed in first-rate style—a trifle too loud occasionally, that was all. Then came the beautiful MR. LEVY, of European and Cornopæan celebrity, with a decoration in his button-hole, and looking uncommonly like some distant relation of the great Bonaparte family: perhaps a Corsican brother. Enthusiastic cheers greeted him, and to oblige the company, he graciously took the encore, beamed on the audience through his eye-glass, and played something totally different, of a soft and touching character. Then, amid the plaudits of the immense assembly of promenaders, he blew himself out, and disappeared.

The "vocals" were not strong on this particular occasion. But what shall he do who cometh after the King! And when the King has been hard at work on a cornet-à-pistons, a small man with a pretty voice hasn't much chance. Nevertheless, the generous audience insisted on this gentleman singing twice: because, perhaps, they weren't quite certain of what he was doing the first time. Not his fault: only his misfortune, in having to begin before the echoes of MR. LEVY's instrument had entirely died away. Altogether, though this clearly was not the best entertainment provided by the MESSRS. GARRI for the public, it was sufficiently good to induce your Representative to wish for another, and a better opportunity of hearing one of these concerts. The place was crowded; and that is a good sign. The man, as the poet says, who has not music in his soul, would lay hands on a female, not in the way of kindness, and get six months, with an occasional cat-o'-nine tails as a refresher, during his hours of recreation. The D—ke (I mean my worthy and excellent friend), regretted the absence of the Bolophone, gently beat the time all wrong to some dance music, composed and conducted by MISTER KÉLER BÉLA (there's a name!), and wagging his venerable and musical head, dropped off into the sweetest infantine-like slumber. Noticing that he was evincing symptoms of being about to accompany MADEMOISELLE BENATT's last song on the nasal organ, I deferentially aroused him, and led him forth into the chill September night. This was the first air that seemed to thoroughly awake the hero of the Bolophone, who, after returning to express himself to the energetic manager, MR. RUSSELL, as much pleased with the performance, and promising to give H—E MA—ESTY a favourable report of the entire entertainment, took my arm and sauntered towards—but I must not be indiscreet. My noble friend is not *Corinthian Tom*, nor I *Master Jerry*, but now, and always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

If you please, Sir, as a young visitor to the Metropolis, and well acquainted with History, I want to ask you—

Who is the Constable of the Tower?

What is his Number?

Is he dressed like other Constables?

Can he run anyone in, and make them move on if found loitering on his beat?

Is his beat all round the Tower?

Is he a special? one of the *Force de Tour*, empowered to use a *tour de force*? (You see I am well up in French.)

I saw a very amiable-looking Policeman cracking nuts in the vicinity of the Tower. Do you think this was the Constable in question?

Yours,

RUSTY CURS IN URBIS.

P.S.—Pantheon means a place where all the Gods are. I know Greek. The Pantheon in Regent Street I find is now a wine merchant's. Is England exclusively devoted to Bacchus, and is Temperance a heresy?

A British Idea.

THE *Post* announces that:—

"THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, is cruising in his yacht off the coast of Spain."

If a German fleet does not overawe the Carlists, surely the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND in Spanish waters will!



MORE ADULTERATION.

Master of the House (the Man has called to look at the Meter). "DEAR ME! WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! ACTUALLY WATERING THE GAS NOW!!"

LAWN TENNIS.

Now the long shadows of September come,
And idle for a time the scribbler's pen is,
He passes from the Town's discordant hum,
From garrulous gossip of the kettle-drum,
From orators who should have been born dumb,
To watch upon green lawn the girls play tennis.

Robins are trilling in the faded trees,
The flitting swallows of their voyage chatter,
Testing their wings before they dare the seas,
For Nile's dun marge or blue-girt Cyclades;
The sportsman's shots come frequent on the breeze,
The flying balls keep up a pleasant clatter.

Croquet's a merry game for those who flirt
(Who doesn't, pray,—*Punch*, poet, peer, or parson?),
But Tennis, when the ladies are alert,
Follow the swift ball with a looped-up skirt,
Strike it on high with graceful arm expert,
Burns up the masculine heart with sudden arson.

So, pour some icy fluid in a glass
Tinged with deep mulberry stain, true work of Venice:
And *Mr. Punch* will let the soft hours pass,
Watching with tranquil eyes each lovely lass
Flit like an Oread * o'er the smooth green grass,
And win his old heart as she wins at Tennis.

* Παρθένος ὀφθαλμοῖς, ἐρήμῳ σύντροφος ὕλη.—NONNUS.

SAD—VERY.

THE destination of Temple Bar must at last be Hanwell. The poor old thing has been authoritatively pronounced "cracked."

CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE.

THE following remarks, in the *Bien Public* of Ghent, should have appeared under the above heading:—

"The conversion of LORD RIPON appears to us, in the midst of the mourning of the Church, persecuted in its chief and its mission, as a symptom full of consolation and hope. It will be a balm for the heart of PRUS THE NINTH. It will also be a true joy for all Catholics. From more than one heart prayers will rise to heaven for the new convert and that noble country of England, where, among the ruins heaped up by the heresy of HENRY THE EIGHTH, one sees a rising harvest which will recall to the astonished eyes of our sceptical generations the glorious fecundity of the Isle of Saints."

The *Bien Public* is said to be the organ of the Jesuits. It expresses the sentiments of a kind of persons who "dearly love a lord." Are there Jesuits of that order? Their reputed organ evinces a valuation of a lord which is quite American. Do Jesuits love and value a lord at this rate? Have disciples of IUNATIUS LOXOLA a respect for a Peer equal even to that usually evinced on occasion by citizens of the United States? To be sure they may value the lord rather than love him. They may exult in having caught a live lord, not as respecters of persons, who think any more of catching a lord than they would of catching a beggar, but because they imagine that, in having caught a lord, they have caught a good decoy-duck. Let us charitably adopt that view of the case, and give the Jesuits credit for worldly wisdom, rather than suppose the foregoing quotation an example of Jesuitism combined with flunkeyism in the proportion of half and half. Be that as it may, the lord-loving *Bien Public* might take for its motto "*In domino confido*"—domino with a small *d*.

Professional Funsters.

THE Tonic Sol Fa Association held their Annual Choral Gathering on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, numbering 3000 voices. Among the audience there were some medical practitioners who did not scruple to observe that they supposed that Tonic Sol Fa songs must be strengthening and bracing airs, and that sweet sounds having tonic properties were preferable to bitters. Some of them went so far as to ask what music could be prescribed for dyspepsia; and what musical notes were like the sulphates of iron and quinine.

A MASK ON MEANING.

ACCORDING to the *Globe*—

"CARDINAL CULLEN has issued a Pastoral to the Dublin Clergy urging prayer for the 'POPE, now a captive in Rome,' and for the Church, which he holds to be menaced by 'philosophy under the mask of science.'"

Philosophy under the mask of science must wear a mask very much like its own face. Humility under the mask of meekness, hypocrisy under the mask of deceit, superstition under the mask of credulity, would wear masks of the same description. For the purpose of attacking the Church, science might as well wear the mask of philosophy as philosophy the mask of science. Which does CARDINAL CULLEN consider the greater enemy of the Church, science or philosophy? Irreligion might attack the Church under the mask of science, just as love of rule might attack liberty under the mask of religion. Does his Eminence identify philosophy with irreligion? The Cardinal effectually conceals meaning under the mask of expression.

The Double-Headed Judge.

LORD PENZANCE, late of the Divorce Court, is to be the Judge in all ecclesiastical causes, under the new Public Worship Act, next year. Also his Lordship is to be the chief of the proposed Army Reform Commission. If there is a pedestal vacant anywhere, here is a chance for a sculptor. LORD PENZANCE as Janus Peace and War. His dress to be half ecclesiastical, half military. Motto—"I see before me a divided duty."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CERTAIN Press-writers of Paris affect to hold in such aversion the name of a Republic, that they even talk of founding a Septennate of Letters.



A REAL SEA-SIDE PLEASURE.

"WHAT! MISS MATILDA!! YOU IN THIS POURING RAIN, AND WITHOUT EITHER WATERPROOF OR UMBRELLA!!!"

"O, YES. CAPITAL PLAN—GET WET THROUGH, YOU KNOW, AND THEN YOU MUST CHANGE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN YOU GO IN, AND THAT HELPS TO PASS THE TIME, YOU KNOW."

ANOTHER EXHIBITION.

THE success that has attended the Busy Bee Show at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, has suggested the idea that an Exhibition of Working Men might be made not only amusing but instructive. Should the motion come to anything, the following Classes will probably be included in the list of those competing for prizes. Members of the International Working Men's Congress, and other kindred societies, should, for obvious reasons, be admitted as visitors to the proposed excellent exhibition without charge:—

Class 1. Public Servants.—For Cabinet Ministers and other Members of the Government Service, whose hours of labour are often from eight in the morning of one day, until three A.M. of the day following.

Class 2. Literary Men.—For Journalists whose toil knows no ending, for Novelists who frequently have to write two romances for the Magazines at the time that they are finishing tales in three volumes for their own publishers; and for Dramatists who have to rehearse all day what they are engaged in writing all night.

Class 3. Clergymen.—For men with refined tastes and educated minds, who have to spend their week-days in visits to the poor and the sick, and their Sundays in hard labour in the pulpit.

Class 4. Doctors.—For men of science, who cannot call a single hour of their lives their own, and are ever at the service of their suffering fellow-creatures.

Ceres in the City.

On Thursday last a Harvest Festival was held in the City—a thanksgiving service for the harvest being performed in the church of St. Edmund, Lombard Street. An appropriate place for a harvest festival. Lombard Street is very near Cornhill.

PROVERB FOR A DISCONTENTED TOURIST.—"A bed in a house is worth two in the Bush!"

WONDERS OF THE WORLD ABROAD.

Wonder if there be an inn upon the Continent where you are furnished gratis with a cake of soap and bed candle.

Wonder how many able-bodied English waiters it would take to do the daily work of half a dozen French ones.

Wonder why it is that Great (and little) Britons are so constantly heard grumbling at the half a score of dishes in a foreign bill of fare, while at home they have so frequently to feed upon cold mutton.

Wonder what amount of beer a German tourist daily drinks, and how many half pint glasses a waiter at Vienna can carry at a time without spilling a drop out of them.

Wonder how it is that, although one knows full well that many Paris people are most miserably poor, one never sees such ragged scarecrows in its streets as are visible in London.

Wonder how many successive ages must elapse ere travellers abroad enjoy the luxury of salt-spoons.

Wonder why so many tourists, and particularly ladies, will persist in speaking French, with a true Britannic accent, when the waiter so considerably answers them in English.

Wonder when our foreign friends, who are in most things so ingenious, will direct their ingenuity to the art of drainage coupled with deodorising fluids.

Wonder if there be a watering-place in France where there is no Casino, and where Frenchmen may be seen engaged in any game more active than dominoes or billiards.

Wonder when it will be possible to get through seven courses at a foreign *table d'hôte* without running any risk of seeing one's fair neighbour either eating with her knife or wiping her plate clean by sopping bread into the gravy.

Wonder what would be the yearly increase of deafness in Great Britain, if our horses all had bells to jangle on their harness, and our drivers all were seized with the mania for whip-cracking, which possesses in such fury all the coachmen on the Continent.

Wonder in what century the historian will relate that a Frenchman was seen walking in the country for amusement.

Wonder why it is that when one calls a Paris waiter, he always answers, "V'la, M'sieu," and then invariably vanishes.

Wonder when Swiss tourists will abstain from buying alpenstocks which they don't know how to use, and which are branded with the names of mountains they would never dare to dream of trying to do more than timidly look up to.

Wonder in what age of progress a sponge-bath will be readily obtainable abroad, in places most remote, and where Britons least do congregate.

Wonder if French ladies, who are as elegant in their manners as they are in their millinery, will ever acquire the habit of eating with their lips shut.

Wonder when it will be possible to travel on the Rhine, without hearing feeble jokelets made about the "rhino."

A Real Blessing.

THE last weeks of *La Fille de Madame Angot* are announced. Thank Heaven! Let us hope she may be allowed to rest in peace, or rather that the piece may be allowed to rest undisturbed, that the airs which the *fille* had given herself may be soon forgotten. Let not a drum be heard, nor a funeral note, at the burial of *La fille—la vieille fille* by this time—of that notorious old fish-fag, *Madame Angot*. The nuisance had become almost intolerable.



OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Host (to Captain Mango, who has blazed away at nothing). "HOLLO, MANGO! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? THERE WAS NO BIRD!"

Captain Mango. "WA—WASN'T THERE? IT'S MY WETCHED LIVER AGAIN, THEN!—ALWAYS SEEING SOMETHING SUDDENLY FLOATING BEFORE MY EYES!!"

THE SCHOOL-BOARD INSPECTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes, I inspect:
Such is my duty, as the Boards direct.
Real fun it is, on awkward days, to me,
To come into a School, and make a fuss,
And, though I'm ignorant of the Rule of Three,
Question the Master on the Calculus.
How the boys stare
When I talk big of cubic feet of air,
And want to know if he considers birching
Improves the idle urchin!

And I inspect
Also the schools kept by the opposite sect.
I must say Mistresses are rather pert,
And try to set me down—but O I frighten 'em!
When they would treat me just as so much dirt,
About my powers I very soon enlighten 'em.
If they're too stuck up,
Their occupations soon they'll have to chuck up,
And go about after the fellows dangling;
Or, if not, take in mangling.

And I inspect
Swell houses: haughty flunkeys don't protect
These bloated harrystocrats. "Well," I say,
"Your son's at Heton—tolerable school:
But then your daughters—where, I beg, are they?
Ladies are inefficient, as a rule."
When in a rage
They get, I tell them they're behind the age:
And, if I meet with any very rum 'uns,
I serve them with a summons.

I don't inspect
Gutters and cellars, please to recollect.

The little dirty thieving imps are quite
Beneath my notice: let them take their way,
And grow up gaol-birds to their hearts' delight—
Our clean Board Schools weren't meant for such as they.
No; my vocation
Is to produce continual irritation:
Call me, and welcome, rude and ill-conditioned—
I mean to be efficient.

TRICKS OF TAILORS.

THE complicity of some fashionable tailors with flunkeys in the practice of robbing their employers by cheating them in livery, may recal to mind the old ballad concerning the three thieves, of whom each was in the habit of stealing something special to his ostensible vocation:—

"And the little tailor he stole broadcloth
To keep those three rogues warm."

The "little tailor" of the olden time appears to be reproduced, as to moral character, in too many tailors in a large way of business. In other days, tailors in general used to be popularly twitted with an embezzlement of cloth synonymous with a certain vegetable. Fraudulent dealing in livery may be considered the modern substitute for "cabbage."

FASHIONABLE GAMESTERS.

GAMBLING is prohibited in the country by the Rhine, but the game of Rouge-et-Noir is still in vogue with certain tourists there of the fair sex, who, to enhance their faded charms, put rouge upon their cheeks and noir upon their eyebrows.

"THE LAST STRAW."—For further particulars apply to the Gleaners.



"NA' THAT FOU."

Good Templar. "WE'RE TWEN'Y MIN'SH TOO SOON. JUSH TIME FOR ANO'R BOTTLE 'GINGER BEER!'"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WHEN one considers that history may in some measure be written out of newspapers, there is food for some reflection in the following bit of news:—

"A Paris journal (*La Liberté*) asserts that 'BISHOP MANNING gave orders to DEAN STANLEY to do the honours of Westminster Abbey to His Highness the PRINCE OF ASTURIAS;' and adds, that Members of Parliament conducted the Prince to the Common House."

We need hardly say that this, like most other London news which is found in Paris newspapers, is most thoroughly veracious, as far as it goes; but it appears, to our mind, a little incomplete. For the benefit of foreign readers we should, therefore, like to add some few details like the following, which may be equally relied on for their perfect truth:—

By the command of BISHOP MANNING, not merely did DEAN STANLEY act as Showman of the Abbey, but High Mass was there performed by the REVEREND C. H. SPURGEON, in special recognition of the presence of the Prince. All the Members of the Common House attended at the service in their splendid robes of State, consisting, as is usual at such Britannic ceremonies, of top-boots and velvet breeches, cocked hats and scarlet waistcoats, and swallow-tailed blue coats. The Speechmaker, or Speaker, led them from the Common House, and, as is customary upon such occasions, was honoured on returning with the Order of the Bathroom, and an order on the Treasury for three hundred thousand francs. The Prince, attended by his suite, was then conveyed in a State cab to the Palace of DEAN STANLEY, where a sumptuous English breakfast of rosbif and plumb-pudding was provided for His Highness; the Churchwardens of the Abbey assisting at the banquet, and emptying to his health eleven casks of portare-beer.

A Dual Domestic.

SOME answer may have been returned to the following advertisement, inserted in the *Western Morning News*:—

WANTED, a good General SERVANT. Two ladies; must cook well; good reference. Address, &c.

Apparently, however, to supply the advertiser's want, it would take two Ladies united in the capacity of one good General Servant.

LE CYNICISME ARTISTIQUE.

ARTISTS, I know, any lengths will go
When it suits their humour fantastic;
But, neighbour of mine, I cannot divine
Why to run down my poor little tunes you incline,
In terms decidedly drastic.

This corner to me seemed restful and free,
Well fitted for musical culture;
Yet no sooner am I snug nested within it
Than I feel like a poor little singing linnet
Pursued by an Artist-vulture.

I also delight that the cats at night
Don't give us their shrill reminders,
And that sheltered close in a *cul de sac*,
I can practise sublime SEBASTIAN BACH,
Afair from the organ-grinders.

There's no sky-blue, I agree with you,
Where the buttermilk's milk-cans glitter;
But I've nothing to say of the public near,
Except that, if you drink the beer,
It must be tremendously bitter.

I've a garden as well, but the stuffy smell
Of your turps doth its fragrance tarnish,—
My limoncina and heliotrope
Vainly attempt with the scent to cope
Of your odoriferous varnish.

When the evening's fair in the quiet air
I lounge, having shut my piano;
But your window is wide, and there cometh thence,
To utterly drown the soft flower-scents,
The smell of a strong havana.

Then at night, when I'd fain amid dreams remain,
I hear—well, I won't say a howling—
Some Artist song of the German land,
Which would, no doubt, be uncommonly grand
If your bass weren't given to growling.

You flatter me where you say I am fair,—
'Tis your one word eulogistic:
Well, I have spied you too, MR. MCGILP,
And you certainly are better-looking than Quilp,
Though your costume's too artistic.

With hair too long and colours too strong,
Your taste is none of the purest:
But I say to myself, as you've done me the favour
To dress me all over in crotchet and quaver,
You're merely a caricaturist.

Had your genius a glow like ANGELO,
Or that glory of Venice, TITIAN,
I'm perfectly sure you would not swear
Because there is melody filling the air,
Wrought by a pretty Musician.

Forget and forgive, Sir; live and let live:
Good neighbour, I'm perfectly willing.
Just sketch yourself, with those long black locks
Blown wild by the wind of the equinox,
While I am jingling and trilling.

Your hair on end, and your favourite friend
With a pewter to save you from fainting:
Just do that soon, in a *Punch* Cartoon,
And I'll promise to play my softest tune
When you are not smoking, but painting.

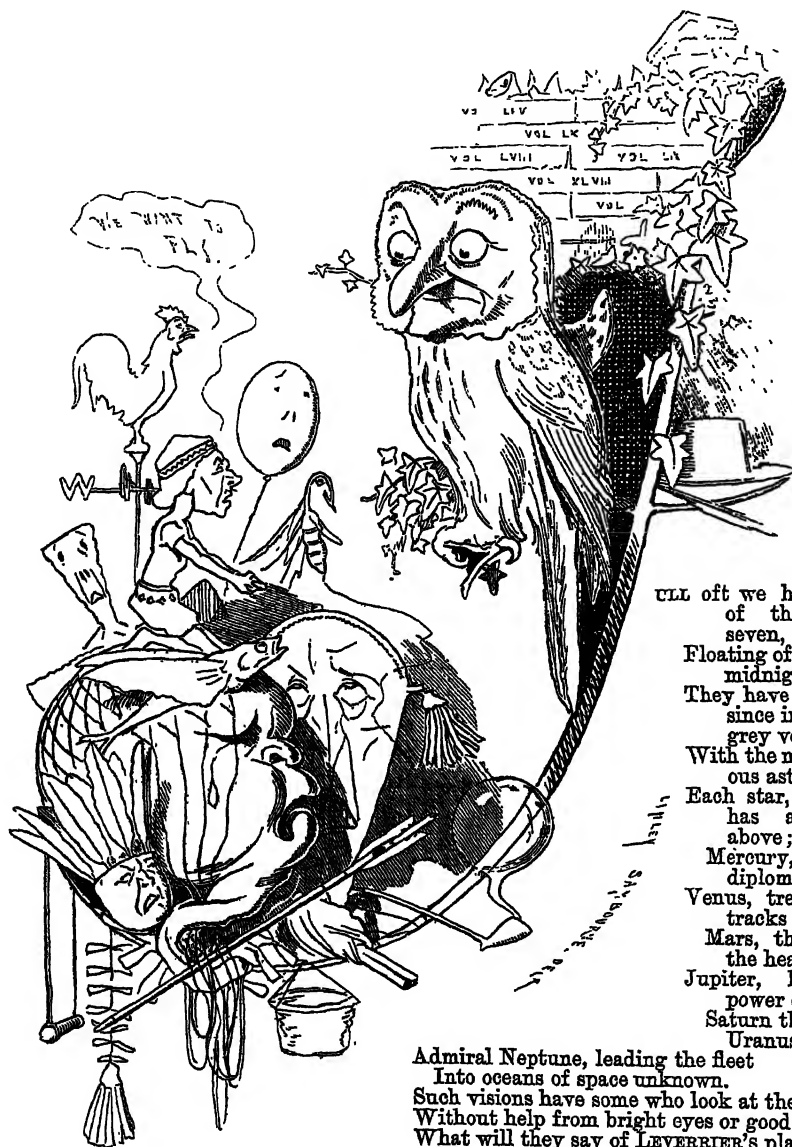
The Prince of Wales's Debts.

SEVERAL impertinent statements, which have since been flatly contradicted, having lately appeared in print on this subject, we are authorised to inform the public that the *only* debt which His Royal Highness has contracted is the enormous Debt of Gratitude to Heaven for his recovery, which, the Prince himself would be the first to admit, he will never be able to repay.

NOT A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A "Band of Hope"—the Staff of the *Saturday Review*.

THE NEW PLANET.

"M. LEVERRIER telegraphs to the Observatories of the world that he has just discovered, and calculated the elements of, a new planet, of considerable size."



ULL off we have heard
of the planets
seven,
Floating of old in the
midnightheaven:
They have thickened
since in the blue-
grey void,
With the multitudi-
nous asteroid.
Each star, they say,
has a mission
above;
Mercury, subtle
diplomatist,
Venus, treading the
tracks of love,
Mars, the lord of
the heavy fist,
Jupiter, holder of
power complete,
Saturn the critical,
Uranus lone,

Admiral Neptune, leading the fleet
Into oceans of space unknown.
Such visions have some who look at the stars,
Without help from bright eyes or good cigars,
What will they say of LEVERRIER's planet
When in the midnight heaven they scan it?

A planet is wanted, just to condense
That rarest of qualities, common sense,
Which rains not now from the ruling stars—
It is not in Venus, it is not in Mars,
Nor in Mercury, when he betrays the State,
Nor in Jupiter, crushing a helpless realm,
Nor in Saturn, encouraging spleen and hate,
Nor in Neptune, when floods his masts o'erwhelm.
O bright new planet, that just hast swung
Into the keen astronomer's ken,
Punch will sing thy psalm with loudest lung,
If thou bring'st good sense to the sons of men.
No poet need pine for his high ideal,
No beggar long for a scanty meal,
No statesman growl at the lack of pence,
If this planet would bring us common sense.

DISAGREEABLE DUTY.

AMONG "Women's Rights" strong-minded Women do not appear to claim the right of being eligible for Police-constables. Few Women would exercise that right if they had it. Policewomen would have to be occasionally employed in plain clothes.

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

YOUR first trouble, as an Intending Itinerant, is to settle where you're going to.

Having settled this, the next trouble is to find out how to get there, wherever it may be, with the least possible trouble. You wish to commence by being economical, and do not want to lay out your money in anything which may prove useless or unnecessary.

A guide-book or a book of trains and modes of journeying is evidently one of those things which you *must* have to begin with.

But, as there are so many different guide-books and train-books now-a-days, wouldn't it be as well, to avoid expense, to ask a friend to lend you *his* foreign *Bradshaw*?

Good. Find a friend. Ask lots of 'em. They've all lost 'em, or forgotten where they put 'em, or are quite certain they had 'em once; but now, &c. One friend has one, but its date is of six years ago, and *tempora mutantur*.

A Club friend—by which I mean a man who knows what a Club is made for, and takes his money's worth out of it from the clothesbrush up to some fine old hidden dry wine at a low price which he has unearthed—suggests naturally, "*Bradshaw*'s at the Club. See it there. Come in." He takes me into what is his Town House, and orders a *Bradshaw* fiercely. Outside that house he is a genial pleasant smiling companion; once inside that building, he is a tyrant.

I absolutely see the Waiters "dress up" (to use a military phrase) on his appearance, and the buttons on the page-boys' livery jackets quiver like pagoda-bells in a high wind.

He orders a *Bradshaw* as much as to say, "Come, quick, no nonsense—*Bradshaw*—the best you've got—out with it—no loitering—here!—this instant—or I'll know the reason why." Catch the waiters trying to palm off on him a jar of caviare, three days' old, or dry sardines, or in fact anything but the very best at the very shortest notice!

So in a lightning-flash out comes *Bradshaw*, perhaps snatched from the trembling hands of some weak member, who had been first politely asked, "if he wouldn't mind sparing it for a minute," and who hadn't time to reply ere it had vanished.

I sit down to *Bradshaw*.

The Intending Itinerant has a fixed object in view; but I defy him to go direct to it when he has once opened the *Continental Bradshaw*. He can't help loitering amongst the advertisements. It suddenly occurs to him there are really so many things he requires. He hadn't thought of them before, but now, for such a tour as he proposes, they suddenly appear to be absolutely indispensable. Naturally there are so many things he wants for going abroad, which wouldn't be required were he stopping at home.

And first the eye is caught by a portrait of a fashionably-dressed gentleman, evidently going at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, illustrative of the prodigious powers of MR. WAUKENTHAST'S—absurd way of spelling it; evidently MR. WALKINGFAST's fun, and not his real name—seven-leagued boots. Is the wearer of those boots in that advertisement going against his will? Evidently he is going against time. But what I want to know is, if I buy WALKINGFAST's boots, must I, willy-nilly, set off at once, and not be able to stop, or be stopped (wouldn't my boots kick the

man who attempted to impede me, while I myself was apologising for their conduct?) until I went head-over-heels into the sea at Dover or somewhere, and there'd be an end of me; though, of course, my boots would turn up at Calais, and continue, solely on their own account, until they were worn out.

The Tourist pauses over *WALKINGFAST*, and considers do I or do I not want boots for this tour?

Well, as he is making a list of what he *does* want, he may as well put down boots. The list shall be alphabetical, and boots come under "B." Good. *Bradshaw* and Boots both under "B."

Nothing like method. But there ought to be something to put under "A," so as to start fair.

The Club friend says, "I haven't been to Switzerland for ages. It strikes him at once like an inspiration. Switzerland be it. Geneva for choice."

The next name (while looking out Geneva) that strikes him is Cook. Cook's ticket! Some one has told him that "A Cook's ticket" saves all trouble. Hitherto the name sounded somewhat like that old familiar phrase "A ticket for soup." He makes up his mind, as far as an Intending Tourist can make up his mind, that a Cook's ticket is *the* thing.

Now, then, "B" *Bradshaw* help me to "C" Cook.

BRADSHAW refers the Tourist to pp. 824, 825 in his book. Good. Refer to 824, 825. Not a word about Cook. The pages in question are occupied by advertisements, including a picture of a dressing-bag, and a gentleman in a surgical belt.

The Dressing-bag at once suggests the idea. The Tourist *does* want a nice handy bag. It's the very thing of all others. Put it down as a mem. under "D" for Dressing-bag. The memoranda now are: A—Nothing at present. B—*Bradshaw* (to buy one). C—Cook (to inquire about him). D—Dressing-bag (to call and see different sorts).

It may be *Continental Bradshaw's* joke, but at pp. 824, 825, there is not one word about Cook.

The Tourist understands his friend to say that Neufchâtel is a good point to make for.

He looks out "Neufchâtel" in *Bradshaw*.

It troubles him seriously to find it, not in Switzerland, but France. Yet he will swear, to the best of his knowledge and belief, that when he was eleven years old, Neufchâtel *was* in Switzerland. Perhaps the *tel* at the end of it got confounded in his mind with the WILLIAM who had TELL at the end of his Christian name. Neufchâtel is not the cheese place, surely, or if it is,— Well, one lives and learns *Bradshaw*, and owns one's ignorance. It is startling for the Tourist to discover that Neufchâtel is the next station to Dieppe, and that he has been there without knowing it.

But no, this can't be his, the Tourist's, Neufchâtel, the Neufchâtel that he fondly supposed and hoped was in Switzerland, where merry Swiss boys played on merry Swiss pipes to merry Swiss maids as they milked merry Swiss cows and carried merry Swiss pails on the top of their merry Swiss heads! No; *his* Neufchâtel is *not* in France, and the Tourist won't be put down by *Bradshaw* or a hundred *Bradshaws*.

Inspiration, leading clearly to a grand and important discovery.— There must be two Neufchâtel! Must look this out.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

THE Congress of Orientalists, at the request of the LORD MAYOR of London (with whom they dined a few days since), will accept Papers dealing with the following subjects as matters particularly appertaining to the Languages of the East:—

1. "Temple Bar, and the strange Language to which it has given rise in the columns of the Metropolitan Press and elsewhere."
2. "Houndsditch and its *Patois* traced back to its derivation in Palestine."
3. "The Language of Billingsgate, in common use amongst the Females of Wapping, with some consideration of the growth of Slang in Western London."
4. "The Central Criminal Court and the Language of its Visitors, with a comparison between the Plain English of the Judges and the Fiery Eloquence of the Bar." To this Paper will be added "A Treatise upon those Verdicts of the Jury which have been considered 'Greek' by the Public."
5. "The Natural History of the Stock Exchange, so far as it is connected with the Language of Bears and Bulls."
6. "The Language of the Waves, as it is understood at LLOYDS, with hints (suggested by MR. PLIMSOIL) upon the meaning of the words 'Insurance' and 'Assurance.'"

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE ORIENTALISTS' CONGRESS.

WHAT did NOAH'S Bees do while afloat?
They kept the Aro-hives.

CHIGNONS OFF!

HERE is an old Gentleman who went to the Crystal Palace to hear—and see—his favourite Opera, *Faust*. He took his seat in anticipation of exquisite enjoyment.



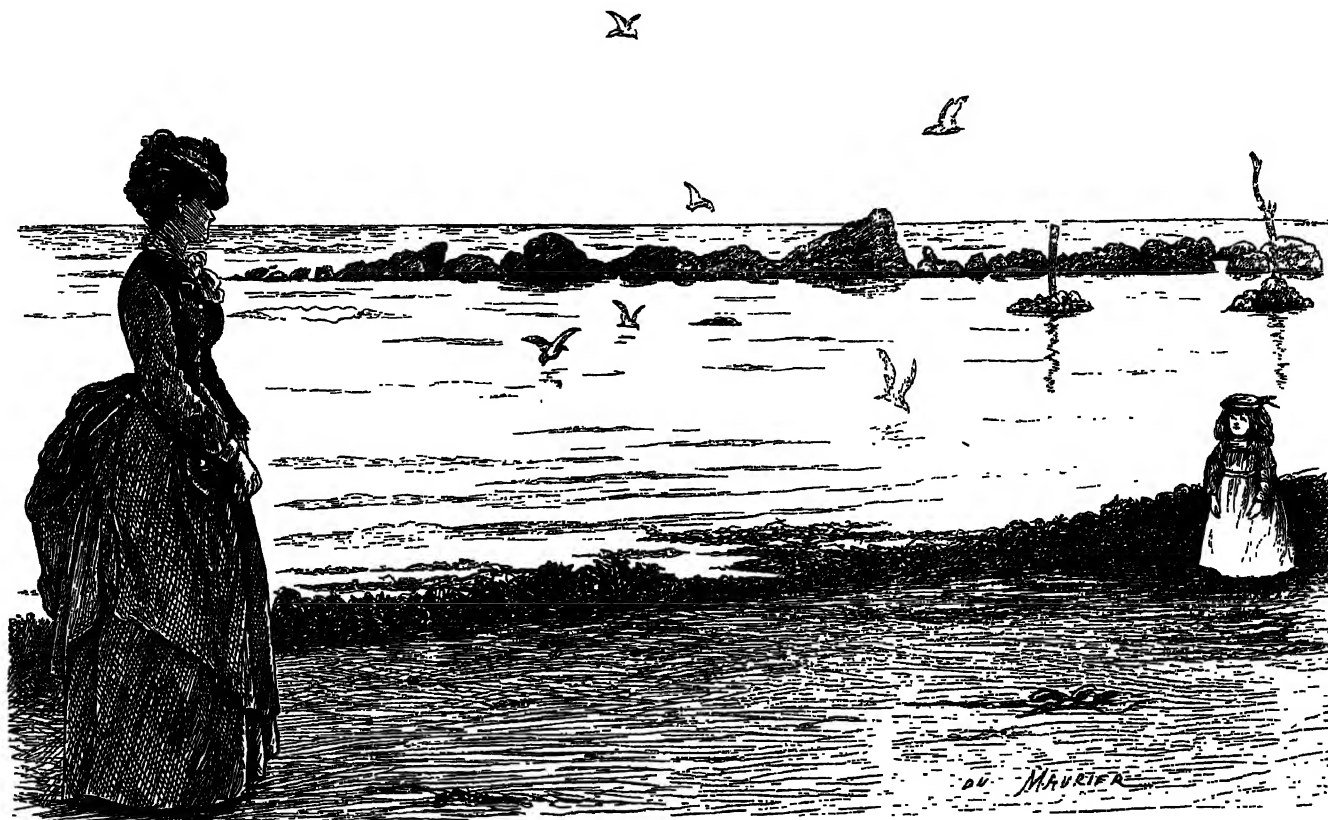
Here are two young Ladies, in fashionable head-gear, who came and sat in front of him.



During the whole of the performance they laid their heads together, studying the book of the Opera. Through a loop-hole, bounded by their necks, he could discern the legs of the actors, and, over the heads of these young Ladies, see the top of the proscenium. He sat behind them in a state of mind more compendiously delineated than it could be described.



This old Gentleman remembers the time when Ladies, at the Opera, were required to take off their bonnets. He is aware that the bonnet has been superseded by a structure most of which is practically irremovable. But he has known some gentle girls who, at a theatre, having spectators behind them, behaved like Gentlemen, and Ladies also, by taking off their hats; thus at once displaying their amiability and—heads of natural hair.



Q. E. D.

"MAMMA!"

"YES, DARLING."

"AM I A BIG GIRL?"

"NO, DARLING!"

"THEN CARRY ME!"

THE RAILWAY COOKERY-BOOK.

How to Make a Dividend.—Take your Traffic List, and carefully remove from it any Workmen's Trains that you may find mixed up with it. Having raised your fares, thrust your Directors into Parliament, and extract concessions. Cut off as much as you can from the salaries of your officials, and be sparing with your Pointsmen. Add a few Excursions of the roughest sort. Now introduce your Third-Class Passengers (the commonest kind will do) into your First-Class Carriages, and allow them to mix freely with your First-Class Passengers. Allow matters to stand for a quarter, and then serve up your Dividend in a nice cool Report, garnished with a little froth and a good deal of flourish. It will require an acquired taste to thoroughly appreciate the Dividend made in this manner.

How to Make a Wild Public.—Advertise a Train to start from one station to arrive at another in time to enable Passengers wishing to proceed further on their journey to catch another Train. Dawdle a little, and let your First Train arrive five minutes after your Second Train has started. This will turn your Public wild, when serve out quickly with Official Sauce.

How to Make an Accident.—Start a nice long Train twenty minutes late over a Line encumbered with Luggage traffic. Throw in a very young Pointsmen, and add a few Mineral Trains running on the wrong rails. Cut off the Block System, and shunt a little. Allow matters to simmer for half an hour or so, and serve up your Accident hot on a Branch Line.

Another Recipe.—Take a single Line and two Express Trains. Start one Express Train from one Terminus, and the other from the opposite Terminus. Let the Trains meet on the single Line, half-way, so that they may mix well together. This mode, which is both simple and effective, will make a very pretty accident indeed.

How to Make a Depopulated Country.—Take six ordinary accidents and add to them a dozen extraordinary accidents every third week for a year. When the accidents grow slack, put on a few Excursion Trains and use your Tunnels freely.

How to Make Yourself a Prisoner in a Criminal Court.—The Recipe for this excellent dish has been unhappily lost.

SOLILOQUY BY A "SWELL."

ON weligion although I could neva welflect,
I've wegarded it always with pwopa wespect.
I considra the subject in this point of view;
What the wight sawt of people believe must be twue.
On that question the Peers, as a wule, are at home.
—But the MARQUIS OF WIPON's gone ova to Wome!

So the Peewage contwibutes anotha wecwuit
To the camp joined before by the MARQUIS OF BUTE;
And the gentwy 've contwibuted severall too.
It seems going to be the corweet thing to do.
—Stop! a fella would think twice before he did that.
He would like to make sure about what he was at.

A Fweemason, in case of becoming a 'Vert,
The Fweemasons is forced by his pwiests to desert;
But the Uppa Ten Thousand, at pwesent, contains
A gweat many more Masons than Ultwamontanes;
And a fella should wait till most fellas secede,
Before eva he thinks about changing his qweed.

He who Masonwy's got to wenounce as a sin,
Can he tell for what else he has let himself in?
A deserter might find, by-and-by, to his cost,
That he more than his Fweemason's fweedom had lost.
To be quopped I won't just yet surwenda my comb,
Though the MARQUIS OF WIPON's gone ova to Wome.

New Entertainment.

"READINGS by NEGRETTE AND ZAMBRA's Barometer."—Notice to Theatrical Agents and entrepreneurs, MESSRS. N. AND Z.'s Barometer can be now engaged for a provincial tour. No "fit up" required. Barometer objects to go where there is any "local depression." Quite a novelty! True art! Everybody sure to be immensely interested in these Readings by degrees.



RAILWAY RESPONSIBILITY.

MR. PUNCH. "NO, NO, MR. DIRECTOR, *THEY*'RE NOT SO MUCH TO BLAME. IT'S *YOUR* PRECIOUS FALSE ECONOMY, UNPUNCTUALITY, AND GENERAL WANT OF SYSTEM THAT DOES ALL THE MISCHIEF."

THE NEW STEAMER.



joke to everybody, and must be avoided as being no joke to anybody.

5. The noise of the screw is enough to unsettle the stoutest passenger—or the thinnest.

Our twin-ship *Castalia* is good as far as she goes, and she hasn't gone very far at present. But the theory of her construction is wrong. A ship in which it is impossible to be ill should be so made and worked as to avoid *all* the causes, not one only, of sea-sickness. I make you and the scientific nautical world a present of my notion:—

1. Many people are nauseated by the smell on board. Let it, therefore, be scented from stem to stern, and the boilers be filled with rose-water.

2. Let all the sailors, stokers, captain, steward, &c., be supplied with White Rose, Ess-Bouquet, or something equally delicious.

3. The pitch upsets some. It mustn't pitch.

4. There must be no roll on board. No lurching. Anything about a "sea-swell" is an old

This could be obviated by the lower part of the vessel being a sort of musical-box, the action of the screw would then produce merely popular airs.

6. The noise and action of the machinery are disturbing causes. My plan is to work it without this, but I don't tell the secret under a certain sum down, paid in advance.

Its pace, of course, is a knotty point, which we will consider when the present writer has heard satisfactorily from nautical head-quarters, where, it is to be hoped, the brains are.

Rome on Robinson.

HAD RUPON been plain ROBINSON, We should have booked him but for one. But with that ROBINSON we score, In expectation, many more. A Marquis and a lord of land Is safe a following to command; That tail of the gregarious kind Which wealthy nobles draw behind. Therefore, we ROBINSON set down As good for SMITH, and JONES, and BROWN.

A SERIOUS "LOCK-OUT."

TWO A.M. Coming home from a party; no latch-key; no knocker. Bell only rings down-stairs, and servant a heavy sleeper in the attic.

THE PATH OF DUTY.—Through the Custom House.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Report of a Visit to the Olympic Orphan Asylum, and of a Revival at the Princess's.

SIR,

THE two unhappy French orphan girls, the offspring of MM. DENNERY and CORMON, have at length—at great length—found an Asylum at the Olympic Theatre. MR. NEVILLE, the manager of this interesting establishment, has taken the two amiable sufferers under his care. They have a nice time of it, these two French orphans, in their English dress: they play from eight to midnight; at least, they did so on the first occasion of their appearance in Town. Poor dears! I sincerely trust they've been compressed and brought closer together since that eventful evening. You see, when one hears a pitiful tale, even about two orphans, over and over again in the course of four hours, it *does* become a trifle wearisome.

The story is this: There are (as may be imagined from the title) two orphans. The two *Orphelines*—"so called"—as my friend the BARON CHARLES MOUTON DE KENNI observed, "because as neither of them are inclined to *embonpoint*, they are evidently the Two Awful Leans"—that's one of the Baron's side-splitters—well, of the Two *Orphelines* one is abducted by a nobleman; the other is blind, and is abducted by cadgers. The latter goes about trying to find the former; the unknown mother of the blind girl (who isn't really an orphan) goes about trying to find her daughter; her husband goes about trying to find out his wife's secret; the police go about trying to find out everything in general; and everybody is trying to find out everybody else, while the audience is trying to find out what it's all about. And this occupies six Acts and eight Tableaux!

It puzzled Your Representative, also, to find out what on earth could have induced MR. NEVILLE and MISS FOWLER to choose such wretched parts as those of *Pierre*, the cripple, and *Louise*, the blind orphan. True that *Pierre*, the weak, comes out uncommonly strong in the last Act, but you have to wait *till* the last Act for this sudden display of energy. The motto for the last Act being clearly "go it, you cripple!" what does the cripple do? He gives his bullying brother "a nasty one" below the waistcoat! Now there was no sort of necessity that these two should have been brothers, and the English proprietor of the piece ought to have allowed his eminent translator to dissolve the relationship.

As for MISS FOWLER, she could have been blind only to her own interests to choose such a miserable, squalid, and, as it seemed to me, dramatically uninteresting part as that of *Louise*. She has to sing whining songs to most trying tunes; she has to be dragged about, to sit on cold steps saying and doing nothing, and is comparatively a nobody. The only solution to the mystery of this selection is that, in these days when Provincial Touring Companies are the fashion,

MR. NEVILLE can start with one touring company under his own personal superintendence (like a theatrical Cook's agent), going northwards, while Miss FOWLER, with another *troupe*, can proceed southwards, and the two parts at the Olympic can be easily filled without endangering the success of the drama.

The *Two Orphans* is a thoroughgoing Porte St. Martin piece of the oldest school of melodrama. There are telling situations of the *Penny Illustrated* school; there's the wicked Marquis and the good young Nobleman of republican proclivities; there's a duel between these two (an excellent bit of fence between MR. SUDEN and MR. ROWLAND); there are Secret Police and a Minister of Police with "archives"; there are abductions, a kniving, threatenings, bullyings, fainting, wailings, and long explanations.

Of course, just to lighten it up a bit, there is the Comic Servant, who has nothing to do with the plot, just as there is in that old-fashioned melodrama *Raymond and Agnes*, revived *pour rire*, last season at the Haymarket.

MISS ERNSTONE, as the orphan *Henriette*, is specially clever in giving her long speeches under most trying circumstances. So also is MRS. CHARLES VINER, who is perpetually dissembling to her husband, gushing in her nephew's arms, and fainting away whenever there is a convenient chair or sofa. Seeing what this distracted lady had to do, let alone the difficulties of gracefully managing a cumbersome train, it was a most meritorious performance.

MR. HARCOURT made an excellent Minister of Police, much troubled by domestic doubts, because his wife *would* dissemble so openly that he couldn't choose but suspect something; and his nephew's conduct, in tearing a page right out of volume thirty of the official Police News, which had been carefully bound at the Government's expense, was really most exasperating. What dread secret was in that Police Sheet (Night Charges, vol. xxx.) Your Representative was unable to learn. I asked a friend who pretended to know, but found he didn't.

Ere Your Representative's report of *The Orphans* can appear, it will no doubt have been pruned and trimmed considerably. If not, then perhaps the following suggestions might be useful:—

Act I.—Omit it altogether, because in Act II. *Henriette* can tell the action of Act I. in three lines. Cut out the Comic Character, also the Lady with a Song, entirely. Cut short the interview of the Police Minister with the dull Detective in Act III. Omit the dissembling *Comtesse de Lumière*, or let her just faint and dissemble once and have done with it. As to the Police archives, cut with them and the included mystery. Change the Blind Girl's tunes. Dissolve the relationship between *Pierre* and *Jacques*. As to the remarkably unpleasant *Salpêtrière* scene, cut with it; but as it would be a pity to lose MRS. HARCOURT's humorous rendering of *Genèviève*, the Superior of La *Salpêtrière*, why not let her come into



NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF.

Farmer. "Noo, IF IT'S A FAIR QUESTION, HOO MUCH WULL YE GET FOR THAE KYE WHEN YE'VE FREENISHED THEM?"

Artist. "O, PERHAPS SIXTY GUINEAS, OR SO."

Farmer. "WHA-A-T! DINNA TELL ME, MAN; A 'L NO GET THAT FOR THEM LEEVIN'."

the Church Scene of Act III., where she would be quite in character, and, as it is snowing, there might be some amusement got out of that gossiping old flirt the nameless Doctor (MR. VOLLAIRE) offering his umbrella to the diffident Mother Superior, or seeing her into a sedan-chair, and then pretending (merely pretending) that he was going to get in after her. The brutality of the Last Act might be toned down with advantage, and though I would not compress *The Two Orphans* much within the limits of *Cox and Box*, yet I feel sure that were it brought comfortably within the hours of eight and a quarter past ten, MR. NEVILLE'S "kind friends in front would smile for many a night on their endeavours to please, and there would not sit down a happier supper-party every evening after the play than *The Two Orphans*." (*Curtain.*)

After all, this compressure is not an impossibility—far from it. Look at *Lost in London* at the Princess's. It commences at 7'45, and is over at 10'15, and if a crowded house is any criterion, if cheers, tears, and laughter have any meaning whatever, *Lost in London*, as a revival, is a success. Such things will happen even in the best-regulated theatres: the fact may be inexplicable, but, no matter, there is the fact. *Lost in London*, however, is peculiarly adapted to a large theatre like the Princess's, or the Adelphi, where it was originally produced. MR. WATTS PHILLIPS is as clever a melodramatist as M. DENNERY, and if his Act III. were only equal to Act II., *Lost in London* would be a masterpiece of this particular line of dramatic art. Unfortunately the finish is depressing. But bless Your Representative's dear eyes, it's worth all the money to see MRS. ALFRED MELLON's *Tiddy Draggleshorpe*, as fresh and as sympathetic as ever, carrying the audience with her just as powerfully as when she played *Nelly* in the *Green Bushes*, or when, as the devoted country wench, in the *Hop-Pickers*, she sat on the milkpails and gave MR. WRIGHT a hunch of bread; and as when, in any other favourite old "Adelphi Hits," she withstood that atrocious stage-villain MR. O. SMITH to the face, defended virtue with a dish-clout, cried over and hugged the suffering heroine, setting the audience snivelling one minute with her homely pathos, and the next making them roar by boxing the ears of the funny man who had come to steal a kiss, or driving out the melodramatic miscreant with a broomstick. May her shadow never be less!

Your Representative has not space left to say more than that the piece is fairly played all round, and that there could not be a better impersonator of the heroine than MISS LYDIA FOOTE. Also, it is most effectively put on the stage.

To those whom the attraction of *Lost in London* may induce to visit the Princess's I would say, Please do stop and see *Two Heads are Better than One*. And, if they do not find it a genuine sidesplitter—not on account of anything that is done or said in it, but through the idea that it should ever have been produced at all and then reproduced in this enlightened age—they have not that keen sense of managerial humour which contributes so much at a theatre to the personal enjoyment of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

THE *Manchester Evening News* announces that—

"MR. J. T. WOOD will lecture, during the month of November, on the discovery of the Temple of Diana, and other results of the excavations at Ephesus, which he has conducted for the last eleven years at Birmingham, Edinburgh, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, and other places."

Most people are probably aware that the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was something very wonderful, but nobody can hitherto have imagined how exceedingly wonderful it must have been, and its remains are still. By the foregoing account we are apparently informed that excavations on its site have, for the last eleven years, been conducted by MR. J. T. WOOD, not only at Ephesus, but likewise at Birmingham, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Bradford, and other places besides. It thus appears that the Temple of Diana, if not absolutely ubiquitous, is situated in more places than one.

NEW TITLE.

ON dit that BARON GRANT is to be created a Duke. Duke of Leicester Square. He will then be addressed as "GRANT, your grace."



"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

Landlady (who has just presented her Weekly Bill). "I 'OPE, MA'AM, AS YOU FIND THE BRACING HAIR AGREE WITH YOU, MA'AM, AND YOUR GOOD GENTLEMAN, MA'AM!"

Lady. "O, YES, OUR APPETITES ARE WONDERFULLY IMPROVED! FOR INSTANCE, AT HOME WE ONLY EAT TWO LOAVES A DAY, AND I FIND, FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, THAT WE CAN MANAGE EIGHT!" [*Landlady feels uncomfortable.*]

OIL AND VINEGAR.

THE Japanese are most anxious that their quarrel with the Chinese shall be submitted to arbitration. Should this excellent idea be carried into execution, the following proposals will most probably be urged by the respective Representatives of China and Japan.

CHINESE PROPOSALS.

The EMPEROR OF CHINA to be acknowledged in Japan as "the Mother-in-law of the Moon," on the condition that the TYCOON OF JAPAN is described in all Chinese official documents as "the Elder Brother of the Dog-Star."

The Chinese Competitive System to be introduced in every Japanese matter, inclusive of the deaths and marriages of the Japanese population.

Tea and opium to be the national food and drink of both countries. All books to be destroyed in China and Japan that have been published since the days of CONFUCIUS.

The Electric Telegraph and Railways to be abolished in both countries.

The Date of the World to be put *back* two thousand years.

JAPANESE PROPOSALS.

The total abolition of Pig-tails, and the extension of Government protection to Hair-brushing by Machinery.

Compulsory use of Shirt-collars and Spectacles in China and Japan.

Establishment, under the management of the Editor of the *New*

SONG OF A SHAREHOLDER.

COLLISIONS, when they Railway Trains befall,
Increase the weight of my domestic cares,
Because, indeed, I have my little all
Invested, most of it, in Railway Shares.

When bones are broken and when lives are lost,
We suffer with the victims and their friends;
They are bereaved or injured at our cost:
Their damages reduce our dividends.

This is the question:—were 't the better way
On dear precautions money to expend;
Or frequent compensation have to pay?
Which policy were cheaper in the end?

This doubt it now behoves us to decide;
For if unsettled it much longer stands,
Rulers, for public safety to provide,
Might take our business out of private hands.

The telegraphs they took to the sole end
Of cheap despatch: still stronger is the plea,
Which, for the like assumption, may commend
Mismanaged Railways to the Powers that be.

If we, for Parsimony's doubtful gains,
Risk our investments of productive store,
Then, to prevent the clash of crowded trains,
Had we not better lay out rather more?

BAZAINE'S ESCAPE.

(A Letter from our former Correspondent.)

SIR,

NEVER again let anybody doubt your Special Correspondent. Three weeks ago I sent you the full, true, and particular account of BAZAINE'S escape, and without fear and without reproach I implicated myself. Sir, I heard that account doubted! I heard my details disputed! Turn to the number where that letter of mine appeared, and see what I said about the use of *string*. Then turn to the *Times*, Sept. 16, page 5, and notice how remarkably my explanation has since been corroborated by internal and totally independent evidence. "BARREAU, the prisoner's servant . . . complained a few days before the escape that *all the string in the house had disappeared*." Of course, including the shoe-strings, and the elastic, that was fastened to his hat. Now, Sir, I beg the insertion of this letter in your valuable Journal, in order that I may put myself right with a suspicious public.

I am yours truly, very truly,

SAME AS BEFORE.

York Herald, of a journal in Peking of the same character as the recently-published *Japanese Morning Telegram*.

American-English to be the vulgar tongue of both countries.

Penny Tramway Cars to ply every five minutes between all towns situated in China and Japan.

The Date of the World to be put *on* two thousand years.

N.B.—KING COFFEE, of Ashanti, to be the Arbitrator for China, and MR. BARNUM, of America, the Arbitrator for Japan.

RIVAL SAINTS.

"S. Fiacre, who flourished 622, erected a monastery in honour of our Blessed Lady in a forest near Meaux, in France. The fame of his sanctity rendered the pilgrimage to his tomb so popular, that in later years his name was given to the hackney coaches of Paris—now called *Fiacres*—of which so many were employed in conveying the citizens thither."—*Tablet*.

S. FIACRE, who flourished in Six-two-two,

Was a benefactor to Pilgrims, who

Will always be famous, verily,

For he showed them the way to earn repose

Among the Saints, without corns on their toes—

And to win their sanctity merrily.

To another Saint the Londoner prays,

In his hottest haste, in his rainiest days,

And pays half-a-crown for ransom—

A Saint who knows street and alley and square,

Who can catch a train, with a second to spare—

Here's a health to good St. Hansom!



GALLANTRY.

Maiden Aunt (remonstrating with Dublin Street Arab). "DON'T YOU KNOW, SIR, IT'S VERY DANGEROUS TO THROW STONES? THAT ONE VERY NEARLY HIT ME, SIR! AND SUPPOSING IT HAD PUT MY EYE OUT, AND BLINDED ME, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE THEN!!"
Street Boy. "SHURE, I'D HAVE MARRIED YER, AV COORSE!!"

THE THREE DINERS.

(A Lay of Temple Bar in its present state, September, 1874—with grateful remembrance of MR. KINGSLEY'S "Three Fishers.")

THREE gourmands invited were into the West,
 Out of Cornhill, by LORD FITZ-BROWN;
 They found they'd be late, and they thought it best
 From Cheapside to cab it right into Town.
 "For men will growl and women will weep,
 If waiting for dinner my Lord we keep!"
 Near Temple Bar they're moaning.

They were blocked up in Fleet Street for nigh an hour,
 And the lamps were lit as the sun went down;
 They swore they'd walk, but there came a show'r:
 'Twas long past the hour for LORD FITZ-BROWN.
 For cabs must walk and 'busses must creep,
 Which causes a block from Fleet to Chepe,
 While the Temple Bar is moaning.

Three "empties" drew up at FITZ-BROWN's house grand,
 As the Devonshire cream and the tart went down;
 And the ladies are smiling behind the hand.
 As the "empties" explain to LORD FITZ-BROWN.
 While cabs must crawl and 'busses must creep,
 All long to say, from Fleet to Chepe,
 "O, good-bye to the Bar and its moaning!"

THE EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

AN anxious parent, whose son has already mastered French, German, and Italian, has determined on sending the youth to Finland, in order to give his boy's education just the little Finnish it required.

STATISTICS OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM official accounts which have just been issued, it appears that in the financial year ended the 31st of March last, the remittances forwarded to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as conscience-money amounted to no less than £8,588 7s. 11d. This is a good deal of money, and represents a considerable quantity of conscience. But it can stand for only a small part of the conscience of the community. How many persons are there who, having conscience enough to make them pay their taxes at once to the tax-gatherer, have no occasion to send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? Doubtless, if their aggregate conscience could be represented by figures, comprising all the taxes they could evade if they chose, the sum of its pecuniary expression would be a plurality of millions, and afford a gratifying proof of the number, the wealth, and the conscientiousness of those British taxpayers who can afford to keep a conscience, and do. That is to say, who do keep a conscience, and don't do the Government and the nation.

Imaginary Dialogue.

CENTENARIAN (to MR. THOMS). Yes, if you please, Sir, I'm a hundred and twenty next birthday.

MR. THOMS (to Centenarian). Pooh! You must be mistaken! At least, you're old enough to know better.

[Exit MR. THOMS to write to the "Times."]

Notice to Correspondents.

NOT with a hundred pairs of hands and eyes
 Could *Punch* to daily letters write replies.
 And, be it known to all whom it concerns,
 Rejected articles he ne'er returns.



"MATTER!"

Portly Old Swell (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSSIBLE! MOST 'XTREORDINARY!—(throws down the Review)—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!"

MOVEMENTS OF M.P.'S.

WE notice yearly more and more that during the dull season certain journals fill some inches of their valuable space by reporting the movements of the Members of the Government, and, moreover, those of any gentlemen in Parliament who have happened to become conspicuous in debate. Not to be behind-hand in conforming with the fashion of the age, we beg leave to furnish a few details of this sort; although we altogether question the propriety of publishing the private acts and pastimes of any public men.

MR. GLADSTONE has just started on a journey to the East, for the purpose of examining the various claims advanced by several ancient cities to have been the actual birthplace of the poet he so loves. Ere leaving home he stated to a confidential friend that he saw three courses open; namely, (1) To go at once; (2) to put off going; or (3) not to go at all: and, after a protracted mental conflict with himself, he finally decided in favour of the first.

MR. DISRAELI has been summoned on a visit to Balmoral, that he may have the honour of submitting to HER MAJESTY a scheme he has concocted, with the aid of CANON KINGSLEY, for severing the connection between the English State and Church.

MR. LOWE is going through a rigid course of training, to prepare himself for making a bicycle excursion from the end of Dover Pier to the door of John o' Groat's House. He rises every morning at four o'clock precisely, swallows five raw eggs mixed with a cup of rum and milk, mounts his bicycle and whirls off at full speed, round and round his little grassplot, until eight o'clock; then bathes, and eats for breakfast a pint of oatmeal porridge and a pound of raw beefsteak; smokes a pipe and reads his newspaper till ten, practises the dumb-bell exercise till noon, answers letters before luncheon sparingly at one, and whirls away again until he hears the second dinner-bell at half-past six o'clock.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY is out yachting in the Channel, in company with MR. BRADLAUGH and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, the latter costumed in the character of *Long Tom Coffin* in the *Pilot*, as performed with such success by the late MR. T. P. COOKE.

THE Right Honourable MR. SPEAKER is living *en retraite* at a quiet little village near to the Land's End, and as far as possible from a newspaper or post-office. As a pleasant and appropriate course of reading for

his holiday, he has set himself the task of going through the whole of *Hansard*.

MESSIEURS CROSS and BRUCE, the rival liquor legislators, are spending a few days at the hospitable residence of their friend SIR WILFRID LAWSON. A select circle of guests have been invited to meet them, including the Past Master of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence Association. For the refreshment of his visitors, while shooting on his land, the worthy host has given orders that a cask of goodly home-brewed should be always kept on tap at the Park Lodge, which being a trifle over three miles from their bed-rooms, will in no wise contravene the law respecting *bonâ fide* travellers.

MR. AYRTON is at present sojourning at Athens, where he is busily engaged in the collection of materials for his long meditated lectures upon Ancient Art.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON has just set forth on a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, in company with MR. NEWDEGATE and the REV. C. H. SPURGEON: the former carrying a score of unboiled peas in his left boot, and the latter wearing full canonicals of the Order of the Carmelites.

MR. BRIGHT, it is expected, will start for Nova Zembla in the middle of next week; intending there to pass his Christmas, and enjoy the famous sport of fly-fishing for whales, for which that country is so celebrated.

MR. WHALLEY occupies himself in his well-earned vacation by making a selection from his recent public speeches, which he intends forthwith to publish, as models of modern oratory, for the use of infant schools.

THE CONGRESS MANIA.

WHAT to do in Autumn
Often people ask:
Something may be taught 'em
If they like the task.
Follow not the pheasant—
Frivolous affair;
Wisdom's effervescent
In Congress everywhere.

Pundits Oriental
Give us Sanskrit puns;
They are ornamental—
Looking sons of guns:
They can talk in Tamil,
'Mid many other feats;
Why don't they ride the camel
Through our sober streets?

Congress of Fungologists—
Toadstool-eating men,
Who appear apologists
For aught that grows in glen.
Punch of no such rueful
Fungi will partake;
In *pâté* give him truffle,
And mushrooms with his steak.

The Congress scientific
Must bore us, just a bit;
Its sopor-sudor-ific
Results, we all admit.
The Congress *Mr. Punch* is
More willing far to share
Involves the best of lunches
In bright October air.

It puts an end to troubles,
And brings a calm repose,
The wine that briskly bubbles,
The wit that freely flows,
The pungence of a salad,
The laughter of the young,
The music of a ballad
By red lips gaily sung.

'Twixt politics and science
The year is taken up:
At both *Punch* huris defiance,
And means to drink his "cup;"
Leave *savans* to their tall ways,
And saints to their repose;
Hold Autumn Congress always
Of the nicest girls he knows.

"THINGS A LADY WOULD NOT LIKE TO KNOW."



PLEASE observe that this, the companion volume to *Things a Lady Would Like to Know*, is a repertory of recondite knowledge, giving information on many topics like the following:—

1. On whose heads the hair first grew which is manufactured into her charming chignons.

2. Of what chemicals are made her perfumes, essences, hair-dyes, and washes for beautifying the complexion.

3. What (she being a lovely blonde) LORD MRL-

LION's eldest son, whom she had almost caught, said about her to the wicked little brunette with whom he waltzed so often the other night.

4. Why her husband is so willing that she should enjoy herself for a few weeks at Brighton, though he has so much business that he can only come down on Saturdays.

5. What the children are learning while the governess writes her love-letters.

6. What the servants think of the correspondence which she carelessly leaves about.

7. Why the fascinating CAPTAIN FITZ-PYRAMID, who is always bringing opera-boxes and bouquets, will let her husband induce him to waste so much time on billiards.

From these examples it is clear that the book in question is one which should never be absent from any Lady's boudoir. Its negative virtues are great.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SECOND.

Her First Impressions.

"WHY, whatever have those ridiculous horses got bobbing about over their noses?" I said to myself, as I leaned over our front gate, the first morning after our arrival. Having been trained to truth from my youth up, I will not conceal from you that I was late for breakfast, and that, as such, I should not have been at the front gate. But I reckoned on all our party being dog-tired with their journey, and not likely to get up at their usual time. "Besides," I said, "if they're not tired themselves, they are that considerate that they'll think I am, and then they'll make every allowance for a poor suffering young girl, as well they may; so I may as well indulge myself with a good look out. When you have a mistress that don't mind being put upon, why, put upon her of course! You mayn't always have the chance! Besides, ain't we told that virtue is its own reward? and who are we that we should go against that, I should like to know?"

Well, I leaned out over the front gate and saw a waggon and horses coming along the road, and I couldn't think what the horses had got over their noses. When they got close to me I saw that each horse had a sheep's tail hanging from his forelock right down over his face. The sheep's tail was set in a nice little socket of black leather, with a neat fringe of red wool, and looked quite ornamental. "Well," I said, "think of the vanity of these French people! I've always been told that they all like to be decorated as much as ever they can, and that's natural; but to go and fig out their horses like this! Well, I never!"

When the horses came up to me, however, I changed my mind; for, just then, a swarm of flies began attacking them about the eyes and nose, and the horses, by tossing their heads and whisking the

sheep's tails, brushed away the flies as cleanly as I could with a duster. "Ah," I said, when I saw this, "there's a moral in every tale if you know where to look for it. France is the country for me! If there's a country anywhere where a young girl may look to be a happy wife it's here, where the merciful man is merciful to his beast!" But I've seen my error since. I've seen one, as was as soft as silk to a dumb brute, turn a deaf ear to a pleading woman. But at first I thought otherwise, and, as I went in to lay breakfast, I hugged those deceitful sheep's tails to my trusting bosom.

I must own that, when I came to look over the house and know it well, I didn't find much to complain of in it. It was very large, and had a good many rooms; but it hadn't too many carpets, too harbour dust, and get me into trouble with mistress about the corners—the floors being mostly of wood, which had been brought to a polish with wax and hard rubbing, and so was easy to sweep. I needn't say I didn't trouble myself about the polish. That beautiful line of DR. WATTS—

"How neat she spreads the wax—"

was meant for the little busy bee and not for a hard-working girl, who had lived in good English places and wasn't going to give in to French ways.

On the mantelpiece there were none of those fidgety little knick-nacks, which are always jumping out of your hands and dashing themselves into pieces, when you're dusting them; but, instead, in each sitting room, there was a good solid gilt clock, that wouldn't go, and so couldn't be put out of order by hasty handling when one was late in the morning. And the furniture was all solid and strong, and wouldn't break when you moved it about, if you was ever so much out of temper. Men may swear when they're put out, but a girl, who has been brought up to be a pupil-teacher, must look elsewhere for comfort, and it is a relief to her to be able to set a chair down with a slam and not find the top rail come off in her hands.

The walls of the sitting-room were lined from top to bottom with

presses, with panelled fronts, which looked like wainscot, so that I had no trouble in keeping my rooms tidy, but could just put out of sight any needlework or newspapers or other odds and ends of litter which might be lying about. Those presses were "a place for everything," and I put "everything in that place," and that, I know, is the golden rule of tidiness.

When we were coming over, my mistress told me we should find the usual offices (as the House Agents say) for us servants. I can't say much for the usual offices, which were all of stone with plaster floors, and so dark that some of 'em looked no better than beer-cellars with the doors off. But the kitchen made up for all. There was a large garden, with very high walls, all round the house, and the kitchen opened into this garden. Close to the kitchen-door was a door leading from the garden into a wood, and through the wood was a road leading to the front entrance. When you had got outside the garden-door you couldn't be seen from the house. "O, how nice!" I said to Cook when I saw this. "O, how nice! Why we shall be able to slip out of evenings without disturbing poor Mistress." And so we did too, I promise you.

I daresay a good many people would have called the place dull, for there was nothing but a hill with woods and corn-fields in front, and a valley with woods and corn-fields at the back; but I always say that, when the London season is over, it *must* be dull anywhere. Elvaston Place in September is no more like Elvaston Place in June than a lodge in a garden of cucumbers is like the Crystal Palace on Foresters' Day: and dullness in a new place isn't half so weary and worriting as dullness in an old one, where you sit listening for the knocks that don't come, and thinking of the young men that used to trim up the window gardens, and bring the flowers and the glass for the supper-table, and help to hand the ices. So! I've always said that I never would live with a family that didn't go away regularly as soon as the season was over. "Don't ask me," I've often said, "to live with a family as will take furnished lodgings at Margate for two months, and leave me to keep house in an empty street with all the blinds down. I like to be able to say, 'When I was at Scarborough the year the Prince took the fever'; or 'When I was at Brighton last November'; or 'When we had LORD BURLINGHAM's place in Hertfordshire!'" This sounds well, and lets people know what kind of place a girl expects when she is thinking of bettering herself.

ROYAL VISITORS' GUIDE FOR 1875.



THE SULTAN is staying at the Turkish Bath in Brighton.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is seen every morning on Margate Jetty.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is at Dublin.

DON CARLOS is at Herne Bay, enjoying the sea-bathing.

THE KING OF ITALY is deer-stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.

THE Czar OF RUSSIA is at Broadstairs. The appearance of His Majesty on the sands is the signal for the gathering of immense crowds of visitors.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, the PRINCE IMPERIAL OF GERMANY, accompanied by PRINCE VON BISMARCK and COUNT VON MOLTKE, are at

Dorking, from which town they make almost daily excursions into the adjacent country.

THE KING OF GREECE is at Edinburgh—a place which His Majesty is said to describe as "quite the modern Athens."

And the SHAH OF PERSIA is staying as a self-invited guest at the establishment of MADAME TUSSAUD in Baker Street.

Satisfactory Solution.

FACTS in Geology and Egyptology, Very momentous as touching chronology, Seem to run counter to facts of Theology. Very well, never mind. What if they do? These facts, and those facts as well, may be true. Truth and truth ne'er can at variance be! All truths will some day be proved to agree. Seemingly different truths, let us say, Are equally true in a different way.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following letter reached our Office, attached to the wing of a carrier-pigeon. The signature of the writer is sufficient to verify it. He, the most truthful of all travellers, never met an old savage at Khiva, never saw a dwarf and dog fight at Hanley, never brought home one of PHARAOH's chariot-wheels from the Red Sea, as a birthday gift to his mother. Perfect accuracy, combined with a simple descriptive and narrative style, makes him the best of Special Correspondents; and we can guarantee the exactitude of his letter just received from the unexplored Empire of

AMAZONIA.

Saint Penthesilea's Day.

It was, *Mr. Punch*, with some disinclination that I left my loving wife, and my stable of Houyhnhnms, to make a fifth and, I hope, a last voyage. But your commands must be obeyed; so I went forth in a steamship, manufactured for me by MR. BESSEMER and MR. READ, which can be worked by a crew of one, to avoid mutiny. I was that crew of one. I victualled the ship with homœopathic pills of ox and deer, one box warranted to contain a hecatomb, and with small phials of essence of brandy, each holding a condensed hog'shead, I steamed away from Falmouth Harbour, exactly a hundred and seven (Gordian) knots an hour by the barometer, E.S.E. by N.N.W. on a great circle. The great circle I used was my daughter POLLY's iron hoop, which she drives to school between the people's legs. This is one reason (if I may pause to make a scientific remark) why bow-legged people abound in Wapping.

[At this point it becomes necessary to omit a few thousand pages of the honest Captain's log. He will, however, be besieged by publishers for a complete record of his travels, when he returns. They will run after him with blank cheques, to be filled up for any amount—a generous habit, which seems almost peculiar to the London publisher.]

When I was washed ashore [a harrowing shipwreck is here omitted] I found myself in a pleasant open green with large trees upon it. I went forward slowly, being somewhat bruised and tired, and having swallowed many gallons of a liquid I have never learnt to like; namely, salt water. The country seemed beautiful, but I saw no signs of habitation; and at that moment I longed for food and drink, and to dry my apparel. Suddenly I met a person dressed in a blue silk tunic and white satin trousers, and wearing on her head (for it was a she, and this is a country of shes) a cap with a jewel and feather in it.

"Stop, or I'll run you through!" she cried, drawing a sword and pointing it at me. Her accents were so musical I knew she did not mean it.

[At this point our valued Correspondent becomes prolix, from two causes—he likes to describe at length his attempt to flirt with this forward young minx in Bloomer costume, and he also calculates on getting a guinea a word for all he writes. So we pass on to his interview with the Queen.]

Her Majesty, who is of high stature and commanding appearance, received me favourably. It is etiquette to approach her kneeling, and licking the dust from the floor. I always adhere to the customs of the country. The quantity of dust I had swallowed uncomplainingly caused Her Majesty to smile.

"I am sure you are a very good husband, CAPTAIN GULLIVER," she said.

My heart and mouth were too full for a reply. She graciously proceeded:

"Here we have no husbands. All men are slaves. We regard them as inferior animals, with just a slight glimmer of reason. They are bought and sold like cattle, and compelled to work in their various ways. This is the highest form of civilisation, and will, in time, be the custom of the world."

This seemed likely to be the worst of my adventures. To escape from the spiteful Lilliputians and the terrible sons and daughters of Broddingnag, and then to fall among the Amazons! O *Gumadal-chitch*, that you were here to take that Queen by her hair and drown her in a slop-basin!

I dissembled. I spoke as fluently as I could on the wisdom of the Queen of Amazonia. I expressed my delight at being a slave, my belief that all men ought to be slaves. I expressed my admiration of Her Majesty's wisdom—and still more of her personal beauty.

She has commanded me to dine with her. I must still dissemble.

In another letter I hope to tell you something of the Metropolis of Amazonia, its Cathedral, its University, and all other matters which the well-informed traveller has to record. The male population of the place are kept in excellent order, and crime is entirely unknown. If a man takes a drop too much, he is bastinadoed, or carbonadoed, or something. I must try and be temperate dining with the Queen; but I suppose she won't transgress the laws of hospitality. I am very thirsty.

Yours to command,

LEMUEL GULLIVER.



A FRAGMENT.

AUGUSTUS KNOWS A CERTAIN SNUG RETREAT—
A LITTLE ROCKY CAVERN BY THE SEA—
WHERE, SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN (AND EVERY EYE),
HE FONDLY HOPES TO BREATHE HIS TALE OF LOVE
INTO HIS ARTLESS ARABELLA'S EAR!

A WORD TO THE "ROUGH."

You ruffian, you scoundrel, you brutal Yahoo!
There's a good time, be sure of it, coming for you.
You dull, drunken savage, malignantly mad!
You dastard, you blackguard, you criminal cad!

You'll be taught to take care how your fury you wreak,
How you fell the defenceless and trample the weak.
How in face, mouth, and eyes folk with clenched fist you slog;
Knock down, stamp on, and smash them with iron-bound clog.

You shall know, you foul sot, you shall feel in your skin,
What it is to gouge eyes out, and ribs to kick in;
Or, in bestial affray with some wretched compeer,
To bite off your antagonist's nose or his ear.

See you this knotted scourge of nine thongs? 'Tis the Cat!
You have feelings which may be appealed to with that.
On garotters, your like, with effect it was tried.
And your heart, too, no doubt will be reached through your hide.

An Ingenuous Offer.

In the *Manchester Guardian* we are apprised that:—

A Clergyman WANTS TO BORROW £50 or more for Two Years;
no security, but high interest.—Address, &c., &c.

"He must be a hopeful man who advertises for a loan on these terms. Doesn't he wish he may get it?" Such is the comment suggested by the above announcement. Are there not, however, many Joint-Stock Companies from whose circulars the proposal to borrow money on the conditions of high interest and no security differs only in candour?

POST HASTE.

If the Representative of England at the International Postal Congress, recently held at Berne, understood the wants of his countrymen, he doubtless urged the acceptance of the following proposals by those who attended the meeting:—

Letters from tradesmen (especially on or about quarter-day) should be "delayed in transmission."

Letters from wives of one year's standing to their husbands, on account of their extreme length, should be paid for by the hundred-weight.

Letters from husbands to their wives, on account of their extreme brevity, should be despatched at so much the dozen.

Circulars sent through the post should be destroyed immediately on their discovery in the letter-boxes.

Letters crossed and re-crossed should be returned to their writers.

Letters from mothers-in-law should be refused on any terms.

Letters from amateur authors to editors should be marked "Hanwell" to insure proper attention.

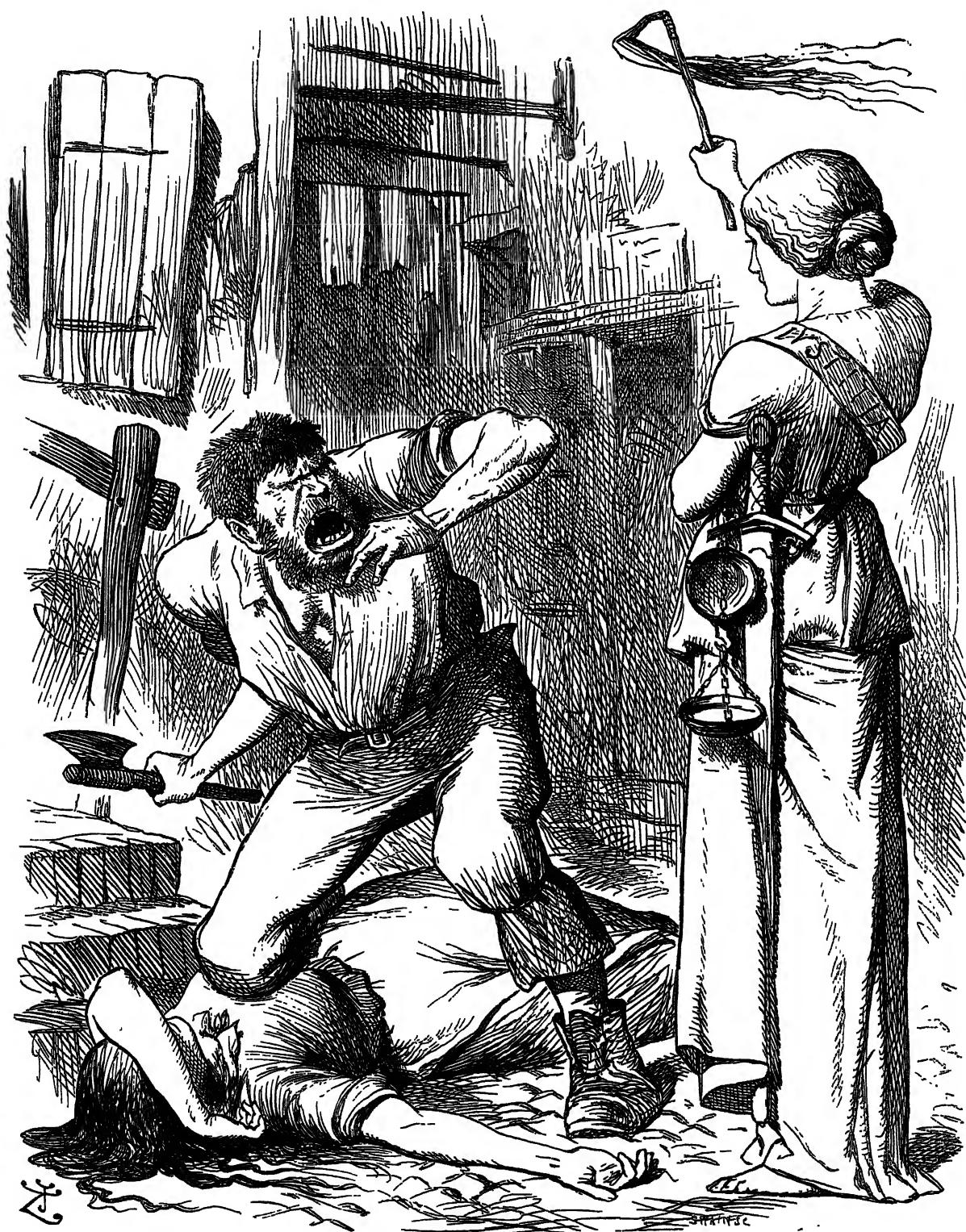
Letters of credit should be paid for by those who receive them on their arrival before they are sent. (N.B.—This Clause only to apply to Ireland.)

Notes from Postmen should be paid for at the rate of authors' MS., as coming from men of letters.

And last, but not least, all love letters should be delivered post free.

Shakspeare's Line.

ATTENTION lately called to the plants mentioned by SHAKSPEARE, has caused people to argue that he must have been a gardener. The fact appears to be that the Prince of Playwrights was the living contradiction to a popular saying—SHAKSPEARE was Jack of all trades and master of one.



THE DEMON "ROUGH."

JUSTICE. "LOOK HERE, YOU COWARDLY RUFFIAN! THIS HAS PUT DOWN GAROTTERS! WE SHALL NOW HAVE TO TRY IF IT WON'T PUT DOWN YOU!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Alhambra and the Charing Cross Theatre.

RESPECTED SIR,

I REPRESENTED you one night at the Alhambra. I took with me my noble friend the D—ke, in return for that admirable entertainment to which he had invited me at the Holborn Restaurant. I had intended to give my dear D—ke an intelligent treat. Sir, I regret to say that since the evening of our visit to the Alhambra my noble friend has never been the same man, at least, towards me, that he was before. How could I tell that the *Demon's Bride* was so depressingly dull? It wasn't my fault. "I didn't write it," I explained to my dear and noble friend, who simply exclaimed "Thank

Heaven!" and, soon afterwards, about the middle of Act II., dropped off to sleep.

He complained, and with reason, that there were no airs he could carry away with him, and reproduce on his favourite instrument the Hungarian Bolophone.

The music, to the thinking of Your Representative, was rather too good for this sort of piece, and perhaps M. JACOB, the composer is not himself quite satisfied with the performance of his own work.

Except M^{RS}. ROSE BELL, who is a true *artiste*, there was really no one to command the attention of an audience. But, then, can the attention of an Alhambra audience be commanded except by spectacle, ballet, and practical fun? As to witticisms, brilliant dialogue, neat song-verses, *they* are, on the whole, utterly thrown away. Whenever MR. PAULTON speaks he can invariably be heard, but, on this occasion, there was really hardly anything worth hearing; and, as far as the "action" went, very little worth seeing. Yet it is splendidly put on the stage, both as to scenery and costumes, and everyone from first to last seemed to be doing their best to make the piece go.

The night of our visit may have been an exceptionally unfortunate one, as M^{RS}. BELL appeared to play without her usual vigour, and to go through her performance mechanically: but the part is not a good one for *her*, and, as my noble Bolophonist observed, "the music doesn't seem to suit her." My dear friend only woke up to say this, and then went, at once, to sleep again, so that perhaps his opinion would not be of very much value.

An apology was put out for that elegant dancer MADemoiselle SARA, and so "the bells went a ringing for SARA" in vain. Your Representative sincerely hopes the young lady is better. Her unobtrusive *troupe* was there, and how any audience can approve of such ungraceful, unwomanly, inartistic kicking up behind and before (like *Ole Joe* in the once celebrated nigger song) is a puzzle to Your Representative. Late diners and later suppers of both sexes may revel in this sort of entertainment, which, as my dear discreet D—ke (who did wake up for this) observed, "is, decidedly, not for Joseph." Were the dancing artistic, that, to speak colloquially, would be another pair of shoes altogether. Art, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins.

As far as Your Representative could judge, the Alhambra has not played a trump in the production of the *Demon's Bride*.

The little Charing Cross Theatre has been re-opened by MR. HENDERSON, of Liverpool and American theatrical fame, with MISS LYDIA THOMPSON as the Queen of the celebrated "Blonde Troupe," which has been delighting American play-goers for the last four years.

Their *pièce de résistance* is an original *Opéra-Bouffe*, or rather burlesque of the old pattern, with ready-made music fitted to it by its Author, MR. FARNIE, who seems to be well up to the requirements of this sort of entertainment. The first Scene of *Blue Beard* sparkles from beginning to end; everyone is new, everything is new, everybody is brilliantly costumed, the dialogue is crammed with allusions to the topics of the day, all more or less telling, the puns are bad enough to be groaned at; and when MISS LYDIA THOMPSON bounds on as pretty and as graceful as ever, the audience give her and her neat little speech so warm a reception as to send

the thermometer up several degrees, and remind us that a little more ventilation would be highly acceptable.

MISS THOMPSON has not been spoiled by America: the only appearance of her being at all un-Englished is her evident enjoyment of what is purely American fun, and her evidencing her own appreciation of it by having allowed so much of it to remain in the piece.

Probably, before this report appears in print, the American Pantomimist, who now plays *Corporal Zingzong*, will only remain in the bill as the impersonator of "the heathen Chinese" for five minutes or so, not more, just time enough for him to show his dress, make one grimace *once*, play a short game of cards with MR. BROUGH as *Blue Beard*, and then vanish, and that most clever and ingenious Protean entertainer will have obtained several engagements nightly at our numerous Music-halls.

MR. ALFRED BISHOP was unrecognisable as *Ibrahim*, the father of *Fatima*, so fearfully and wonderfully was he made up; while MR. BROUGH was immensely funny in his quaint rendering of the immortal *Blue Beard*, whose catch phrase, "That's the sort of man I am," might, but for the actor's skill, have become a nuisance.

The concerted piece, "*You're a Fraud*," is in itself almost enough to make the fortune of any burlesque, and the *encores* which followed were genuine and hearty. There is no mistake about this at all events. American in idea, it is just that utterly absurd nonsense which, admirably given by a *sestette*, but mainly depending upon the vivacity of MISS THOMPSON and the quaintness of MR. BROUGH, in the delivery of the words, is safe to appeal irresistibly to the sense of humour of any English-speaking audience wherever it may be. The first scene is almost too much for the rest of the piece; and, on reflection, if such amusing trifles will bear reflection, two such scenes would be quite enough.

By the way, it will be as well to remind the gentleman who is styled in the programme "*Chef d'Orchestra*" (*sic*) that the theatre is a very small one, and that the audience have drums in their ears as well as he has in his orchestra. Such a common fault, and such an uncommon nuisance!

Before quitting Charing Cross Your Representative noticed on the bill, announced after the name of the "*Chef d'Orchestra*," those of the Machinist, the Property Master, the Gasman (!), and the Prompter. Indeed, the Property-men and Machinist are mentioned twice in the programme; *i.e.*, at the head and at the tail. Why? I do not remember this anywhere else. I like it: it's very kind and nice, and shows a commendable absence of pride in a management ready to acknowledge publicly the services of its subordinates.

But why stop here? Why not go on? After *Property Master*, MR. SCARBOROW; *Gasman*, MR. W. BLACKWELL (the last looks like a name in a pantomime), we might have the names of the Male Dressers, the Female Dressers, the Stage Door-keeper, the Call-boy, the head Carpenter, the under-Carpenters, the Box-keepers, the old women who collect the orange peel and sweep the Theatre, and so on. By thus drawing public attention to their official existence what a proper pride they might be soon induced to take in their honourable position. A discriminating audience instead of visiting the faults of a performance on the wrong people, would, if there were a "stage wait," call for the Call-boy, whose duty it would have been to have given the summons, and hiss *him*.

The Prompter should be called and treated in the same way, if failing in his duty to give the word when wanted. However, this is for the enterprising Manager's consideration. *En attendant*, that MISS THOMPSON and her *troupe* may achieve during their short season in London such a success as may revive the drooping fortunes of these *quasi Opéra-Bouffes*, musical follies, or whatever may be their ambiguous description, is the sincere wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

RULE BRITANNIA!

INQUIRY into several cases of fagging and bullying on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, naval cadet ship, has resulted in the punishment of twenty delinquents, some of them having been adjudged to lose six months' time. The Lords of the Admiralty have announced that, in case any more fagging of the junior cadets occurs, offenders will be dismissed the Service. Quite right, my Lords. Menial servitude is not a fit training for officers and gentlemen. It is particularly unsuitable for naval cadets on board the *Britannia*, associated by her name as that vessel is with "the charter of the land" enacting that "Britons never shall be slaves." Good luck to your Lordships for having determined that British youth, who will hereafter be officers in the British Navy, shall be deemed Britons within the meaning of that charter.

MOTTO FOR GENERAL OFFICERS, OVER SEVENTY, ON THE "ACTIVE LIST."—"The Old Guard dies, but never yields."



QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

Old-fashioned Sportsman. "I ALWAYS THINK ONE OF THE GREATEST PLEASURES OF SHOOTING IS TO WATCH ONE'S DOGS WORK, CHARLIE."

Charlie (whose only idea is wholesale Slaughter). "YES; BUT I DON'T SEE THE FUN OF WATCHING THEM WORK, IF WE DON'T KILL OUR NUMBER, EH?"

Guizot.

BORN AT NISMES, OCTOBER 4, 1787; DIED AT VAL RICHER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

THE light, so long trimmed by a hand severe,
Dies grave and gradual, without flash or flare,—
No storm cuts short the radiance calm and clear,
That ne'er showed doubtful but when skies were fair.

To the last drop of oil had burned the light
That shone ere sun-rise, after midnight mirk,
Ere to the life-long student came the night
That comes to all—"wherein no man can work."

With such stern humour as his nature deigned,
He chose, for coat-of-arms, a rigid bar;
For motto, "straight line shortest," and so trained
His spirit for its work of peace or war.

Strange irony of Heavenly rule that he
Who knew least cloud in creed, least doubt in school,
Least laxity in life, was doomed to be
Such People's minister, such Sovereign's tool!

Rigid, right-minded, clear as keen of ken,
The student's, teacher's, step was straight and strong,
About the dusty ways of bye-gone men,
No path too dark for him, no search too long.

High, to a wider class than his Sorbonne,
His firm hand held the guiding light, to show
Out of Rome's dust, slow-shapen, one by one,
New nations gather, and new orders grow.

All revered the teacher, from whose chair
Truth's trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound;

And when professor's gown for statesman's wear
Was changed, men deemed a better time come round.

All knew him learned, high of life as thought,
As eloquent of speech as keen of pen,
And few but fancied, "he that so has wrought
Wisdom from books, must needs work good from men."

Ah me, blind hearts of all from woman born!
The teacher that we knew so pure, so proud,
So strong in his own strength, so full of scorn,
For others' weakness, mingling with the crowd,

Stooped to their littleness his stately port,
Content, so his hands showed no sordid soil:
A mean king's mean grace not too high to court,
He stood by silent while knaves shared their spoil,

Deeming untempered mortar good enough
For buildings reared on sands of trick and turn;
Till, when the wind rose, and the sea waxed rough,
And at the crumbling basement 'gan to spurn,

It found not strength above, nor stay below,
But all, a rotten ruin, toppled down,
Sweeping away, in sudden overthrow,
Minister, measures, Cabinet, and Crown.

And when, stunned and bewildered, he, the chief,
Who had misjudged, misordered, things and men,
Struggled back to his feet, he sought relief
Where lay his strength, in thoughts and books and pen,

And was again the man of his first fame,
The father, sage, philosopher and guide,
For whom each day found its day's work—a name
For reverence, love and honour, far and wide.



THE EYE OF FAITH.

"O MY! WHAT A LOT OF CURRANTS!"

"CURRANTS! YER CALLS 'EM—CURRANTS, DO YER? WHY, THEM'S FLIES, YER STOOPID!"

See the two marks left by him on his time:

The writer's, thinker's—a clear-lighted clark
By which the student, following it, may climb
The Pisgah-heights of time, and, looking back,

May see the realms and ruins of the Past
Stretched in the Vast of Ages, at his feet,
In the broad light from far-drawn knowledge cast,
And, in his hand, the clues to bound and mete.

But woe's me for the mark the statesman leaves!
No realm reclaimed—no record reared—a space
Wherefrom the Future will not garner sheaves,
Black with the blight of death upon its face.

Why seek him there, where he but passed and fell,
Essaying work for which he was not born?
Look to that other field he tilled so well,
To win the wreath so long and nobly worn.

THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

EXAMINATIONS are now the order of the day, and everybody seems desirous of publicly testing his knowledge of everything. Soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and clerks have to undergo the same ordeal, and the "movement" seems for ever to be on the increase. It is impossible to say when a limit will be reached. Should, however, the Education of Married Women be submitted to the examination test, the following "papers" may be confidently expected from the examiners.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR COLLIERIES' WIVES.

What is the best brand of Champagne?

Give the present Paris Fashions, and say whether velvet or satin should be used in Dresses intended for every-day wear.

What are the names, dates, and distances of the principal annual Horse Races?

SAINT PHEASANT.

(See *Punch*, Sept. 5th.)

PUNCH—alas, how sad a stigma!—
Found Ægidius an enigma:
Now he marvels what religious
Gentleman was S. Remigius.

Did he after pheasants trudge?

Would three bottles leave him sober?

Was he an unerring judge

Of good old October?

Pheasants, 'tis the poets' creed,
By the Phasis went to breed,
Came from Colchis, in the cargo*
Of that primal ship the *Argo*:
Now in yellowing English woods
Flies the bird of radiant feather—
We're diminishing their broods
In the October weather.

Did Remigius sail with Jason
First across the sea's calm basin—
One the Golden Fleece to claim,
T'other looking out for game?
If his eye was first to dwell

On a grand cock-pheasant rising,
Few the Saints that half so well
Pay for canonising.

Certain 'tis that many sages
Lived in even the darkest ages,
Men who knew 'tis very pleasant
Both to shoot and carve a pheasant.
Of Remigius let us think

While through woods of beech we clamber,
And his noble memory drink
When the skies grow amber.

* *Argiva primum sum transportata carina,
Ante mihi notum nil, nisi Phasis erat.*

MARTIAL.

A Communist Culprit.

At a local meeting of the "International" in a public-house, a member of that Society proposed, as a toast, "QUEEN ANNE." The abandoned wretch explained that he meant Anarchy, and the pewter-pots levelled at his head were not thrown.

Is there any cure for intoxication? If you answer in the affirmative, give the prescription.

What is the best defence in fights where hob-nailed boots are freely used?

EXAMINATION FOR CURATES' WIVES.

Give the present prices of Meat and Coals?

What is the best substitute for meat at dinner?

How long will a hundred-weight of Coals last in winter time? Give your answer in months.

How many yards of Calico does it take to clothe yourself and children?

Given £80 a year, prove that a gentleman, his wife, and six children can live upon the money in a state of respectability.

Give the full meaning of the following words—(1) "Misery," (2) "Despair," and (3) "Starvation."

Railway Insurance.

A THOUSAND pounds for sixpence! Insure your precious life Ere travelling by Railway, if you have child or wife. Six pounds a week disabled so long as you remain! Insure your limbs for sixpence before you trust the train.

But though for life or limb lost a premium you secure, Ah, what insurance is there their safety to insure?

The verdict of a Jury may go a little way, When it condemns a Company for accidents to pay.

Barbarity to a Horse.

MR. PUNCH needs make no Apology for not publishing any of the numerous puns which have been sent him relative to the Horse of that name. By this time, no doubt, they have all been in everybody's mouth and everybody else's ears, and had they appeared in these columns it would have been generally remarked that *Punch* had been guilty of cruelty to animals, in having ridden *Apology* to death.



RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

First Passenger. "HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Second Passenger. "NO—VERY POOR. BIRDS WILD—RAIN IN TORRENTS—DOGS NO USE. 'ONLY GOT FIFTY BRACE!'"

First Passenger. "MAKE BIRDS DEAR, WON'T IT?"

Second Passenger ("off his guard"). "YOU'RE RIGHT. I ASSURE YOU I PAID THREE-AND-SIXPENCE A BRACE ALL ROUND AT NORWICH THIS MORNING!"

A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

THE days are past, nor ever can return,
When Science shuddered at a Church's banning:
Now Catholics who for instruction yearn
At CAPEL's College may right freely learn,
And read wise essays, edited by MANNING.*

Rome finds in England's life more bracing air,
And is constrained to organise a neo-
Catholicism, whose votaries will beware
Of shocking any possible *Lothair*
By vetoing the tube of GALILEO.

Yet if men search the secrets of the sky,
And read the records writ on flint and granite,
They must be ready for whate'er reply
Comes to the eager philosophic eye
As to the history of this marvellous planet.

"A Christian School of Science" seems to show
Foregone conclusions as the teacher's staple:
A strange new thought might be a fatal blow,
And that surprise would never do, you know,
ARCHBISHOP MANNING, MONSIGNORE CAPEL.

There's to geometry no royal road,
So said in ancient days a great philosopher:
From *ultra montes*, Miracle's abode,
To where Truth teaches her eternal code,
Punch sadly fears it will be hard to cross over.

* HENRY S. KING: 1874. A Third Series.

BISMARCK'S MASTER MIND.

ALTHOUGH inflexible, if necessary, in pursuing a foreign policy of "blood and iron," PRINCE BISMARCK in domestic life can unbend. The other day, at Varzin, he gave all his farm-servants, male and female, a grand feast, followed by a ball in celebration of harvest-home. Soon after the waltzing had commenced, the Prince and his Princess entered the saloon, and joined in the festivities. The Princess "danced with one of the labourers once, and then played the part of a spectator." But as for BISMARCK himself:—

"The Prince danced with all the girls on his estate, but not until he had given his first partner a lesson in the art."

This incident is mentioned in a piece of news under heading of "PRINCE BISMARCK At Home." It shows him at home in the capacity of a dancing-master. Thus BISMARCK is proved to be more of a master mind even than he is reputed. From his having danced with all the girls on his estate, it is evident that he is an indefatigable dancer. Who has ever dreamt that PRINCE BISMARCK would remind him of SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON? Yet if QUEEN ELIZABETH had a dancing Chancellor, so, it appears, has EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Now it is known that BISMARCK dances, the dance-musicians will most likely get hold of him, and produce Bismarck waltzes and quadrilles, or perhaps something new in polkas or mazurkas, which they will call the *Bismarquiennes*. Withal, pictures of a beautified Bismarck, with blooming cheeks and an Adonis figure in the fullest evening dress, may be expected to appear very shortly in shop-windows on the lids of music-books.

A "FREE" BREAKFAST-TABLE.—One that makes rude remarks to its own Spirit-medium.



"MAKING THE BEST OF IT."

First Artisan. "BEEN TO THE SEA-SIDE THIS YEAR, BILL?"

Second Artisan. "NO; IT DON'T RUN TO IT, MY BOY. A PINT OF S'RIMPS AND 'ALF A POUND O' TIDMAN'S SEA-SALT 'LL BE ABOUT MY FORM!"

MR. GLADSTONE ON RITUAL.

PHYSICIAN and Prophet, you write with a will
From your quiet retreat in Llandudno or Rhyll,
And the wicked world, given to excesses habitual,
Is warned by your eloquent sayings on Ritual.

Three courses there are which you carefully touch:
There may be too little, there may be too much;
What's precisely enough only trial can tell—
This prescription applies to one's Cognac as well.

The point that you miss is to most people clear:
SACERDOS should ask himself—"Why am I here?
To wear whimsical finery, radiant and rare,
Or to teach the true meaning of duty and prayer?"

Our stolid strong world is in some things obdurate,
And laughs at the silly caprice of the curate;
And even a GLADSTONE will labour in vain
To prove that excitement is good for the brain.

With music and painting to glorify God
Is a noble desire; but contemptibly odd
Is the notion, from Romanist policy caught,
Of exalting these Arts to the loss of true thought.

Our GLADSTONE, spoilt child of the nation, might see
That England is strong because England is free,
And that ferment of fierce theological yeast
Will ne'er put JOHN BULL under power of the Priest.

We think rather slowly: the heterodox
May laugh at the grave old strong sire of the ox:
But he waits till the fever of phantasy cools,
Knowing Premiers and Petticoats both may be fools.

TONGUE v. TRADE.

How great would be the wonder of our Honourable Legislators, were a Petition to be signed by our leading Merchant Princes, praying that the opening of next Session be postponed, say, till next summer, on the ground that talking politics sadly injured trade! Yet, so far as we can learn, nobody seems startled by this scrap of Paris news:—

"A petition has been signed by the Merchants of Paris, praying the National Assembly not to meet before the 15th of January, in order to avoid exercising an unfavourable political influence on the trade of the country at the close of the year."

A petition such as this seems rather a bad compliment to the honourable gentlemen who compose the French Assembly, and who, be it borne in mind, are paid a handsome salary for the service which they are supposed to render to the State. If the influence of their meeting be injurious to trade, one wonders that *La France* should retain them in her service, and still more that she consents to retain them in her pay. Or it might be worth her while to increase their yearly income, on condition only that they did her the great service of abstaining from all speech-making, and living peaceably in silence, as far as for a Frenchman that may be possible, at home.

A Puzzling Announcement.

FRIENDS, Ladies, Housekeepers, lend us your eyes, to look at this advertisement:

WANTED, a GIRL, about 16; need not have been out; for titled family.

One may presume that this young person is wanted in the kitchen, but, for aught that one can gather, she may rather be required for social service in the drawing-room. Perhaps the titled family may be wishful to adopt her, and intend to bring her out if she has not yet been so brought. There is no mention made of wages, or anything of that sort: but admission to the house of a family of title may be esteemed full compensation for such a trifling matter as the want of actual pay.

THE EASTERN POSITION.—Ritualist squatting cross-legged on the Chancel floor.

So, Physician and Prophet, though welcoming you,
Mr. Punch doesn't think you teach anything new,
And holds that your sayings may make men litigious,
But will give them no help to be truly religious.

The Church of our realm has a glorious basis
In the faith of the people, and scorns all grimaces:
Nothing new, Dr. G., what you come to prescribe is—
In mediâ viâ tutissimus ibis.

A BLUE-BOOK WITH A ROSE TINGE.

READ the Third Annual Report of the Local Government Board for 1873-74. In the midst of that vast blue-book of seven hundred pages there is a bit of motherly writing by MRS. NASSAU SENIOR, which is delightful to read, and cannot fail to be of immense use. MRS. SENIOR has visited pauper schools, and has traced about seven hundred girls who had been educated at pauper schools; and her brief biographies of these poor little waifs are perfect in their simplicity. She believes that the Poor Law system will, in time, come to an end through improvement in education. *Mr. Punch* is not so sanguine. *Τὸς πτωχοὺς γὰρ ἀνθρώπους ἔχουσιν μὲθ' ἑαυτῶν.* Mendicity is eternal. But the pauper may be gradually raised to a higher level: and such an inquiry as MRS. SENIOR's is likely to do great good in this way.

Mr. Punch is delighted when a lady does in this direction what no man could possibly do. The terse memoirs of these poor little pauper maids are much more pathetic than anything in modern fiction. We trace the poor children from place to place—we see them stunted, sulky, squinting, suffering from ophthalmia, the very refuse of the world. MRS. SENIOR, kind and keen in her investigations, tells the Guardians of the Poor (who too often deem themselves mere guardians of the rate-payers) how they may gradually diminish this evil. MR. STANSFELD did a wise thing when he asked her to undertake the inquiry: if the lessons of it are rightly read, her second contribution to the blue-book will have a far rosier tinge.

A HERO OF ROMANCE.



THEATRE ROYAL, MUNICH.

His Majesty the KING OF BAVARIA presents his compliments to the World in general, and the Peoples of Europe in particular, and begs to inform them that he has arranged to appear for a limited number of years (by kind

R. PUNCH understands that the KING OF BAVARIA is still away from his home. The last *on dit* is to the effect that, before returning to Munich, His Majesty proposes to take a tour in India, with a view to completing his "artistic education" in that distant land. The report, had it reference to any other sovereign, might be safely put down as a *canard*; but, when KING LUDWIG is in question, the world is prepared to believe any and everything. It is impossible to say what this eccentric monarch may do next, but it may be anticipated that sooner or later (as his fondness for theatrical representations is historical) he may provide his subjects with an entertainment founded upon personal recollections of his own career. Should this scheme be carried into execution, the following programme may be confidently expected.

permission of PRINCE VON BISMARCK) in a new and decidedly original piece of absurdity (in one character), entitled—

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE;
OR, UNHAPPY AS A KING.

The Music (intended for the future) arranged and composed by HERR WAGNER.

In the course of the action of the play His Majesty will appear in the following Illustrations of Character:—

Illustration—"The Royal Fiddler."—During this mirth-moving piece of acting, His Majesty will prove to the satisfaction of his subjects that it is as easy to play during the absorption of a kingdom into the German Bund as it was in the days of old to discourse sweet music while Rome itself was burning.

Illustration—"Beer in the King's Arms."—His Majesty will sing a song in praise of wine, and deliver a discourse upon the pleasure of selling one's birthright for a mess of porridge.

Illustration—"The Princely Brio-à-Brac Hunter."—His Majesty will, in the course of a very humorous speech, maintain that laws should be broken to secure broken china, and that an ancient throne has no value except when picked up cheap in an old curiosity shop.

The whole to conclude with a screaming farce, entitled—

GOVERNING A KINGDOM.

In which His Majesty will utterly disappear in the presence of his subjects, after indulging in a Breakdown of novel construction and singing his favourite song, "*I have no Work to Do!*"

Vivat Rex—No Money Returned.

Associations of Ants.

IMMENSE swarms of Ants have lately been reported from sundry places. These creatures appear to have been holding Congresses. They generally do at this season; and so do lady-cows and other insects. These Associations, like our own, appear to have been provided by Nature for the benefit of the newspapers.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

THE following letter, which has been addressed to Mr. Punch, speaks for itself. It will be observed that the writer has made a mistake in his spelling—London having been invaded by Ants, not (as he evidently believes) by Aunts. In spite of this trifling error, his communication is published for the benefit and information of his suffering fellow-creatures.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

Paradise Place, E. W.
October, 1874.

I observe that the papers have recently been filled with letters containing remedies for Aunts, who, apparently, have invaded the houses of their Nephews and Nieces in such vast numbers that their presence has become at last unbearable. Surely there is a plague to which most married men are subject which deserves equal attention—I allude, of course, to the periodical excursions made by Mothers-in-law into the homes of their helpless children. I feel that I owe the world no apology for suggesting a few remedies that may be used with advantage. I may add that, as a Benedict of ten years' standing, and having had the advantage of three distinct Mothers-in-law, my experience of these pests is very extensive.

Remedy No. 1.—When your Mother-in-law arrives, flatly refuse to argue with the cabman about his fare; and, if he appeals to you, give your verdict (expressed in the strongest language) in his favour. If your Mother-in-law is quick-tempered, she will resent this behaviour, and leave your house for ever.

Remedy No. 2.—Remedy No. 1 having failed, show your Mother-in-law the room you have selected for her. This apartment (take care that it is small) should be at the very top of the house, and should, moreover, have no bell. If your unwelcome guest is an obstinate person, be careful that the chimney smokes and the windows have no curtains.

Remedy No. 3.—The above remedies having failed, it now will be as well to call in the assistance of your children to your aid. Let THOMAS (your eldest boy) be instructed to "amuse" his grand-

mother, with experiments selected from the *répertoire* of "The Youths' Half-guinea Chemical Chest" (as advertised), whilst his little brother JOHNNY may be encouraged to practise his clever, if somewhat noisy, solo on the big drum on the landing outside the door of his aged relative's bed-room. During these manoeuvres, smoking should be permitted in every room in the house.

Remedy No. 4.—The above Remedies having failed, it now becomes incumbent upon you to discover your Mother-in-law's exact age. Having accomplished your object, threaten to reveal the secret at a dinner-party at which she is present, if she does not consent to leave your house immediately.

The last Remedy has never been known to fail.

Believe me, my very dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO IS A SLAVE NO LONGER.

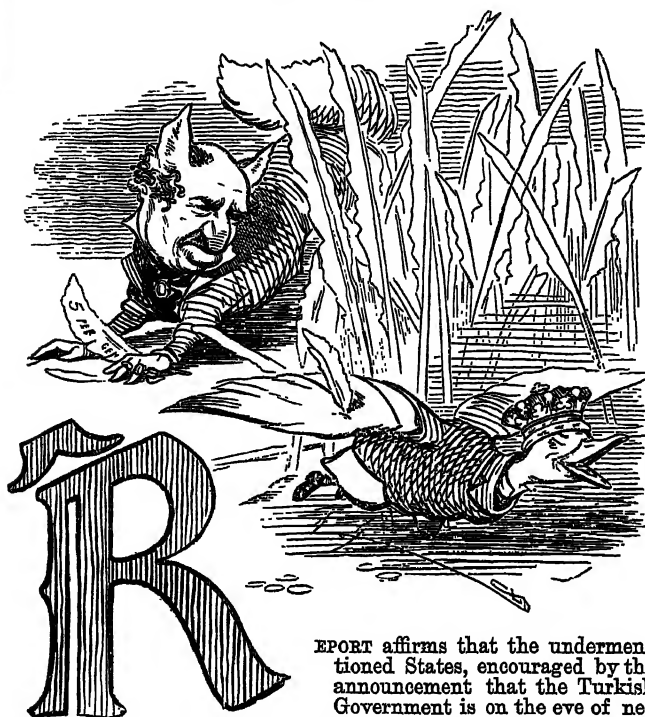
A GOOD LOOK-OUT FOR A GOVERNESS.

THERE are generally two ways of looking at a bargain, and, to the thoughtful mental eye, there are assuredly more ways than one of viewing the subjoined:—

A Kind HOME in the Country, with necessary training for NURSERY A GOVERNESS, offered to a genteel girl (aged 15 to 17) for £14 per annum, if willing to assist in needlework and care of children. Good piano, bracing air, plenty of new milk, eggs, &c.

This certainly appears an advantageous offer, but the advantage inclines rather to the pocket of the advertiser. Bracing air, and kindness, and plenty of new milk, are doubtless pleasant in their way, but their purchase may be costly at the price of £14 a year, *plus* the care of several children, and *plus* likewise *x*, an unknown quantity of needlework. These additions are by euphemism termed "training for a Governess:" but wherein do they differ from the duties of a nursemaid? And we wonder what a nursemaid would say if her employer demanded £14 a year for board and lodging, and utterly declined to pay her any wages?

CAPITAL!



REPORT affirms that the undermentioned States, encouraged by the announcement that the Turkish Government is on the eve of negotiating a new Loan in England,

will shortly attempt to obtain advances on the following exceedingly advantageous terms.

Khiva will offer as security the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (the Bondholders being required to arrange the details of the transfer with His Majesty the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA), and will further deliver up—as a hostage to be kept until the repayment of the Loan—the celebrated “white-headed old savage,” whose patience has been so graphically described in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Persia will be prepared to hand over to the Bondholders five hundred documents exactly similar to the Concession granted a short time since to the BARON REUTER. By order of the SHAH, half the Loan is to be paid in Free Admissions to the Exhibition of Waxworks established by the late MADAME TUSSAUD in Baker Street.

Spain, to obtain a further advance, will be willing to add to the Securities already in the hands of her creditors, a deed authorising the Bondholders to seize and retain the person of DON CARLOS, in addition to any German gun-boats they may find cruising about in Spanish waters.

Should the above Loans be launched, they will probably be negotiated in the first instance at Hanwell.

“ELIZABETH’S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.”

FRAGMENT THE THIRD.

Her First Impressions (continued).

So! I’ve never been one to set my face against the country. There *must* be some country, you know, and I hope I know my duty better than to fly in the face of what’s ordered. In all my advertisements, in a paper which shall be nameless, but which is the largest paper, with the greatest circulation in the wide world, I’ve always said “No objection to the country.” And why? Because I know that, if you want a dinner of herbs where love is, and which makes a continual feast to a contented mind, the country is naturally the place for it.

You may guess that, with my sharpness, I wasn’t long in picking up some words of the language.

There was nobody near who could speak English, and, for a time, it was as much as Mistress and Miss EDITH (our eldest) could do to keep us straight with the Booshay and the Boolonjay. And, what struck me most at first was the deal of use that the French make of two or three words. Now, there’s that wonderful word *marshay*. Why, it’s equal to a dictionary! I happened to say so to Miss EDITH one day when Master was by, and he said something in

French, which made her laugh. I asked her afterwards what he’d said, and she said it was a quotation from a famous French play, and meant pretty much what I had been saying, so I got her to write it down for me, and here it is:—

“*Oui. La langue turque est comme cela, elle dit beaucoup en peu de paroles.*”—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Now that’s just what the French do with *marshay*. I hadn’t been twenty-four hours in the place before I found out that, when anything wouldn’t do what it was intended to do, it was because it wouldn’t *marshay*. When a tap wouldn’t turn, it wouldn’t *marshay*. When the carving-knife wouldn’t cut, it wouldn’t *marshay*. If the kitchen stove wouldn’t burn, through Cook having shut all the dampers, it wouldn’t *marshay*. When Master’s razors wanted setting he told me to take them to the barber’s, about two miles off, and tell him that they wouldn’t *marshay*, and must be *raccommodaied*. And so they were, and they’ve *marshayed* ever since; at least, you’d say so if you looked at Master, for he’s shaved as clean as a Clown in a pantomime.

The first morning at breakfast Mistress announced that none of the bells would *marshay*; but I can’t say I troubled myself much about that. “That’s the kind of bells’ stratagem as suits me,” I said. By dinner time we had found out that none of the looks on the doors would *marshay*; and that night Cook and I, in fear of our lives, didn’t dare to go to sleep until we had piled the water-jug, two basins, and a foot-bath against our door.

Next morning (it was very dry weather) some one came in to say that the pump wouldn’t *marshay*, and the very next day we were told that the cow, which was let to us with the premises, had broken down, and couldn’t *marshay* any longer.

“Good gracious!” I said, when I heard this. “Why she must be an English cow! How natural of her to break down along with the pump. How well these dumb animals know their friends and the handle that helps ’em.”

Next, Mistress hired a little Frenchwoman to help Cook and me, for of course *we* couldn’t do all the work, and she used to do a few odds and ends, such as washing all the floors of the rooms and passages, and all the stairs, and washing and ironing all the clothes and linen of the house, and cleaning all the kitchen utensils, which were of bright copper, and working the pump, when it would *marshay*, to fill the up-stairs cistern, and carrying the water in jugs up a ladder to the cistern, when the pump gave in, which it did almost every other day. And besides doing these little odd jobs, while Cook and I got through the heavy work, she used to go into the town twice a week to make our *marshays*, as she said, and was always talking about the *borg marshays* she had brought home.

What she did for us, she did for one or two other families, and so was at it from morning to night, but still was always fresh, and cheerful, and good-humoured.

But what I couldn’t abide in her, and never shall, was her demeaning herself by taking twopence an hour (with no meals) for her work.

“No, Cook” I’ve said more than once, “never will I allow that we should cheapen ourselves like that! ‘Know your own value,’ I said, ‘and you’ll make others know it.’ Put a low price on yourself, and they’ll beat you down. If you want your trumpet blown,” I said, “blow it yourself, and you’ll get more noise out of it than anyone else will. And what I say of trumpets I say of French horns.”

And I must always think it was mean of MADAME PICHOU—for that was her name—not to blow hers louder.

MANY MISSES.

ON my youthful misfortunes I don’t care to dwell,
But O how I suffered from that minx, MISS SPELL!
She plagued me with words that to write I was ill able,
And a poly-twigged birch avenged each polysyllable.

Then at twenty or so I grew wise, as I thought,
And the suction of eggs to my grandmother taught;
I fancied myself the first man in the nation—
Being utterly humbugged by MISS INFORMATION.

Whenever by rail any journey I make,
There’s a girl that will go with me, stupid MISS TAKE:
And if all the ROTHSCHILDS I’d blow to Old Harry,
On ’Change I am certain to meet with MISS CARRY.

MISS NOMER sends wrong all my letters, I know;
I can’t get a kiss from my dear MISS L. TOE:
And when I write verse with an epigram in’t,
’Tis spoilt by that feminine typo, MISS PRINT.

MOTTO FOR THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—“Law!”



L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES.

*Young Robinson (mentally). "O WOULD I WERE A BALL,
THAT I MIGHT FLY TO—ALL!"*

THE RABIES AMONG THE "ROUGHS."

ACCORDING to the *Post*, on Wednesday, at the Middlesex Sessions:—

"JOHN BALL, a most ferocious-looking ruffian, was charged with assaulting and causing grievous bodily harm to JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, an aged man."

BALL was the manager of a common lodging-house in Queen Street, Seven Dials. SULLIVAN was one of his lodgers. He had lost the sight of one eye.

"On Saturday night, the 12th of September, the poor old man was sitting in the kitchen when the prisoner demanded money for calling him in the morning, and he said he would pay him as soon as he received his wages. The prisoner then seized him round the neck, punching him so severely about the eyes that he immediately lost the sight of the other eye and became totally blind."

The brute having been found guilty—

"MR. SERJEANT COX, after commenting upon the prisoner's brutality and cowardice, said he should pass a severe sentence upon him, which was that he be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for twelve months."

A severe sentence—comparatively. That, perhaps, was what SERJEANT COX meant to say. Some Judges would have let a dastard off for punching an old man's one eye out with six months', or three months', or even, possibly, with as little as one month's seclusion. MR. SERJEANT COX, in giving BALL a year's imprisonment with hard labour, has taken a step—perhaps as far as he could—in the right direction. The law may not have empowered him to requite MR. BALL with penal servitude for life; and, unfortunately, he could not order him a flogging, as he might have done if the convict had, in addition to blinding his victim, robbed him of a halfpenny. Still, it may be possible to stamp out the epidemic of ferocious barbarity now spreading amongst the "Roughs." The attempt, at least, could be made.

Suppose, that, in future, Magistrates made a point of sending all cases of violent assault for trial, and Judges took to visiting cruel

ruffians with the utmost legal severity. It has been customary, of late, to deal so leniently with this class of offenders, that, at one time, there seemed to be not a little probability that the next fellow guilty of having, for instance, broken his wife's bones, would be, on conviction, ordered to be bound over to appear and receive judgment when called upon.

SHIPS AND MEN.

SEAWORTHY ships we need.
That's half a truth to tell;
Because we lack, indeed,
Seaworthy men as well.

But will seaworthy men
Ships unseaworthy choose?
And don't unsafe ships, then,
Make unseaworthy crews?

Whole truth enforce with lips,
And inculcate with pen.
Provide seaworthy ships,
And have seaworthy men.

Inevitable Remarks.

SOME people observe that, as for the Block System, it is generally a block that causes Railway accidents. Others remark that the Block System is refused, and blocks occur because Directors are blockheads. Not a few suggest that what is wanted in Railway management is the head without the block. There are those of a severer turn, who say that, in the case of fatal Railway accidents caused by criminal mismanagement, the heads of the guilty persons should be brought to the block. They forget, however, that the law prescribes for offenders, such as those ought to be accounted, another punishment than beheading.



OUR MERCHANT NAVY.

DUKE ALFRED. "REALLY, MR. PLIMSOLL, WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT. YOU WANT SEAWORTHY SHIPS; I WANT SEAWORTHY MEN;—AND WE'LL TRY AND GET THEM."

[See DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S Speech at Liverpool.]

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.



Punch, ever ready to march with the spirit of the times, begs to present the Provincial Editors of the United Kingdom with a few items of news, that they will find, on examination, to be more instructive, more amusing, and infinitely more reliable than the vast majority of those they receive from their unscrupulous reporters at this—the dead—season of the year.

Find that Co-operation, after cheapening our hosiery and abolishing adulteration in our grocery, is gradually extending its usefulness to other matters of importance. Already a Society of Country Editors have combined together to secure from the pen of a popular novelist a Romance to be published simultaneously in the pages of all their respective "organs," and every day the Central Press usurps more and more the posts once so ably filled by "Our Special Correspondents" in London. In furtherance of this movement, *Mr.*

THE LICENSING LAWS.—On and after the 1st of November, 1874, all the Public-houses in Central Africa will be open on Sundays for the entertainment of *Bona fide* Travellers.

VISIT OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.—Many Frenchmen have arrived recently in Leicester Square. The Germans, as the name of the locality would suggest, prefer to reside in "Soho."

NEW METROPOLITAN MARKETS.—Fruit is now sold in Covent Garden, and fish at Billingsgate. At the last-mentioned market the school system, as practised at Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, has been introduced, and the fish "fags" are both hardy and numerous.

CORRECTION.—There is no truth in the report that the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the recent meeting of its members, decided that the moon was composed of some substance other than green cheese.

STRANGE STATISTICS.—It has been estimated by a celebrated mathematician that no less than 25,000 people of the name of SMITH pass St. Paul's Cathedral daily, between the hours of ten and four. Another celebrated mathematician asserts that there is enough smoke in London to propel a steam-tug from Liverpool to Pekin.

THE WEATHER.—Strange to say, but owing probably to the mixture of sunshine and rain that has distinguished the past summer, no showers of frogs have been reported as yet at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. The gooseberries, too, have not been nearly so fine as usual.

DEATH OF A SOVEREIGN.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the mournful news that her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN ANNE has ceased to exist.

MOTTO OVER THE CONDUCTOR'S SEAT IN ONE OF THE NEW NORMAL-PITCH ORCHESTRAS.—*Tempora mutantur.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Opéra Comique, and reports thereupon to his Editor.

SIR,—On the front page of the programme of the Opéra Comique, the new Manager (perhaps "his first appearance in any management") rushes at the Public with an announcement. He must make it, he feels he must; he can't restrain himself any longer: he says, "I wish to address to you a few words."

Well, before the *Opéra Bouffe* commences, let us read what you wish to say, MR. R. D'O'LY CARTE.

"It is my desire to establish in London a permanent abode for light Opera"—not an unnatural desire in any Manager anxious to do business on his own account. The gentle R. D'O'LY CARTE then admits that there are difficulties (it is a pity that a Manager should commence by getting into difficulties—but the admission is candid), and that even he will "at first have to claim a measure of indulgence from you." A measure! this seems to say, "I'm not perfect; none of us are perfect. Don't, please, be too hard on a young and bashful Manager. I'm only a beginning Carte, only a go-cart: but come often and see me, and make me your Carte-de-visite." And certainly if the Public takes to your programme, MR. R. D'O. C., you may depend upon continual support.

Then he says, "Confident, however, in ultimately arriving at the desired result,"—which of course means a cartful of money—"I beg to submit the following programme,"—whereupon we have *The Broken Branch*, founded on GASTON SERPETTE'S Opera *La Branche Cassée*. This was a poor beginning. The story is stupid enough, whether in French or English, and the music is just a trifle less dull than the story. But the Public has had a long course of *Opéras Bouffes* by this time, and wants something more than fantastic dresses, and worn-out, clumsy imitations of the French cancan.

As a rule, in this sort of entertainment head is nowhere, and leg everywhere. However, when *Opéra Bouffe* is to stand, or fall, by its kicking up behind and before, or by a passive display of symmetrical forms, real or padded, then *Opéra Bouffe* is on its last legs. This fault is not glaring in *The Broken Branch*, which, poor thing, hasn't even so much as this to go upon. The place in popular opinion held by *La Fille de Madame Angot* is not going to be filled by *La Branche Cassée*, nor by anything else that I've heard lately.

The *Opéra Bouffe* being finished, let us see what MR. CARTE has to say about his Company, and then we can form some opinion of the probability of his fulfilling his own wishes. A man is to be judged by the Company he keeps: let us see what sort of a Company MR. D'O'LY CARTE keeps:—

"The popular favourite, MISS PATTIE LAVERNE." Yes, she is the life and soul of *La Branche Cassée*, just as MISS THOMPSON is at the Charing Cross, and thoroughly deserves all the applause she obtains. "MADAME PAULINE RITA, the well-known concert singer, will make her first appearance on any stage." This lady plays "*Jean*, a Cabaret Waiter," and it was thoughtful of MR. CARTE to make this apology for her. She can sing; everybody, I suppose, knows that. Not that I did; but then, obviously, I am not everybody, and, Sir, only represent on special occasions You, *mon rédacteur en chef*. No doubt she will improve. Then there is "MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON, the Contralto." O, then there's no other contralto but MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON. Dear me! Let us make the most of her. I wonder if she has acted much before this? Perhaps she has, but I couldn't swear to it from seeing her this once, and speaking cautiously as Your Representative. "The Company will also" (and does) "include MRS. POWER, MR. J. H. JARVIS" (all the initials, if you please, because it is important that he shouldn't be mistaken for any other JARVIS), "MR. APPLEBY, and I have succeeded in retaining the American tenor, MR. CHATTERSON (of the CARL ROSA Company), who will make" (and who has made) "his debut in London." I felt I must put that announcement in italics. 'Tis not so in the bill, and, therefore, the overwhelming importance of MR. R. D'O. CARTE'S stupendous effort "in retaining the American tenor" is, I regret to say, lost upon the public in general. Of course they appreciate all that MR. CARTE must have been obliged to go through, all the sacrifices which he must have made, all the sleepless nights he must have passed, in order to achieve so gigantic a success as the retention of "the American tenor, MR. CHATTERSON." Poor America! What is she doing without her tenor? Ah! MR. R. D'O. CARTE, be generous as you are great, and let America have the tenor back. It will be a wrench and a struggle, but, after a few nights, take my word for it, you'll get over it, and you really won't miss him. Occasionally, perchance, when you hear another voice warbling the notes which he used to sing, a shade of regret may cross the bright disc of your great mind, but it will be but transient, and you will soon console yourself for your heroic act. Let "the American tenor" fly away; open the door of the cage, and, though it be with a breaking heart and a trembling hand, let him return to his native prairies, or wherever he came from. And on his return let him take the talented person who does the Heathen Chinee at the Charing Cross Theatre with him. How delighted America will be to welcome them. We might throw in MR. TOOLE into the bargain. Perhaps, after a few lessons from so amusing a cuss as the Heathen Chinee, even the English Droll might be appreciated in New York.

As for the Opera itself, MR. CARTE tells how "MR. DU TERREAU



LORD TOMNODDY'S DRAG ON A NEW LINE OF COUNTRY.

Pay-Master. "HOW MUCH?"

Toll-Keeper. "WELL, WE CHARGE A SHULLIN' FOR A SHOWMAN'S CARRIWAN. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SOMETHING IN THE CIRCUS LINE?"

has rendered his assistance for the English version of the piece"—which seems to mean that MR. DU TERREAU held the candle while MR. CARTE looked out the words in the dictionary, or *vice versa*,—"and the Conductor of the Music will be MR. HAMILTON CLARKE"—and, I suppose, therefore, it was MR. HAMILTON CLARKE whom I saw conducting the music.

The Costumes, "by that original artiste, M. FAUSTIN," are decidedly good. Speaking specially of some of the young ladies who only had to join in occasionally and look pretty, I should be inclined to say that the dresses were excellent—as far as they went. Altogether, the public will agree with MR. R. D'O. CARTE as to "the difficulties of the task," and will be inclined to grant him "a measure of indulgence" for this once: *only*, don't do it again.

A *propos* of this piece, here is a neat *mot* by my friend the BARON CHARLES MOUTON DE KENNI, who was invited to see the *Broken Branch*, "which," observed his English host, "is dished up with an English dressing at the Opéra Comique."

Monsieur le Baron had seen it, or enough of it at all events.

"Dished up!" he exclaimed. "Vous avez raison, mon cher! Ce n'est pas *La Branche Cassée*, c'est *La Branche fri-Cassée*."

This is one of the Baron's side-splitters, and the table, which till then had been groaning, was set in a roar.

In your absence, depend upon my being here, there and everywhere as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A Bull or an Epigram?

THE *Times* does not often astonish its readers by publishing such a piece of intelligence as this:—

"A SHIP'S CARGO ON FIRE.—The *Yorkshire* steamship, CAPTAIN LONGLEY, from Calcutta to London, has just arrived at Algiers with cargo and coal on fire. The Government pumps were at work. All necessary steps have been taken for the extension of the fire."

The statement respecting the extension of the fire may have been meant for a satire on the Government Pumps. However, it is as well to say that the *Times* to which we owe the foregoing paragraph is the *Irish Times*.

VOCAL SCIENCE.

"It is almost inevitable that addresses on Social Science should be apt to run into talk on things in general."—*Times*.

SOCIAL Science is all the go—

('Tis from *Socius*, a fellow, and *scio*, I know)—

And *Punch* knows many a garrulous fellow

Who likes to make speeches when leaves grow yellow.

To Glasgow city they've gone to talk,

'Neath the shade of the "great St. Rolloxstalk;"*

And eloquence gushes on topics hard,

With PRIMROSE for President, MILNES as bard.

Jurisprudence, Health, Repression of Crime—

Such themes don't promise a lively time:

But the sensible orator likes to desult,

And to mix up with them *quodcumque vult*.

So it comes to this, that women and men are all

Chatting together on things in general;

And that sometimes logical, sometimes poetic,

Are these pleasant philosophers peripatetic.

Why not? Such chat has a certain charm,

And may do good while it can't do harm,

If you're catechised upon things like these—

"What's Social Science?" Whatever you please.

Congress and Picnic are much the same,

Though the former's far the more dignified name:

And *Punch* is informed that it does not hurt

A Social Scientist's fame to flirt.

So a joyous trip let us hope 'twill be,

Wherever travels the S. S. C.—

And for stimulating Glasgow's brain

May they have the reward of some sound Champagne.

* Bon Gaultier.



"HAVE I A RIVAL?"

Lady. "ARE YOU THE REVEREND MR. DASHELEIGH'S BOOTMAKER?"

Bootmaker. "Yes, Miss."

Lady. "I WANT YOU TO MAKE UP THESE SLIPPERS FOR HIM, AND SEND THEM TO MR."

Bootmaker. "WITH PLEASURE, MISS. I AM JUST NOW MAKING A PAIR FOR HIM."

Lady (with consternation). "WHAT!"

Bootmaker. "ONLY A PAIR OF LEATHER ONES, I ASSURE YOU, MISS."

DISTRESS AT EXETER.

It is likely that the course taken by the reverend gentlemen referred to in the subjoined extract from a newspaper will be blamed as at least impolitic by all but the most stupid Conservatives in the Established Church:—

"THE LEGALITY OF DOMINICALS.—The question of the legality of the tax called dominicals, which the Clergy of Exeter are endeavouring to enforce by law in the different parishes, is exciting considerable attention. Several of the persons sued having failed to comply with the order to pay, the REV. MR. STROTHER yesterday obtained from the Magistrates a distress warrant against one of them, MR. SANDFORD. The opponents of the tax met last night, and determined to hold a meeting to reimburse MR. SANDFORD, if his goods are sold."

But, in enforcing a disputed claim to "dominicals," the "Clergy of Exeter," all of them concerned in that movement, have done what cannot but be very much applauded by all political Dissenters, advanced Liberals, and everybody else who would like to see them deprived of all claim to any payment but that of voluntary contributions. The party of "Disestablishment and Disendowment" can only regret that the irritation created by distraining for "dominicals" is merely local. If the Clergy at large were to concur in the step of so doing with those of Exeter, they would go a very great way to insure the speedy "liberation of the Church from State control." The Nonconforming portion of the "opponents of the tax," who met and determined to reimburse MR. SANDFORD if his goods should be sold, might also have consistently voted the reverend gentlemen engaged in trying to levy "dominicals" by distraint, a testimonial.

EDINBURGH AT LIVERPOOL.

WHAT shall we say
Of Liverpool on any holiday?
Is there another city anywhere
With such electric air?
The ocean-town gave welcome true and thorough
To our young mariner DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Mayor's no Chartist;
He venerates the Throne and loves the Artist;
He generously casts his gold away
For the far future day.
He does not seem a most inveterate talker,
But Liverpool will long remember WALKER.

O'er the Atlantic
England's great port looks forth with dream romantic
Of that fair time when 'neath a nobler sun,
All English will be one,
And people will remember in their prayers,
Logical Primates and artistic Mayors.

Fast Liverpool
Is sending other English towns to school:
Why not? 'Tis closer to our brothers there
In the keen Western air.
Why should not England's ocean-city be
A nobler Venice by a wider sea?

BUNG, OR BONIFACE?

ADDRESSING a meeting the other day at Manchester, on the subject of a Roman Catholic Temperance Society, formed by the titular BISHOP OF SALFORD, ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported to have said "he hoped no Catholic who had prospered in the world sufficiently to save money would ever invest that money either in the making or selling of intoxicating drinks." It may be presumed that DR. MANNING does not consider good wine as one of those drinks which he calls intoxicating. He surely cannot mean to say that there is anything at all wrong in making wine; and what harm is there in causing it to be made by the natural process of fermentation? If there is no harm in making wine, what harm can there be in selling it; and, as to the vocation of an innkeeper, may it not be so pursued as to be consistent with actual sanctity? The Typical Publican may bear the name of BUNG, but can ARCHBISHOP MANNING deny that "mine host" used to be commonly called BONIFACE? Why BONIFACE but because he did good?

A LADY'S RIDDLE.—Which is the ugliest of all trees?
A plane tree.

SOCIAL SCIENCE FOR THE LADIES.

It is said that next year a section of the Social Science Congress will be entirely devoted to Members of the Fair (or rather unfair) Sex. Should this excellent idea blossom into a fact, the following Papers are certain to be read during the course of the Meeting:—

1. *Bonnets, how to get them, and when to wear them.* With a few remarks upon the theory of husband-coaxing, and a Dissertation upon Family Pews in Church.

2. *Proposals, Ancient and Modern.* This Paper will contain several Hints to guide the choice of a Husband, with a Scale showing that Income should be regarded before Age.

3. *The Abuse of Tobacco.* With Thoughts about the effect of Cigars upon Drawing-room Curtains. To this Paper will be added a short Essay upon "Husbands' Promises that (in spite of assertions to the contrary) always end in Smoke."

4. *Keys and their Uses.* Being a Lecture upon the Keys of the Wine-cellar and Wardrobe, with a few Remarks anent that modern abomination, the Latch-key.

5. *On Doctors.* With Hints to guide Family Practitioners in the prescription of visits to the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy, in cases where the Husband of the Patient is known to be "unfeeling and miserly."

6. *On Children.* With a Dictionary of Terms of Endearment to be used in familiar converse with a Child of six months' old.

7. *A Few Words about the Very Best of Men.* Being a Biography of "that dear old creature," Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street.



THE SKETCHING SEASON.

Appreciative Rustic. "THERE! IF I COULD 'MAP' LIKE THAT THERE, I'D CHUCK UP EVERYTHINK!"

POLEMICS IN THE PAPERS.

THERE is nothing like logic, *Mr. Punch*—nothing at all like it in most arguments.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported to have said that his co-religionists were now passing through "the most enormous and hypocritical persecution" that had been known since the time of the EMPEROR JULIAN.

Hereon "A Perplexed Protestant," in the *Times*, suggests that it would be interesting to see DR. MANNING'S "method applied to such events as the persecution of the Albigenses, or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the treatment of the Huguenots generally in France, or the policy of the EMPEROR FERDINAND during the Thirty Years' War, or the conduct of the DUKE OF SAVOY to the Vandois in the time of CROMWELL, or the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes."

Very good, on the one hand. But there is something to be said on the other.

It may be questioned if the events above enumerated ever happened. It may be denied that they were persecutions. It may be said that faith is one thing, heresy another, and that Protestants cannot possibly be persecuted though they may be executed; and serve them right! Therefore, it may be argued, the Ultramontanes are the only people who have ever undergone any persecution at all, either since the EMPEROR JULIAN'S time or before it.

Another *Times*' Correspondent, the REV. W. F. WILKINSON, quotes a declaration prefixed in 1742 by two Jesuit Fathers to an edition of the Third Book of NEWTON'S *Principia*. It expresses "assent to the Decrees passed by the Sovereign Pontiff which deny the motion of the earth." MR. WILKINSON remarks:—

"This proves two things; first that successive Popes have, by their infallible authority, contradicted the fact of the earth's motion; and secondly, that all Roman Catholics are bound to submit to their authority, and to profess to disbelieve this most certain fact."

Arguing the same point with MR. WILKINSON, in the same journal, a "CANTAB" tries to prove that a certain "unlucky VIRGILIUS," an Irishman, who, in the eighth century, taught that the earth was a globe, and that perhaps there were antipodes, had those theories

condemned, and himself sentenced to recant them by POPE ZACHARY, *ex cathedra*. A "CANTAB" quotes HARDOUIN to prove that Infallibility thus made a mistake.

But, it may be replied, perhaps HARDOUIN does not give POPE ZACHARY'S exact words. However, suppose he does. Infallibility cannot deny any truth. If any scientific truth was in fact ever denied by a Pope, that Pope, by denying it, in so far proved himself fallible. Therefore he proved himself, for the nonce, not to have spoken *ex cathedra*. You cannot be sure that a past Pope has decided any question *ex cathedra* except in the sense defined by the Pope for the time being, speaking, and declaring that he speaks, mind you, *ex cathedra* himself. So don't say that any Pope ever authoritatively denied the motion of the earth.

Always accustomed to look at both sides of a question, and impartially balance all the arguments *pro* and *con*., believe me, *Mr. Punch*, your unprejudiced old and familiar acquaintance,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A RETIRED LION.

THOUGH no longer, alas, doth the Royal Brute stand
On the PERCIES' dismantled abode in the Strand,
Not destroyed, removed only, Northumberland's Lion
Stands, again reared aloft, on the Palace of Sion.

On that height in the distance commanding a view
Of the spacious Thames valley, 'twixt Richmond and Kew,
Whenever our way by the River we wend,
We shall still be enabled to see our old friend.

Now retired from the crowd and the traffic of Town,
Upon meadow and woodland and stream he looks down,
Out of reach of ignoble and mean-minded men.
Board of Vandals, you ne'er can molest him again!

"FADED FLOWERS."—The Wall-flowers in a London ball-room.

CONSTELLATIONS AND COIFFURES.



And in ether's loftiest height
Science has revealed strange
things.

Starry clusters, forms of light,
Nebulae like wreaths and
rings.

Hairy comets he that pries
Through the helping lens
may view.

Does it show him in the skies
Telescopic chignons too?

Structures like the complex
pile
Which our Loves at present
wear?

Dressed in the prevailing
style
Fancy Berenice's hair!

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress has been a great success, and would have been a greater still, at least so some people think (whose names are here subjoined), had permission been accorded them to read before the Meeting the interesting papers which we proceed to numerate.

1. In the Section of Domestic Economy, a Paper by MRS. SKYNNLYNT on the Science of Light Suppers as applied to evening parties: showing how a hundred guests may be socially "received," for considerably less than a sixth part of the expense which is sure to be incurred by a dinner for a dozen.

2. In the same Section, a Paper by LADY DOWNIE BYRD on the Science of Made Dishes, with remarks on the advantage of the system of *réchauffé*, and the facilities for adulterating sweetbreads with sheep's brains.

3. In the Section of Finance, a Paper by MR. HARPUFFE upon Bills and how to Do them; with practical suggestions on the Science of Kite-flying, as practised in Society.

4. In the Educational Department, a Paper upon Reading in Bed, by the HONOURABLE MISS LAZIE BOHNNS.

5. In the Marital Law Section of the Jurisprudence Department, a Paper on Home Rule, by MRS. CURBMAN GREYMARE.

6. Among the extra matters, a Paper by CAPTAIN CADGER on the Science of Fishing, as pursued in good society; namely (a), Fishing for Compliments, (b) Fishing for Invitations, (c) Fishing for Flats, when one wants to make a book.

7. In the Section of Dress, a Paper by MISS SPIFFEY on the Bonnet, its Decline and Fall, and evidence evincing its comparative longevity.

8. In the same Section, a Paper by MISS FUZZIWIG on Hairpins and their Difficulties.

9. In the Dining-Out Section of the Social Department, a Paper upon Turtle Soup, by MAJOR GUTTLETON, F.R.G.S. (Fellow of the Regular Gormandising Society), and a Paper upon Precedence by LADY HORTY SNORTER; showing in what sequence guests of title ought to follow one another to the table, and what exceptions may be made in favour of untitled, but in some way or other distinguished, fellow visitors.

10. In the Matrimonial Department, a Paper by MISS SHEEPSEYE on the Science of Flirtation, as applied to Country Curates; and a Paper by LORD MANCHANCE on the Science of Selection, as applied to wedding presents.

11. In the Culinary Department, a Paper on Cold Mutton, by MR. DODGLEY SHIRKITT, with instructions how to Cut it—by dining at one's Club, and some excellent recipes for good excuses for so doing.

12. In the Young Ladies' Section of the Sanitary Department, a Paper by DR. DOSEM on Tight Lacing, and its probable advantage to the Family Physician.

13. In the Woman's Wrongs Department, a Paper upon Latchkeys, by the President, MRS. BOUNCER, and a proposal to enact a Permissive Bill respecting them.

14. In the Miscellaneous Department, a Paper upon Morning Calls, and how to do without them, by MR. SMILEY SIMPER; a Paper upon Heir-hunting, regarded in the light of a fashionable Science, with some few hints to Mayfair huntresses, by the HONOURABLE LADY STALKDOWN; and a Paper upon Mothers-in-law, their duties and their perquisites, by MISS PAULINA PRYOR.

THE VOICE AND THE PIQUE.

(Amended Edition, by the P—L—.)

THE Voice and the Pique!

It was once a beautiful Voice
From a girl with roseate cheek,
Who made my heart rejoice.

But the Voice—or the girl—ah, which?

Against me took a Pique
Because I was not so rich
As she thought—and the Voice grew
a squeak.

Hast thou no voice, O Pique?

Thou hast, uncommonly shrill:
And I know that a Maiden Meek
May grow to a Wife with a Will.

Ah, misery comes, and miscegenage,

To all who wear fleshly fetters:
She's made a Capital Marriage—
I mourn in Capital Letters.

A Sanitary Question.

MRS. MALAPROF wishes to know if the Typhoon at Hong Kong is supposed to have been caused by bad drainage. Also whether that Typhoon was worse than the Typhoon of Japan. She says she has been led to make these inquiries by some unanimous letters.



THE ANTIQUARY.

Tourist (in Cornwall). "MAY I BE PERMITTED TO EXAMINE THAT INTERESTING STONE IN YOUR FIELD? THESE ANCIENT DRUIDICAL REMAINS ARE MOST INTERESTING!"

Farmer. "SART'NLY, SIR. 'MAY BE VERY INT'RESTIN' AN' AENSHUNT, BUT WE DO STICK 'EM OUP FOR THE CATTLE, AN' 'CALL 'EM ROUBBIN' PUSTS!!"

A LORD MAYOR'S NEST.

THE following suggestions have been made with a view to carrying out the proposed scheme for giving to the London District a Municipality worthy of the interests it will be required to represent. It will be noticed that in this list the arrangements for the proper management of the Show and Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day have (as might have been expected) not been altogether overlooked and forgotten.

1. That the LORD MAYOR under the new *régime* may have increased dignity, it is proposed that the idea of the French, that his Lordship "has the power of life and death" shall be actually realised. This may be easily done by making the LORD MAYOR, *ex officio*, a Director of all the Railway Companies.

2. So that the new Citizens of London may see the Lord Mayor's Show, the Procession in future will be required after leaving Guildhall to pass through Hampstead, Highgate, Bayswater, Isleworth, and Kew on its way to Westminster, returning to the Mansion-House *via* Woolwich, Greenwich, Hackney, and Dalston.

3. That plenty of time may be allowed for the accomplishment of this progress, Lord Mayor's Day shall be changed from the 9th to the 5th of November.

4. That the ground may be travelled over with sufficient rapidity, the following regulations shall be put in force:—A Steam Engine shall be attached to the Lord Mayor's Coach. The Aldermen shall be supplied with Velocipedes—those who have not passed the Chair using Bicycles, and the remainder vehicles of four or more wheels. The Recorder shall divide the two classes of Aldermen seated in an American Trotting Cart. The City Companies shall ride in Tramway Cars, and the way shall be cleared by Policemen mounted on Steam-Rollers.

5. To afford sufficient space for the new Aldermen, Cheapside shall be boarded over and covered with canvas on Lord Mayor's Day. Members of the new Municipality still unable to find room at the

Banquet shall be supplied at the Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, and such other places as may be selected for the purpose by the City Reception Committee, with precisely the same dinner as that provided to the LORD MAYOR and his more fortunate guests.

6. In future, Aldermen will sit in all the Metropolitan Police Courts. These officials will not be expected to interfere with the presiding Magistrates, they will be merely required to undertake the same functions as those they perform with so much credit at the Central Criminal Court. That is to say, they will be invited to wear their Robes, read the newspapers, and look dignified and amiable.

7. The Mansion-House and Guildhall shall be removed, before the completion of the century, to Richmond as a more central spot than the City.

8. The effigies of Gog and Magog shall be removed from Guildhall and mounted on the vacant pedestals, in Trafalgar Square. When these additions shall have been made, Charing Cross shall be declared to have its complement of statues.

9. Suburban Vestrymen shall in future be known as Aldermen.

10. The Royal London and the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Regiments of Militia shall be permanently embodied, and shall be required to assist the combined forces of Metropolitan and City Police in preserving the peace during the various mass-meetings of the members of the new Municipality.

11. On no consideration whatever shall more than fifty members of the enlarged Court of Aldermen be permitted to speak at once, and that the words of the LORD MAYOR may have due weight, his Lordship shall be provided with a steam-worked speaking-trumpet.

12. Finally, the meetings of the Municipality shall be held in Hyde Park until such time as Parliament shall be abolished, and the Palace of Westminster shall be handed over to the LORD MAYOR with a view to being used as a Council Chamber for London, then grown into the size of the nation.

A SERVICE OF DANGER.—The service of a Railway Company.



A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

"NO, DARLING!"

(A pause.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"

"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE FOLLY OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

[A very long pause.]

THE VERY SAME STUFF.

"The new House of Commons is composed of very much the same stuff as the old. * * * However you may shuffle the political cards, that is about the result."—MR. WALTER at Maidenhead.

TRUE is the saying, yet only partly true:
England is one, but England's times are new,
And each successive age must find its men
To lead the world, to wield the sword and pen.
How wide the change 'tis needless to declare
From WALPOLE to the Author of *Lothair*;
SIR ROBERT, prompt to bully or to bribe,
Would wonder at DISRAELI's diatribe,
And, as he heard the brilliant terse reply,
Own there was something that he could not buy.

See classic CANNING, GLADSTONE classic too:
How wide the difference when we track them through
Their marvellous career; the one alert—
The other with three courses—and desert.
See burly FOX, a giant in the fight—
Greater or less was he than stout FRIEND BRIGHT?
Greater or less? 'Tis vain to make a fuss:
BRIGHT fishes: FOX liked dice and *ÆSCHYLUS*.
Such Titans seldom rule the world: and why?
They have to rule themselves, and will not try.
So, while the glorious giant plays the fool,
Men of slow brain and narrow shoulder rule.

'Tis pretty clear that oft the aspect changes;
The course of things a SHERIDAN deranges:
This we omit from all our modern plans,
And don't expect the casual Sheridans—

'Tis well to recognise the distance that
Stands 'twixt aristocrat and plutocrat:
Granite can never be reduced to mud,
And gold is seldom worth its weight in blood.

Still, MR. WALTER, you speak partial truth:
This Realm in age is what it was in youth.
These Parliaments but little more can know
Than ALFRED's, called a thousand years ago.
Edwards and Nelsons, Harrys, Wellingtons,
Chaucers, and Shakspeares, of this nation sons,
Will yet maintain the unconquerable breed,
The happy humour and the Christian creed.
Whoever guides the realm, and guards its fame,
Stubborn JOHN BULL is very much the same.

MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

CERTAINLY advertisements grow daily more and more mysterious. For instance, what is one to gather from the following?—

WANTED, by a Young Lady, domesticated, a good Needlewoman, and musical, a SITUATION; can be highly recommended.

What sort of situation, pray, does this "Young Lady" want? It can be hardly that of governess, for she in no way even hints at her capacity to teach. She may be musical, no doubt, and so may be a snuff-box; but that epithet can scarcely be accepted as a proof of her proficiency, or even bare ability to do more than hum a tune. As she calls herself domesticated, and also a good needlewoman, perhaps the place which she desires is that of a domestic servant, hired to do plain sewing, for which she, being musical, would probably prefer to use a Singer's patented machine.

THE SHAH'S DIARY.



The Volunteer rifle,
England at work with her unequalled pace.

CAME from Persia,
The land of
XERXES,
To England, coun-
try of wit and
power;
To its Wessex
and Mercia—
Alas, what irks
is
That I can't com-
prehend this
realm, this
hour.

At home, ty-
rannic,
I cut men's
heads off,
I have my luxury,
live my life:
I'm struck with
panic
When freedom
spreads off
So far that a man
daren't kill
his wife.

I saw great Lon-
don:
Teheran's a
trifle.
Cheapside or Pall
Mall would
hold all our
race:
A deal of fun
done,

Yes, England beats us
With her easy manner
Of treating all men in a pleasant way:
And when she greets us,
Her glorious banner
In the bright air tells us, *she will have her way.*

I have seen her Queen, who
Is a lovely lady,
In her happy autumn, under skies of gold:
With her girls serene, who,
In woodlands shady,
Teach her all the folly of growing old.

I have seen LORD RUSSELL,
The *Vigilant*, who's older
Than I, by many a weary year:
But, in any tussle,
He'd be far bolder
Than the heir of XERXES, I sadly fear.

Yet I cannot learn it—
The weighty lesson
Of freedom, meaning full breadth of power;
Could Persia earn it!
Put clearer guess on—
Grasp England's hand in this difficult hour.

A Monk and Monkeys.

At the risk of being accused of giving circulation to pernicious intelligence, *Mr. Punch* ventures to extract the subjoined betting announcement from a Birmingham journal:—

"MIDDLE PARK PLATE.—Correction in the Betting at the Subscription Rooms.—Six o'clock.—Cambridgeshire: 8 monkeys were offered agst Benedictine (not taken)."

Respectable readers, taking eight monkeys in the above connection simply to mean so many of the *Simiade*, will perhaps see a novel and comparatively unobjectionable form of betting in wagering monkeys against horses. It may be as well to tell them that a "monkey" means five hundred pounds—in the slang of betting-men and thieves.

A FALSE ALARM.

THE hoax announcing the perversion of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND carried improbability on its face. It was transparent. *The Daily Telegraph* said:—

"We received some days since an important communication to the effect that his Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND had become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. In order to test the accuracy of this statement, we sent for information to Alnwick, and learnt from a telegraphic despatch that the rumour had no foundation in fact. In consequence, however, of a reiteration of the original assertion, we last night referred the report to one of the highest authorities of the Catholic Church of England, who, in answer to our inquiries, asserts his firm belief in the DUKE's conversion, and adds that his Grace was lately admitted into communion by the BISHOP OF BEVERLEY."

"One of the highest authorities of the Catholic Church of England" of course would not have asserted "his firm belief in the DUKE's conversion," and then have added to that assertion of belief the assertion of the fact that "his Grace was lately received into communion by the BISHOP OF BEVERLEY." He would simply have asserted the fact if he had known it.

The messenger through whom reference was made to MONSIGNOR CAPPEL, or some other high Roman Catholic authority, was probably a gentleman unused to the society of such authorities. When he called, most likely the distinguished ecclesiastic was out, and one of his men-servants, perhaps his footman, had the impudence to personate him, and make the statement above quoted, which an unscrupulous and illogical flunkey would be quite capable of doing. It is to be hoped that ALOYSIUS, or AMBROSE, or JOHN THOMAS, or whoever he is, has had a good penance set him for this blundering presumption, by the Prelate his master.

The Correct Colour.

JOHNSON was expressing his surprise to JACKSON, at finding on his return to Town all the pillar-boxes painted a new and startling colour. JACKSON could see nothing but the most perfect harmony in an alteration matching so well with the letters, which were always, he reminded his friend, re(a)d.

A TORPEDO TOO MANY.

TORPEDOES, and the like, our foes
Are suffered to explore, 'tis said,
Whilst all such mysteries as those
Are from our friends kept secrets dead.

But, if the foreigners have seen
More than has led them all astray,
"What fools our Powers that be have been!"
Is somewhat less than we could say.

How dead a secret, till to-day,
Was that torpedo which explodes
Unbidden on its fatal way,
Mid close and populous abodes!

Now eyes are opened that were blind,
Trust we that all torpedoes known,
Will be, in time to come, confined
To blow up enemies alone.

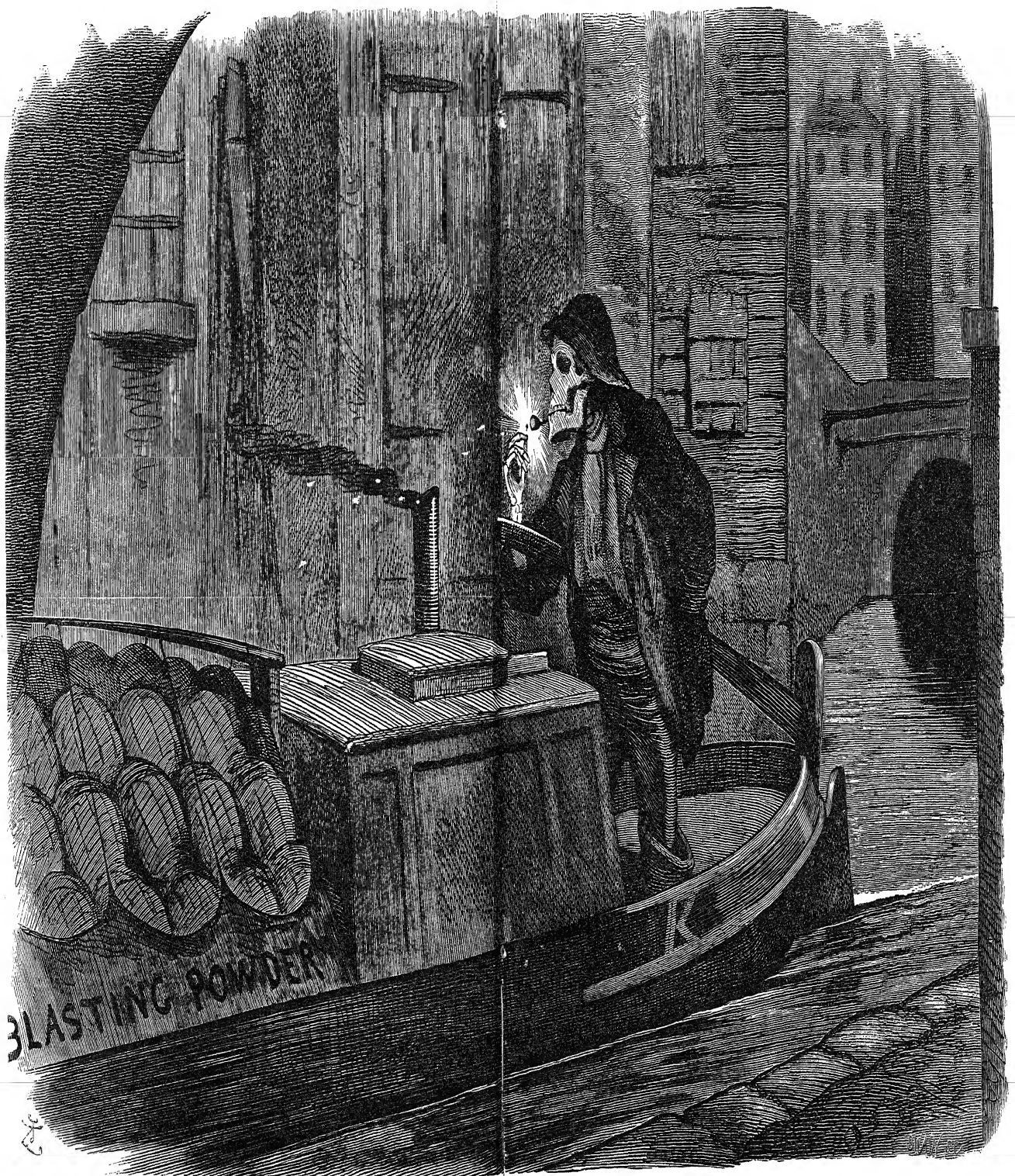
No Credit Given.

"It is characteristic of the primitive character of Syrian Christianity, that both His Holiness the PATRIARCH of ANTIOCH and the BISHOP of JERUSALEM, who arrived in this country the other day, have come without scrip or purse for their journey, and whilst here will be the guests, we believe, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society."

ADMIRABLE! But we should like to know whether the Patriarch and the Bishop hired a cab on their arrival, and what view the cabman took of the absence of scrip and purse at the end of the journey?

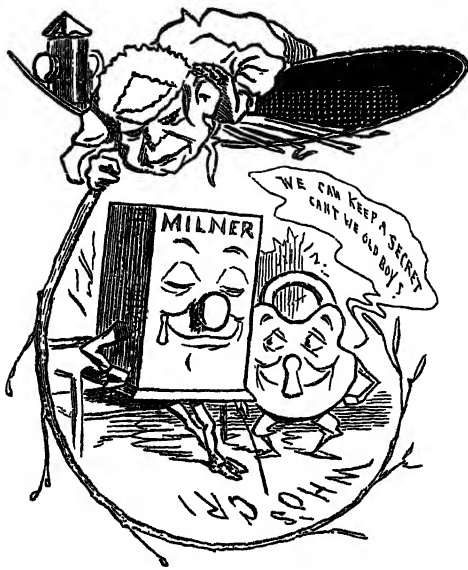
THE BAROMETER'S BEARING.

THE *Times* the other day announced a return of pressure, under the heading of "The Weather;" happily not under that of "Money Market and City Intelligence."



THE UNSUSPECTED TORPEDO.

ADVICE ON EXPLOSIVE MATTERS.



ERTAINLY a recent and very sad event will suggest to Parliament, when it next meets, the advisability of considering some measure dealing with explosive substances. At the same time should the expected Act become law, as many other matters are quite as dangerous as gunpowder, it may be presumed that some means will be taken to prevent those ebullitions of temper which cause so many explosions in the family circle. However, as the Public will have to wait with more or less patience for that legislative interference, that should have been exercised years and years ago, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a few hints that will be found, he believes, valuable in the interim.

If you tread upon the gouty toes of an Old Bachelor a most unpleasant explosion of wrath is sure to follow.

If you refer to the age of a Young Lady in the presence of an Old Maid a cruel explosion of spite may be expected.

If you give advice to a Friend who declares himself to be in trouble, and anxious to hear your opinion, you may feel much surprised if you do not cause a loud and greatly prolonged explosion of argument.

If you complain to your Wife that the total of the house-keeping book is too large, you may consider yourself lucky if you escape with nothing worse than an explosion of sobs and tears.

If you suggest to your Wife's Mother that her visit to your mansion might be brought to a close without causing any very serious inconvenience either to yourself or your household, an explosion of angry irony will follow as a matter of course.

If you open a Theatre, become Security for a friend, or start a new Paper, you will be indeed fortunate if the explosions that are sure to follow do not land you in the Court of Bankruptcy.

If you attempt to scale the Mountain of Fame by publishing a book of Poems at your own expense you will discover that the critics will combine to pull you down.

And, lastly, if you neglect the above excellent advice and commit the blunders therein enumerated, you will find that every sensible man in the world (inclusive, of course, of *Mr. Punch*) will help to blow you up.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE FOURTH.

She sees the Voltigeur.

I THINK I have told you about MADAME PICHOU, the little French woman whom Mistress had hired to do the light work of our house. At first, I own that I could not give in to her letting herself down by taking up with twopence an hour for wages; but she was a cheerful, merry little woman, and soon made me like her. For mine is a heart which pants for friends, as if they were water-brooks, and many is the scolding I've had from Grandmother and Aunts, before I left home, for demeaning myself, by making acquaintances too easy over the hedge at the end of our garden, and coming in with scratched hands and a torn frock. It was no use my trying to make a bosom friend of Cook, for she is a widow with two little children to maintain, and, of course, can't enter into the feelings of a young creature like me, but passes most of her time in wondering whether dripping is going up or down and reckoning what she will get for the next pot. So I used to be sad and lonely, as the evenings came on, and to say to myself—

"What's become of JOHN as lived with the BLATHERWICKS (BLATHERWICK, C.B.), in Cromwell Gardens, and used to come to

our house so often with notes and messages? Where's MARY, I wonder, who lived next door to us in Elvaston Place, and who was everything to me, until I saw JOHN wearing a blue and white tie, which she pretended, when I saw her making it, was for her Cousin JEREMIAH in the country? Ah!" I said, "if I could only see them again, especially JOHN, and have some more of those suppers in one another's kitchens, I'd take care that no ties kept me and JOHN apart any more!"

Well, in my solitude, I quite took up with MADAME PICHOU, and as she knew a little English and managed to teach me a little French, we soon got on very well, and became quite confidential to each other. I must own I found the language puzzling at first, but that was mainly from the habit the French have of calling things by their wrong names. I nearly had a quarrel with MADAME PICHOU the first day we looked out the washing, because she would try to make out that Master wore a *Chemise*. It was of no use for me to hold up some of his things, and say to her "Look! Master's shirts!" for she would only nod her head and say, "Wee! wee! Lay *Chemises de Monsieur*!" until I was ready to throw them at her. And then she would aggravate me by calling the Children's bread and butter "tarteau." "Don't you think to impose on the Children like that," I used to say to her, forgetting, in my passion, that she couldn't understand me. "Don't think that calling bread and butter 'tarteau' will make it go down as long as Nature points out that it isn't at all like tarts." But, for all that, she only used to slam the plate down on the table, sing out, "Voysee day tarteau," and go off to fetch something else. I didn't so much mind her calling ice "glass," because one is as slippery as the other, and so there's something to guide you to the name; but it stands to reason that she shouldn't have called a cabbage a "shoe"; and I can't tell why she should call a chair a "chaise," when it isn't at all like one, even when it's on castors. At the school where I was pupil-teached,* there used to be an old Inspector, who wanted to have us taught to remember everything by thinking of something quite different. If you wanted to know when WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR came over to England (not that I ever wanted to know anything of the kind), you had to think of *Oh, Willie Brewed a Peck of Malt*, and you got at the time when the STUARTS were restored by thinking of—

"CHARLIE loves good ale and wine, CHARLIE loves good brandy, CHARLIE loves a pretty lass as sweet as sugar-candy!"

I'm sure I don't know how he managed it, but it always used to come out all right, especially on examination days, when the old Inspector was present; and I couldn't help thinking, when I began to try and make out the French language, that he must have invented it all on his own system, for surely nobody else would have given to such a lot of things names that couldn't possibly belong to them. And the aggravating part of it is that the French have tried to do better sometimes and haven't gone on with it; for you know there isn't a great difference between skates and "pattens," as they call them; and you needn't go far from pie to guess "patty," whilst, if you look at it properly, a box is a "case," *now isn't it?*

So, you see, they could have managed their language quite nicely if they had liked, instead of leaving it in such a muddle, and why they didn't I can't think, unless it is for some wise purpose. However, little by little, I managed to pick some of it up, and, as MADAME PICHOU improved in her English at the same time, we got to hold quite long conversations together, and used to walk up and down the avenue talking, after the family had given over fidgeting for the evening, and while Cook was dozing over her dripping, and dreaming she should get two Sunday suits out of it for her little boys.

Of course I told MADAME PICHOU all about Grandmother, and Aunts, and MARY, and JOHN, and she told me about her husband. But what I most liked to hear her talk of was her brother JEWEL, who was a soldier. She used to call him her "*movay soojay*," which, I suppose, was something in praise of him, for she always laughed and shook her head when she said it; and she used to tell me how often *Lazy Moors* had led him astray, which, I suppose, must have been in Algeria, where he had been with the French army, and where, I am told, that *Moors* abound. Anyhow, I used to pity him for having been led away, and to wonder whether he was at all like JOHN, and whether any of the *Lazy Moors* were like MARY; until, at last, I used to set MADAME PICHOU talking of him every evening when we were together. Well, one evening, she told me that she expected to see him soon, as his regiment was coming to the town near which we were. I thought that this couldn't make any difference to me, for, of course, a heart that was full of JOHN could have no room for JEWEL; and, when she went away, I stood and looked after her, as she went up the road, and felt as lonely as ever. I thought of what the man in the desert island, who afterwards became *Robinson Crusoe*, had said about

* This is a participle of ELIZABETH'S own invention. It does credit to her training as a pupil-teacher.



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

Swell Keeper. "THERE, MY LORDS! I HAVE ANY NUMBER OF BIRDS FOR YOU, AND YOU'LL FIND THEM QUITE TAME!"

"Society, Friendship, and Love," and I whispered to myself those beautiful lines—

"O! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste them again!"

Just then I heard a sound close to me. I could not make out, at first, whether it was a sigh, or whether it was somebody clearing his throat; but, when I turned round, I saw a soldier smoking, so I suppose it wasn't a sigh. He was leaning against the wall, with only his side face turned to me, but I could make out, at a glance, that he wasn't at all like JOHN. He was not to say tall; and JOHN was six foot one. JOHN once took the second prize in a competitive examination of the Footmen of the Upper Classes, which was held at the International Exhibition, and it was thought that he would have had the first prize, if he had brushed up his top hair in the way I wanted him to. The soldier wasn't stout, either, but there was a something noble in the way he leant against the wall, with his head a little turned up to the sky, as if he were considering which star he should go to first, which reminded me of a poem Grandmother and Aunts used to tell me—when they had made me cry, by calling me a little under-sized upper-crust, and wanted to comfort me—and which ended with these lovely words:—

"I would be measured by my soul!
Mind is the standard of the man."

Now I never could think much of JOHN's mind since I found he had set it on MARY.

The soldier had a sweet uniform, something like that of our Militia, only the cut and the colour of it were different. He had a beautiful pale blue tunic, magenta-coloured trousers, white shoes and gaiters, and worsted epanlets to match the trousers. I have never been able to recollect whether he turned round before I coughed, or whether I coughed before he turned round; but, anyhow, he did turn round, and looked me full in the face. I could see, then, that his clothes were made very tight in the waist, and very wide and loose across the hips; and, as he stood before me, with his hands on his hips, one leg a little advanced, his chest thrown forward, his head a little tilted back, and his cap just cocked on one side, I thought I had never seen a finer outline of a

man. He looked at me, until I thought I should sink into the earth, and then he said, in a voice that was hoarse with emotion, "*Cy-r-ré nom de pipe, quelle bonne pâte de femme!*"

Every word that he said sank into my soul, and, by recollecting it and asking MADAME PICHOU about it afterwards, I was able to get it written down all right, and to make out, that he was swearing by his pipe—which is the most sacred oath a French Soldier has—that I was a very good-looking woman. Well, I daresay I should have believed him even if he hadn't sworn it. I had no time to answer him, for, just then, our people in the drawing-room took one of their whims that they wanted something, and I had to answer the bell. I came out again afterwards, but he was gone. No doubt he thought I was offended with him. When I sat down in the kitchen with Cook, she looked at me and said, "Why, ELIZABETH, whatever has come over you? You look as if you had seen JOHN!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Nonsense, Cook! You ought to know better, after all you've gone through, than to put such notions into a young girl's head. Why should I think of them as don't think of me?"

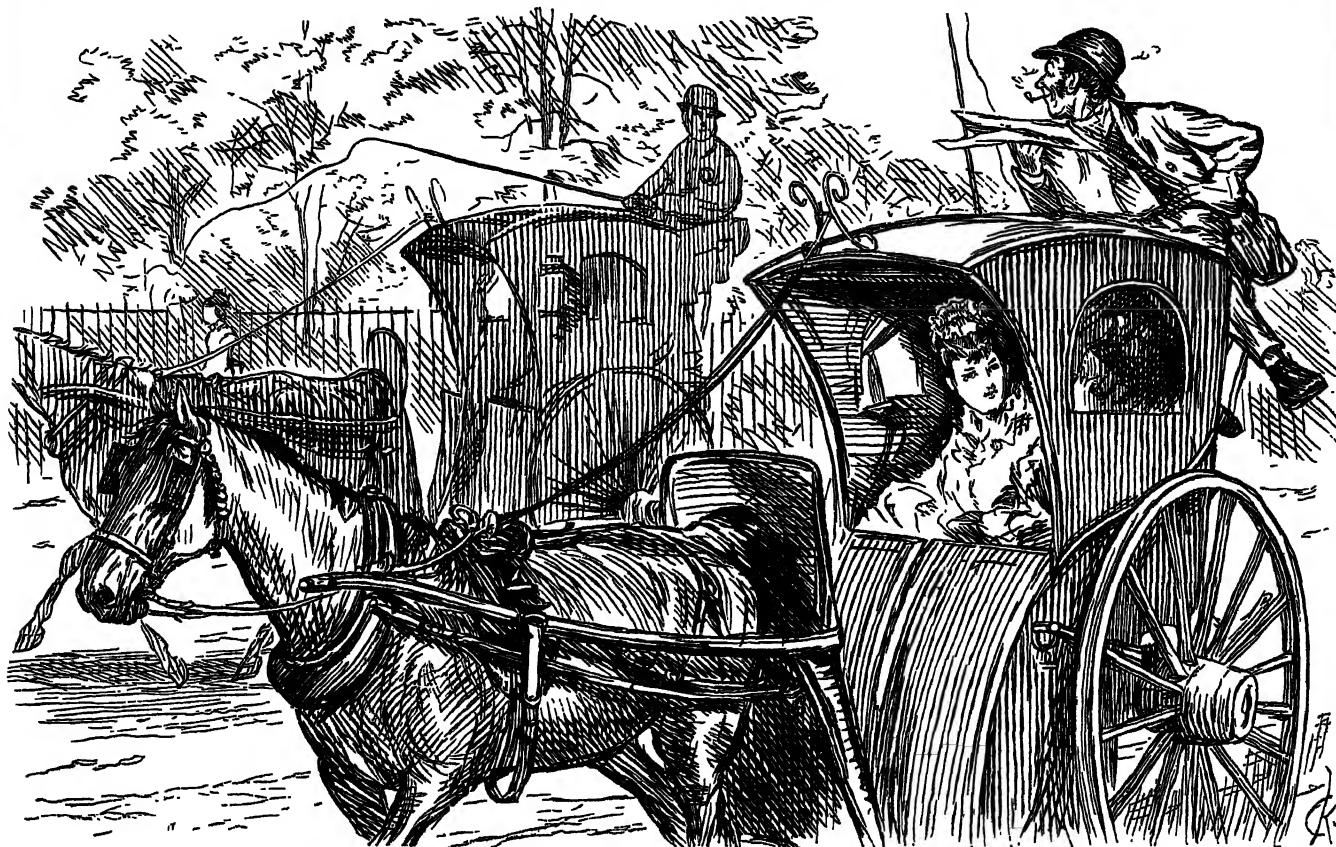
"Well," she said, "perhaps it's the air. I feel rather cheerful myself to-night. I hear that pigs are very scarce, and that lard will be dear, so that there is some hope for dripping." Which was her usual way of looking at things.

A Change of Occupation.

It is gratifying to find that our domestics have leisure to devote to the study of games involving a considerable amount of scientific skill. The fruits of their industry are beginning to show themselves, if *Cook on Billiards* may be accepted as a proof.

SMOKING AND FUMIGATING.

MR. SPURGEON lately in defence of moderate smoking, declared that he smoked to a devotional purpose. Very possibly. The Ritualists may defend their use of incense on the same ground. It is as well to be fair.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

First Cabman (on the trot). "WELL, YOU'RE A TAKIN' OF IT EASY!"

Second Cabman (with the newspaper, sotto voce). "No 'BERRY, MY BOY—ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"

CONVERTS WORTH CRYING OVER.

ACCORDING to the Roman Correspondent of the *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard* :—

"When the Holy Father heard of the abjuration of Protestantism by the Queen Mother of Bavaria, he evinced the greatest emotion. Bursting into tears and elevating his eyes to Heaven he exclaimed, My God! Thy poor Vicar is unworthy of such consolation."

Had this story appeared in the *Record* or the *Rock*, it might have been taken for a *canard* communicated by some unscrupulous Protestant, who wished to make out his HOLINESS a respecter of persons. One would think that, believing in the Vicarship he claims, he would rejoice over the conversion of a Queen or that of a pauper with equal emotion. The one is an event which can be of little more consequence than the other. Such a convert as the MARQUIS OF RIPON was no such wonderful gain. He was only a rather distinguished nobleman. One eminent philosopher and man of science would be worth any number of Lords, or Kings and Queens. If PROFESSOR TYNDALL, or PROFESSOR HUXLEY, or MR. DARWIN were to go over to Rome, that, indeed, would be a triumph over which the POPE would have some reason to shed tears of joy.

THOUGHTS ON RETURNING HOME.

Will all have gone right at the office ; or will there be something uncomfortable awaiting me on my return ?

Will the back garden be a complete wilderness, requiring the immediate attention of one of MESSRS. GRASSSTHORPE'S leisurely assistants at five shillings per diem ?

Will the papering and painting have been executed in a satisfactory manner ; and will the estimate be exceeded or not ?

Will all the cleaning be over ?

Will postal accumulations yield anything more inviting than circulars, begging letters, and prospectuses of the Madagascar Railway and Pernambuco Water Works ?

Will there be a Jury Summons ?

Will there be any bills ?

Will the drawing-room continue to smoke ?

Will there be any coals ?

Will the rain have come in through the roof of the back kitchen ?

Will there be any diminution in the black-beetles ?

Will the dog at No. 6 be in his usual force ?

Will there have been great destruction among the kitchen crockery ?

Will the RINGWOODS have called ?

Will the Servants be all right ?

APPALLING IDEA.

THERE is a touch of awful sublimity in the idea suggested by the following extract from a Newcastle paper, apparently referring to the Regent's Canal explosion :—

"Great consternation for some time prevailed in the morning, as a rumour was afloat that the accident had caused the animals in the Geological Gardens to escape."

Imagination locates the Geological Gardens in the Fossiliferous Rocks—the trias, the lias, the oolite, the wealden formation, and the red-sandstone. It pictures to itself the animals escaping from them as the Labyrinthodon, the Saurians, the Pterodactyls, the Megatherium, the Mammoth, and the rest of the extinct reptiles and mammalia resuscitated in a sudden convulsion of Nature, and bursting up out of their several strata. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of an eruption of monsters like those represented at the Crystal Palace—where are the only Geological Gardens that we know of. Certain gardens in the Regent's Park, however, are probably those called Geological by MRS. MALAPROP—if it is that lady who edits our Newcastle contemporary.

INSURRECTION IN EGYPT.—The Rising of the Nile.



ON FASHIONS.

Old Servant. "THERE NOW, MISS ANNIE, WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?"

Miss Annie. "WHAT DO I CALL WHAT, ADAMS?"

Old Servant. "WHY, THAT BLACK VELVET THING YOU'VE GOT ON. I CALLS IT A KICKING-STRAP!"

THE CHURCH IN AN UPROAR.

A SCENE occurred in the Church Congress at Brighton on Wednesday, conducive to edification as much as the demeanour of our venerated Clergy as a body is too often apt to be when they assemble and meet together for the purpose of discussion. According to the *Post*, COLONEL BARTELOT, M.P., "who rose amid cheers," made a speech which produced on his reverend audience the remarkable effects reported in the subjoined extract from it. The beginning of the Colonel's observations, by the way, reads like a chant:—

"He had every faith in Convocation, and that it would deal with the matters under its consideration in a spirit of conciliation and fairness to carry out the principles of the Reformation—(*great confusion, cheers, and countercheers*)—those principles of the Reformation to which they, as a Church, must ever adhere. (A VOICE—'What are the principles of the Reformation?') (*Great confusion and uproar.*) The Hon. and gallant Colonel then alluded to the passing of the Act for the Regulation of Public Worship, amidst great excitement and confusion. This Act would come into force on the 1st of July next—(*hisses and cheers*)—and before that time a broad and deep line would have to be laid down. (*Renewed uproar.*) He trusted that in dealing with this question Convocation would not allow any rubrics to remain which had a Romish tendency. (*Tremendous uproar.*) COLONEL BARTELOT then threw down the challenge, 'If there is any one here who would like to see the Church Romanised, let him stand up.' (*Loud cries of 'Question,' and general confusion.*)"

The statement that "renewed uproar" followed COLONEL BARTELOT's remark that "a broad and deep line would have to be laid down," might, if read apart from its context, be taken to imply that he was a Railway Director addressing an angry and excited meeting of his constituents and had proposed an improvement threatening them with expense and reduction of dividends. To be sure, the resemblance to infuriated shareholders, exhibited by the reverend gentlemen seems to show that they were in earnest; but their roaring and hissing at the very mention of the Reformation, and the Public Worship Act, and the

tremendous uproar created among them by the bare suggestion of rescinding rubrics "which had a Romish tendency," betokens an earnestness which would see rather characteristic of howling dervishes than Anglican divines, if the dervishes were so far untrue to Mahometanism as to be inclined to Popery.

GREG AS CASSANDRA.

Καὶ Κασσάνδρα πρὸς τῶν μιλόντων προφητοῦ.—PROCLUS.

CASSANDRA was a Prophetess
Of credit and renown;
KING PRIAM's daughter eke was she
In famous old Troy town.

Ah, ladies in those ancient days
Sometimes made trivial slips:
Bribed by the gift of prophecy,
She kissed Apollo's lips.

But, being something of a flirt,
Poor Phoebus she deceived;
So after, when she prophesied,
Why, nobody believed.

Who'd think an English essayist,
Who wants to kill our joy,
Would wear the very petticoats
That Princess wore in Troy?

One SCHLIEMANN dug them from the soil,
Hid in a nectar-keg,
And by the hand of MR. COOK
Sent them to MR. GREG.

Now MR. GREG, he prophesies—
A melancholy soul—
That soon we shall be deep in debt,
And very short of coal.

He also says that down the hill
Must slide each Christian sect,
Since Christianity won't suit
The highest intellect.

And even a sadder sight he sees
Through poor CASSANDRA's Dollond,
That England is to lose its trade
And be a second Holland.

Now *Mr. Punch*, in brief reply,
Declines the track to follow
Of this same male CASSANDRA, who
Knows nothing of Apollo.

Religion is no transient thing
By critics rendered vain:
The "high intelligence" may sneer;
The eternal truths remain.

Not loss of trade nor failing coal
This country can disgrace;
For England's wealth is in the men
And women of her race.

Believe prospectuses of mines,
Turf tips of tout or leg,
Trust CUMMING, ZADKIEL, FRANCIS MOORE—
But not CASSANDRA GREG.

'Ware Nuts!

THE sensitive ear is just now distressed by the vociferations of men and boys who go about the streets offering walnuts for sale, and continually crying "War-nuts!" Much more painful to hear, however, is the remark, so often made, that war-nuts are the nuts for soldiers, that of all nuts they contain the fullest kernels, and those are the kind of nuts wherewith fortifications are shelled.

THE ONE EXCEPTION.—Reports of rain, and wind, and storm have reached us from all quarters, except Northampton. There they have been favoured with MEREWETHER.



EMPHATIC.

Old Lady (to Telegraph Clerk). "O PLEASE MISTER JUST WRITE ME A TELEGRAM TO MY SON JOHN, AND TELL HIM TO COME HOME DIRECTLY, AND MIND AND PUT A DASH UNDER 'DIRECTLY'!!"

WAITING FOR A RISE.

As it would appear that nothing can be done in the matter of legislating for the safe carriage of explosive substances until the meeting of Parliament, it really would be as well if some simple rules (for the guidance of the explosionists and those who are subjected to the results of explosions) could be conveniently and promptly published. It is not to be expected that bargemen and other persons in charge of gunpowder will take more than ordinary care to insure safety to the public, and, therefore, it is incumbent upon fathers of families to look to their own interests. Until the proposed regulations are published, *Mr. Punch* trusts and believes that the following suggestions will be found useful, both by House-lifters and House-owners:

HINTS FOR HOUSE-LIFTERS.

Never light your pipe with the gas given off by the petroleum, as a lucifer will be found infinitely more agreeable to the palate.

A lighted candle should not be fixed in the bung-hole of a barrel of gunpowder, unless a candlestick or an empty bottle is not easily procurable.

Casks of blasting-powder should be used as little as possible as stools and tables in cabins in which fires are kept constantly burning, as, at their best, they are both ungainly and unsightly.

The drivers of cars carrying explosive substances should be careful not to throw their red-hot fuses on the barrels, to avoid damage to the wood-work.

As tobacco can only be thoroughly enjoyed in moments of perfect ease, smoking on barges should be rarely indulged in abait the loose gunpowder.

HINTS FOR HOUSE-OWNERS.

If you have a good sized front garden, it will be as well to erect in it a sand-bag battery (if possible, bomb-proof), to resist the first shock of a sudden explosion.

If your house is built over a canal, you should see that the

foundations of your mansion are thickly coated with india-rubber; so that, in the event of an explosion, an easy descent of your household may be looked for with hopeful confidence.

For obvious reasons all your furniture should be portable.

Never cross a bridge or pass a closed cart without opening your umbrella—an article that on occasions may be used with much benefit as a parachute.

Small captive balloons should be kept suspended about two hundred feet from and over the roof of your house. They will be found very comfortable receptacles for your wife and family in cases of sudden emergency.

Having taken the above precautions, to avoid any serious inconvenience occurring from the results of an explosion, you should (if possible) rest and be very thankful.

EXTRAORDINARY JUVENILITY.

The Newcastle Chronicle announces that:—

"For stealing a hat and a pound of grapes, the property of THOMAS WASTON, a boy, HENRY CARLISLE, 21 years of age, was yesterday sent to prison for three months by the Newcastle magistrates."

The proverb which says indefinitely that "boys will be boys" appears to be at least partially borne out in the case above quoted. If a boy does not cease to be a boy at twenty-one, when will he be a man?

But the *Nottingham Express* also recently contained the following advertisement:—

WANTED, at 62, Clarendon-street, Terrace Royal, a NURSE for children, age from 20 to 30.

Hence it would appear not only that boys will be boys, but also that girls will be girls, as children, of course, mean youth of both sexes. No doubt there are plenty of girls, so called, aged from twenty to thirty; but they do not want nurses—at least, whilst they are well, and many girls of thirty object to tell their age.

CRYSTAL CONCERTS.

Now that the delightful Winter Concerts have begun, men with music in their souls cannot do better with their bodies on a Saturday than take them down to Sydenham, between luncheon time and dinner. Many may prefer the music of the whirring of the partridge, as it rises from the turnips, or the rustling of the pheasant, as it scrambles through the brakes. But men are not all murderous: and some may better like to hear the beating of a drum than the banging of a breechloader, or the scraping of a fiddle than the yelping of a fox-hound.

At these Concerts MR. GROVE is still the principal composer—that is, of the notes which vivify the programme: and when he exults in singing praises of BEETHOVEN, he speaks out truly from his heart, and must not be confounded with the Groves of Blarney. Shunning prudently the clap-trap of critical slangography, he is an eloquent exponent of the beauties of good music, and, for the benefit of ignoramuses in the art, expounds its charms with elegant simplicity of language.

Moreover, as another magnet of attraction, MR. MANNS conducts right manfully, or, if you like, right Mannsfully. Not an omnibus in London boasts a cleverer conductor. Practice makes perfect, say the copybooks at school; and, by dint of daily practice, his band is now as perfect as any one in Europe. With the careful aid aforesaid, his programmes are the models of a musical menu. Like a skilful chef, while catering for widely varying tastes, he prudently abstains from monotony of flavour. Assuredly, if music be the food of Love, Cupid never need go fasting at the Crystal Palace.

A Famine Indeed.

An incident which has occurred in the experience of a Preceptor, will doubtless occur repeatedly in that of other Preceptors. According to a Book:—

"In the year 1847-48, potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

A schoolboy read this passage as follows:—

"In the year 1847, forty-eight potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

Of course. Be careful in compiling school-books.

A MAN OF LETTERS.



HERE having been made some mystery about the contents of the letters of PRINCE VON BISMARCK, which are said to be retained by COUNT ARNIM for unworthy purposes, *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in laying the following important communications before his readers. It will be noticed that *Mr. Punch*, with a view to divulging no confidences, has disguised the names of the writer and recipients of the accompanying letters, which, he may add, were handed to him for safe custody.

To H—R K—P, *Manufacturer of Guns, &c.*

SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that I have found your steel tubes most useful in curing attacks of national pride, ill-humour, &c., &c.

Your iron pills, too, have proved most efficacious in reducing feverish enthusiasm to the smallest proportions. Please send me 20,000 tubes and 20,000,000 pills, packed in cases that will bear a cold climate—such, for instance, as the climate of Russia.

Accept, Sir, &c., &c.,
P. B—K.

To the Ex-M—L B—E.

EX-MARSHAL,

I declare on my honour that you were of the greatest possible service to me during the war of 1871-72. Germany owes you a debt of gratitude that she is neither able nor willing to repay.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To M, G—A, late a Member of "the Provisional Government."

DICTATOR OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE,

I have much pleasure in informing you that I consider your flights of eloquence are only to be equalled by your travels in a balloon.

Believe me, I watch your career with the most patriotic interest. Should your ambitious schemes be gratified, a great future awaits you—and Germany!

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To the M—s H—I DE R—T.

CITIZEN MARQUIS,

I thank you heartily for the services you rendered me during the second siege of Paris. I consider your great idea, the Commune, has secured for France and Germany a peace that may be expected to last for many years.

Should you ever meet T—U (was not that the name of the General who held Paris against me in 1870-71?), give him my warmest thanks.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To the M—L P—T S—O.

M. LE PRESIDENT,

Believe me, I have received the news of the note you have caused to be presented to the French Government with feelings of the liveliest interest. I can assure you that the step you have taken has filled my mind with admiration and amazement. I can hardly imagine that your courteous conduct can be misunderstood in Paris; should, however, France be sufficiently unprincipled to feel annoyed, I shall consider it my duty to give you any little support it may be in my power to afford you. I may add that preparations have recently been made to call out the whole of the Reserve.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To H—s M—Y THE K—G OF D—K.

SIRE,

Far be it from one so powerless and humble as myself to offer a suggestion to a Potentate so renowned for gigantic resources

as your Majesty, still I have the honour to observe that it may be to your Majesty's interest to join the German Bund within the next four-and-twenty hours.

Your Obedient Slave,
P. B—K.

To H—s I—L M—Y THE C—R OF R—A.

SIRE,

As your Majesty may possibly be aware, forgetfulness is not one of my failings. Your Majesty has been good enough to thwart my policy in Spain, Denmark, and Brussels. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of repaying your Majesty the debt I owe to you, not only in part, but in full.

Accept, Sir,
The assurance of my most respectful consideration,
P. B—K.

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

(Being useful hints, at the close of the present season, for the Intending Tourist, and valuable decisions for the Undecided.)

TROUBLES—and pleasures. But the Tourist must begin with the troubles. Supposing him to have settled where he is going, and to have discovered that the Neuchâtel in Switzerland is *not* the Neufchâtel in France, and that he has made up his mind to visit the former, he cannot do better than pack up and go, before some one suggests another tour.

As to his route, what will fix him for once and ever is to go to COOK, the veritable descendant of the great CAPTAIN COOK, who "personally conducted himself" (and, I believe, properly conducted himself) all round the world. Cook will give him a *tour de force*, will serve him with a *menu*, in the shape of a certain "circular" way, from which, having once paid his money, the economical *voyageur* will not care to deviate.

Cook, of the *cordon bleu*, makes up your mind for you, and, even if you take his hotel coupons, directs you where to lodge, dine, and breakfast *en route*. An excellent system for undecided people, or for those whose acquaintance with any language beyond English is limited. But "hotel coupons" will probably only hamper the traveller, who has fixed notions about hotels, and who, on quitting his own country for a holiday, wishes for an entire change of surroundings.

The Independent Traveller will carefully avoid all places where "English spoken" is announced as a recommendation, and will give a wide berth to all foreign hotels whose advertisement informs him that "The Proprietor does his best to provide his guests with all home comforts." "Home comforts" mean, generally, roast beef—not the roast beef of Old England and O the Old English roast beef—and plum-pudding for dinner, with the additional rarity of a Cheshire cheese. These will have been preceded by a vermicelli soup, and fried soles. Now the heartiest English bagman who drives from place to place couldn't wish for any better sounding English fare: but the bagman wouldn't stand it, if he could help it, in France. But he can't help it, it is helped for him, *Monsieur le commis-voyageur* finds the *table d'hôte*, or, as he would prefer to call it, "the ordinary," provided for him, and he takes it humbly, imagining it to be French, but retaining his own private opinion that "they do these things much better in England."

The Cook system, so admirably adapted to so many who would otherwise have stopped at home (and would to Heaven they had!) has within a certain radius assisted to lower-middle-class-Englishise the Continent. I invent this compound verb advisedly, because English society is not divided by a hard and fast line into two sets; but there exists a sort of public-school system, which puts Royalty in the sixth form, and then goes gradually down the ladder, beginning with titles. The enormous Middle Class is a sort of "remove," only with as many divisions as are in the fifth form, and under the Lower-Middle come those who haven't yet mastered the difficulties of the letter "h." They leave 'ome to go *via* Boolong to Parree, stopping for lunch at Haymiens hong rout. If very bold, they go into a *café* and say, "Here! hi! Give us some Bass's Beer," but for the most part their merriment is confined to the interior of their railway carriage, occasionally breaking out on the platform of a station, where they laugh among themselves at a military-looking official in uniform, albeit they are genuinely overawed by his cocked hat, and uncertain as to what he might do with his sword if he had a fancy for suddenly using it. They are also rather frightened of the glib and rapid French Waiter. That is, if they ever happen to put themselves in the way of being served by one, which is rare, as they cling with desperation to their second-rate hotel, where English is spoken, where they are understood and can understand, and whence they can make excursions on the regular beaten tracks of a great city.

It is evident, as I have already said, that the decided Tourist, determined upon a real holiday, does not want to keep in the same company from first to last; and yet, if he is a Cookist, he cannot, unless he temporarily sacrifice his hotel coupons, detach himself

from these circular bores. He is bound by his vow to Cook, as it were, to visit only certain Cookian Hotels mentioned by his Chef: well, so are the others. At the first hotel he meets with the two Old Maids bent on rapid sight-seeing, with a horror of theatres, and a shrinking dread of the wickedness of foreigners generally; then there's the Military Man, of no particular regiment, but with an intimate knowledge of "things at the Horse Guards." Then there's the middle-aged Clergyman, in disguise, who is pompous in his conversation; and there are two Clerical Turtle-doves (a male and female parson, evidently "high") out for their honeymoon, which, with a bad cold, they call their "hullybool;" and of course there are the usual number of Irish Ladies and Gentlemen, who are annoyed at being asked if they happen to know some other Irish Ladies and Gentlemen in Dublin, and who, when they do talk of their own country, never condescend to mention anyone below The Mulligan, or The Knight of Kerry, or "me grandfather, Sorr, was a great friend of the late Jook, and the story ye've heard about the present Jook isn't anyway true; I'll tell you," &c. Then there are the regular Tourists, who "are not going there"—wherever it may be you've asked them about—"this year, because they went there two years ago," and who are ready to speak of every place under the sun, and to compare mountains and molehills; this last class are in great force at Boulogne at a certain time of year, and I do not fancy they ever get much beyond that amusing Anglo-French colony. Then there are the entertaining Old Ladies, travelling alone, or with a companion, who tell of what they recollect the Continent to have been in their day; and the Confidential People, who, on the slightest encouragement, give you their private histories, with the reasons for their coming abroad, and a full view of their financial resources; and, finally, the loud-voiced, Humorous Gentleman, who sees something exquisitely absurd in everything which isn't purely English, and who has a few good stories which do not improve on repetition. If all these are Cook's, and, if you are Cook's, in this delightful society you must travel, for they will turn up at all the Cookian hotels with the certainty of a roundabout at a fair.

But the Knowing Tourist who has allowed the Chef to make up his mind for him can avoid these nuisances by referring to the inside of the covers of the little green books thoughtfully provided for the convenience of the travelling ticket-holders, where he will ascertain to what hotels Cook's circuit people are bound to go, and these he can carefully avoid.

So much for some of the appliances of modern travel.

Next let the Tourist make up his mind what he will take with him, or, when he goes to buy a *Bradshaw*, or a *Murray*, or some guide-book (I shall have a word to say on guide-books and train-books anon), he will find himself suddenly struck by the apparent absolute necessity of providing himself with a portable boot-jack, a reversible bath (which will also do for a white waistcoat), a leg-rest, a bag with compartments for everything, a system of travelling maps (including one of the World with all the short cuts marked on it), pencils with india-rubber at the other end, umbrellas to fold up and go inside telescopes, pocket race-glasses, pocket chronometers, pocket compasses, and, in fact, so many things "adapted to the pocket," that you have to finish by going to your tailor and ordering a suit of pockets all over, in order to adapt yourself to your purchases.

While you're about it, if you want to amuse your fellow travellers, you had better have one pocket made large enough to hold a bowl of gold fish, and then you can do that trick *en route*, and if nobody knows it, pick up a trifle to help you along. At all events, you will show yourself an agreeable companion. Ventriloquism can also be acquired, I believe, without injury to the health; and then, if in addition to the gold fish, you can imitate the growling of a dog under the seat, or the voice of somebody—say "Tommy," as usual—who wants to come in through the hole in the roof where the lamp is, you will be "capital company," and, perhaps, get so much a year from Mr. Cook to go round the world with his Tourists, and keep them amused.

The Circuitous Traveller.

I'm a *bonâ fide* Traveller, I'll undertake to show—
Three miles from where I slept last night; and how do you better know?

I am good three miles, and more, from home, whatever you choose to say—

Any number of miles you like from home—in a roundabout kind of way.

Cross Purposes.

MR. CROSS, at Edinburgh, received one Anti-Toll Abolition deputation and one For-Toll Abolition. The Honourable Gentleman observed that "the result could have been easily fore-told." The second deputation received this remark as favourable to its particular object.

PROTAP AND ANTITAP.



HE illustrious visitor from the East (BABOO PROTAP CHANDRA MOZOOMDAR) whose name, we trust, will, in his own language, be of less evil omen for the cause he advocates," &c., &c.—*Times*.



Hail to the great Alliance!
Hail to Anti and Pro!
If to these we yield compliance,
Where are we like to go?
Hail to SIR WILFRID, the witty!
Who chaff around him flings,
Till we almost think, for orators' drink,
Water's the best of things.*

Hail to the BABOO PROTAP,
Lecturer, straight from the East,
Whose name suggests that no tap
Would frighten him in the least!

He holds that to civilise India

We must all Good Templars be:
Queer thing to say, in our puissant day,
To the lords of earth and sea.

SIR WILFRID, when he urges
His hobby, we like to hear:
Let him sing his doleful dirges
Over Liberals beaten by beer.
There's a fair half-truth in his clap-trap,
'Tis touched by a pleasant wit;
And haters of beer, 'tis very clear,
In the House of Commons sit.

But neither the Baronet, Anti,
Nor yet the BABOO, Pro,
Though the latter is quite *andante*,
While the other is *allegro*,
Can induce Mr. Punch to listen
To sophistry severe,
Which would brand as accursed a natural thirst,
And "rob a poor man of his beer."

Let the ploughman drink with its foam on 't
His draught of amber ale;
Let it cheer each restless moment
Of the wielder of the flail:
Let bright wine charm the banquets
Which help us life to endure,
While our lady sips with dainty lips
Champagne that's sound and pure.

Ay, the United Alliance,
With its prate, and even its wit,
Sets English sense at defiance,
And there's the end of it.
MRS. PARTINGTON tried to mop out
The mighty waves of the sea;
The Alliance would fain bind down with a chain
A nation that means to be free.

* "Aguror mûv ôdov.—PINDAR.

THE PERILS OF THE PARK.

THE Powder Magazine in Hyde Park ought unquestionably to be removed. There are too many dangerous "sparks" always about in that neighbourhood.



DE GUSTIBUS, &c.

Mabel. "O, AUNT! DO LOOK AT THESE TWO FRIGHTFUL INSECTS RUNNING ABOUT TOGETHER!"

Aunt. "MY DEAR CHILD, THEY ARE ONLY EARWIGS!"

Mabel. "WHAT DISGUSTING CREATURES! I WONDER HOW THEY CAN LIKE ONE ANOTHER!"

THE SACERDOTAL PRINCIPLE.

COLERIDGE, poetic layman, taught the Church
Great truths in days gone by: another son
Of the same brilliant line, is fain to perch
On laic pulpit, where distinction's won
By breaking down the Sacerdotal bar,
And teaching Clergymen what fools they are.

The Sacerdotal Principle he dreads,
But cannot quite define it. Wherefore so?
Bos, fur, sacerdos, aimed at priestly heads,
Became a stale quotation, long ago:
And ribald haters of the ascetic priest
Declared the M.B. waistcoat "marked the beast."

Yet, though there often is a craze for Ritual,
Among young Curates (who with croquet mix it),
'Tis folly to imagine it habitual:
Religion stable is, but Fashion tricks it,
Develops what the Puritans thought horrid,
And makes the Service, like the Minster, florid.

The Church to-day is not a whit in danger,
In the free people's common-sense its trust is;
It need not fear the Nonconformist ranger,
Nor dread foreboding of the Lord Chief Justice:
It gave us learning, freedom, by degrees—
These are the commonest of its Common Pleas.

So, if a few young Parsons play queer games,
Now they are bound in a parochial *cordon*;
If, to shut up their semi-Romish aims,
There's need of the parishioners' Churchwarden,
Still make not every boyish priest a martyr—
Since STEPHEN LANGTON gave us the Great Charter

The Church is with us, doing noble work,
As in long centuries back: and is it wise
To bear too hard on men who never shirk,
And their most trivial fault to criticise?
'Twill land the Realm in a confounded hobble
If every parish is a scene of squabble.

Let the law slumber: like the *Erinaceus*
(*Anghcé*, hedgehog) it is apt to prick:
Boys will be boys: a cleric too vivacious
May by-and-by adorn a bishopric.
Leave the child-curates of old Mother Church
To DOCTOR PUNCH's softly suave birch.

Music and Magic.

THE *Leeds Mercury* reports a harvest festival, which lately took place in the school-room at Egton, North Riding. A Choral Service having been performed, and a Sermon preached on the occasion:—

"The harvest feast afterwards took place, and the celebration concluded with a Musical Entertainment, in which the Magic Lantern played a part."

As it was only a part that the Magic Lantern is represented as having played in a Concert, it can hardly be supposed to have played first fiddle; but if it played any other fiddle, or, indeed, any other instrument at all, the Magic Lantern must have been one of which the constructor was a conjuror indeed.

OUTRAGE ON A CLERGYMAN.

Coarse Protestant (to Ritualist Clergyman). How are you off for Cat's-meat?

Reverend Ritualist. What do you mean by Cat's-meat?

Coarse Protestant. Lights.



A RAILWAY REVOLUTION.

SCENE—Platform on Midland Railway.

MATERNALIAS. "WHAT, NO SECOND CLASS! NO RETURN TICKETS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GO 'FIRST,' AND I WON'T GO 'THIRD.' WHAT AM I TO DO?"

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE FIFTH.

She goes to a Ducasse.



HE next day I had got leave to go to what they call a *Ducasse* with MADAME PICHOU. After what had happened I didn't much want to go. I thought I should like to go out to the gate in the evening again; because, if the soldier were there, I wanted to tell him that I hadn't been offended with him. However, she would have been angry if I hadn't gone; so I went, and, as we went along, I told her all about the soldier I had seen, and what he had said: for, though I couldn't write it down *then*, I had repeated it

over and over again until I had got it by heart, and could pronounce it as he did.

MADAME PICHOU laughed, and said, "*Ah, c'est comme JULES; il parle toujours comme ça.*" Which was a French way of saying, "Just like ROGER!"

A *Ducasse* is very like Cremorne, only there are no fireworks, or balloons, or concert-singers, or hermits and fortune-tellers, or arbours for supper-parties, or tipsy people, who swear and fight, and get themselves taken off by the police. The *Ducasse* we went to was held in a large field, a part of which had been screened off with sail-cloth, against which there were forms for the dancers to rest on when they were tired. At one end of the enclosure was a raised stage, on which there were the musicians—three fiddles, a hautboy, a cornet, a drum, and triangles. One of the fiddlers led the band, and, before every dance, called out the name of it and the name of the tune he was going to play. There were a great many people there, and all of them seemed to dance as if they had done nothing else all their lives. At first the dancing seemed *rather too quiet* for my taste. When you have peeped in at the door of a London ball-room, especially after supper, and have seen the ladies and gentlemen, with their clasped hands stuck out straight before them, till their arms look like pump-handles, or working the pump-handles up and down, or darting first up and then down the room, and then across it, and then caterways, until they all seem as if they must knock one another down—you can't bear the quiet way in which the French country people dance, or take any pleasure in the little niggling steps, which they are so fond of. But I soon got used to their style. Among the people were a great many of my old friends the *Baggages*; and very well they looked, with their great white caps stiffened out on their heads like moons; their long gold earrings; their gay-coloured shawls folded over black bodies; their short bright skirts, and well-fitting shoes and stockings.

I was looking at a party of them, and thinking how well they danced, when suddenly MADAME PICHOU cried out, "*Ah, juste ciel! voici JULES! Viens donc, petit garnement!*" and she beckoned to some one. I turned to look at him as he came up to her. It was the soldier! As he looked at me I could see, by the twitching of his moustache, that he had not forgotten his *bonne pôte de femme*. To put him out of his pain, I explained it all to MADAME PICHOU, who soon introduced us. When he asked her what my name was she said it was "*LIZBESS*," upon which I plucked up courage and said, "*Nong Moosoo.*" E-LIZ-A-BETH, see you play." But he only said, "*Ah, mais oui! LIZZ-A-BESS. Quel nom de farce!*" which was his way of saying what a romantic name mine was. We stood looking at each other until a dance was finished, and then he took off his cape and said, "*Mademoiselle, peut-elle exécuter une petite gambade avec moi?*"* and he put out his arm. I knew he was

asking me to dance, and, at first, I thought of telling him that I couldn't dance the *gambade*; but I couldn't bring myself to disappoint him, and he led me out.

After all it wasn't a *gambade*, but only a quadrille. Some of the figures were not quite the same as ours at home, and he nearly put me out in *Trenise* by suddenly coming up to me and another young lady, seizing our hands, and twirling our arms over our heads as he spun us round. It would take JOHN a long time to learn *that*. However, I got through it all very well; and after the quadrille we had a waltz, and after that a mazurka, and after that a galop. By this time I was almost out of breath, for I can't deny that I am rather stout, and, seeing this, he naturally led me to the *bouffy*, which was a refreshment-stall at one end of the enclosure. "*Hola, gargon,*" he said, "*Mademoiselle est toute essoufflée! Apportez un petit verre de Parfait Amour!*"

Wasn't it elegant of him? When he handed me the glass I said to him, with a blush, "*Ay voo, Moosoo?*" He laughed, and said, "*Ah! Pour moi je m'en fiche de parfait amour. Garçon, donnez moi un verre d'Absinthe.*"*

Just then a great cloud came over the setting sun, and I felt that the evening was turning cold. JEWEL took me and MADAME PICHOU back again to our house, and then he went away with his sister. It was late when I got home, and Cook had gone to bed and was fast asleep. I felt so light-hearted that I could not help giving her a shake as I got into bed, and saying to her, "*O, Cook, it has been so heavenly!*" She sat up in bed, in her sleep, and looked at me with her great round, unmeaning eyes, and then settled down again, murmuring to herself, "*It's gone up a halfpenny a pound!*" It's gone up a halfpenny a pound!

* Yes, ELIZABETH. 'Tis ever thus! *Surgit amari aliquid medio de fonte leporum.*—ED.

"ROCKS AHEAD."

(By our own Special Cassandra.)

PROGRESSIVE scarcity and deterioration of Domestic Servants,—Higher Salaries, Inferior Services, Perfect Independence, gayer and gayer Dressing, increased aversion to getting up at seven A.M., and total disappearance of that hateful Badge of Servitude, the Cap.

An interminable prospect of writing, talking, speechmaking, arguing, squabbling, and circularising on the question of the Government of London.

The next Session of Convocation—the Debates on the Revision of the Rubric.

Multiplication of Circulars, Cards, Price Lists, Prospectuses, Begging Letters, and Charitable Appeals.

More Congresses.

More Sensations.

More Statues.

More and more Bridesmaids at weddings.

Fewer and Fewer Oysters.

Louder and louder din about the Rights of Woman—Women Speaking, Preaching, Pleading, Lecturing, Canvassing, Doctoring, Soldiering, Sailing, and Performing in Public on the Trombone and Big Drum.

Alarming Increase of the Epidemic of Smoking—Female Smoking, Juvenile Smoking, Episcopal Smoking, Smoking on the Bench, Smoking at the Bar, and Smoking under the nose of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Puffing and Pictorial Placards, Puffing Paragraphs, Puffing Advertisements.

The Whims, Caprices, Fashions, Follies, Eccentricities, and Extravagances of Female Dress and Personal Adornment.

Clerical Freaks and Antics.

Quarrels about SHAKESPEARE.

Speculations about JUNIUS.

The Price of Butter.

The Weather.

New Tourists.

THE passion for foreign travel is extending. It is no longer confined to man. It seems to have seized upon other portions of the animal creation—one, especially, which might have been thought little likely to be subject to its influence. A book is announced with the title *Insects Abroad*. Let us hope that many of them have gone abroad, never to return.

HEROIC EXPLOIT.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON has annexed Fiji. A labour worthy of HERCULES.

* Mr. Punch finds it necessary now and then to render into intelligible French ELIZABETH'S imperfect reports of French conversations.



SOCIAL MISERIES.

TIME—Sunday morning. Party going to Church.

Uncle (on a Visit). "LOD, I'M RAETHER LATE; BUT I THOUGHT I HAD LOST THE KEY O' MA TRUNK WIT' MA SUNDAY CLAES IN'T."
 Chorus. "WHY, UNCLE! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CHURCH IN SUCH A COAT AS THAT!!!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Addresses the Editor after a visit to Paris, and makes comparisons, which are always odious.

SIR,—I have represented You with considerable satisfaction in the gay holiday capital, Paris. I have sat in the seat of the scornful, if I may so express it, when witnessing the performance of the French *artistes* of a certain school, and comparing it with that of those English actors who may be considered as belonging to the same branch of their profession. I mention particularly *Opéra-Bouffe*, that eminently Parisian entertainment, which can no more be given by an English Company, however good in their particular line they may be, than an elephant can be a butterfly. The elephant might sing "*I'd be a Butterfly*," and try to be one, but he couldn't do it.

Your Representative, among many other things, went to see *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. This piece was done in English at the Alhambra. Most people said it was dull, and I have no doubt it must have been.

Firstly, any English adapter of *La Jolie Parfumeuse* undertook a hopeless task. It is just one of those delicate wines (delicate, I admit, is not exactly the word, but it's near enough), which will not bear the sea voyage.

At the Bouffes Parisiens it is marvellously well acted, but it must have been evident, even to the most unintelligent English dramatic capacity, that the scenes on which *La Jolie Parfumeuse* depended for its success could not be reproduced here, any more than could its story be originally written for our stage, or any more than you could get two English actresses to play its two principal rôles with the *chic* and *finesse* of the French actresses MESDAMES THÉO and GRIVOT, the latter bearing a strong personal resemblance to MARIE WILTON, who alone among our actresses might have played the part of *Bevolet* satisfactorily. But then the music would have been an obstacle, and where, I ask, on the English stage, are the voices combined with the acting which we find to the manner born among the French?

Well, we have got them, I believe: few, and scattered. United we could collect a capital *Opéra-Bouffe* team: it is the honest opinion of Your Representative that we could, without having recourse to foreign composers or foreign librettists, produce an original work, which should neither have the clownishness of mere burlesque, nor the elements of weariness common to mild comic opera. We should, in fact, have our own English *Opéra Bouffe*, retaining this title, *faute de mieux*, but owing nothing, no, not even a dance, to French, Italian, or Belgian sources. It could be done, if one good company could be got together, and if our burlesque actors and actresses—specially the latter—would give up all their absurd notions of "trying to be like the French." Not one of them can touch a French *bouffe* actress in her own peculiar line. In fact, it is scarcely praise to an ordinary French *bouffe* actress to say that she does it well, so little trouble does she appear to take, so naturally do all *Opéra-Bouffe* parts appear to suit her. At many theatres in London we are doing more or less clumsily what we ought not to attempt at all.

Then as to the *cancan*—well, I did see one *cancan*, just one, in Paris; it was in the new revised and unimproved edition of *Orphée aux Enfers*. The young lady who played *Cupid* indicated all that was necessary to be indicated in the space of a flash of lightning; and for the rest of the characters, they dashily sketched the outlines of the dance; which was all, and enough. But here, I care not who attempts it, whether or no they be professed English dancers trying to disguise their nationality under French names, or the actors and actresses in the piece, the *cancan* is made a gross and butcherly affair, and the sooner it is hissed off our boards the better. In England, in fact, Parisian *Opéra-Bouffe* becomes English *Opéra-Bœuf*.

Then, too, consider the audiences. What children the French are in their amusements; what children they are altogether, and sometimes, alas, what naughty children! How little, well done, amuses them, and when they go to a place of amusement, how perfectly satisfied they are with their amusement. In high Art they admire such a finished picture as poor DESCLÉE could have given



THE ABOLITION OF SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.

First Passenger (with filthy clay pipe). "I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF 'BACCY, SIR!"

Second Passenger (with regalia). "HAW—NOT OTHER PEOPLE'S—HAW."

First Passenger. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. ANYTHING TO OBLIGE A GEN'L MAN. JUST 'AND US OVER ONE OF YOUR WEEDS, AND I'LL PUT OUT MY PIPE!"

them; in low Art they only require clever sketches. They refuse to see impropriety in what was intended for mere amusement. As Your Representative, Sir, I am not saying that I approve of an immoral tendency in a plot, or impropriety in action. I regret that the French dramatists of the present day should, both for serious and comic purposes, have but one string to play upon. It shows a sad poverty of invention; and indeed it is all the stronger reason why we, here, should avoid translating and adapting what was never intended and what is totally unfitted for an English audience. Not that this is any fault of our dramatic authors: it is not that they cannot produce a "book" for the composer as good as anything done by the French; but it is our managers who insist upon producing *here* whatever has achieved any sort of success in Paris. This system is unfair alike to our composers, authors, and actors. Look back! Has there been any one English *bouffe* actress who could touch SCHNEIDER in the *Grande Duchesse*, or in any one of her parts? No. Could any two English actresses, in any of the numerous companies professing to perform *La Fille de Madame Angot*, really give the quarrel between the two market women in the last Act? No. As to a first-rate comic tenor—Well! I hear that there is such a *rara avis* at last; but I won't speak till I've witnessed his performance.

"The moral of all this lies in the application of it:" an original work and one or two good companies for this particular line of business, instead of six or seven indifferent or absolutely bad ones.

Your Representative, looking round, sees his work cut out for him. New things coming out, or just out, everywhere except the Haymarket, but I suppose there will soon be something new there, unless, *mirabile dictu*, there yet exists a generation of playgoers capable of being amused by the buffoneries of *Dundreary*. A *propos* of the Parisians, they didn't care about that entertainment when MR. SOTHERN tried it on them some years ago. Perhaps, too, the Americans have got a trifle tired of it, and so he has kindly come back to us. I see that *with* one of the late MR. ROBERTSON'S best Pieces the Prince of Wales's Management is going to give "a Dramatic Contrast" by MR. GILBERT. Ominous description, and

rather hard on the last mentioned Author; that is, if that is true of contrasts which is quoted at the head of this Letter as proverbial concerning comparisons by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE LORD MAYOR.

At the banquet given by the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House on Wednesday last to the Masters and some principal Officers of the great Civic Companies, MR. PHILIP TWEELS, one of the Members of Parliament for the City, proposed his Lordship's health. Returning thanks, SIR ANDREW LUSK thus concluded a characteristic speech:—

"He hoped, on leaving office, to throw his mantle on the shoulders of one who was better able than he to fill the office he was about to vacate, and that, at length, in declining life, he might, in spirit at least, in the words of his immortal countryman, have opportunities of tuning—

"To please a peasant's ear,
The harp a King had loved to hear."

Be it so, for many a day. But is it really a fact that the LORD MAYOR also is among the Minstrels, and has entertained a royal visitor at the Mansion House by playing the harp? Many Lord Mayors have been unable to play anything much better than a knife and fork. LORD MAYOR LUSK, however, has at any rate played his part in first-rate style, particularly in the display of hospitality, and at the same time of occasional and appropriate eloquence. His speeches have almost invariably evinced quite a remarkable acquaintance with those passages in poetical literature which are "familiar in men's mouths as household words." When he shall have relinquished the chair of Civic royalty, he will still remain—

"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

Of course he cannot be allowed to retire into private life without being presented with a testimonial, and could there possibly be any one which has been better earned than a splendidly bound Dictionary of Quotations?

SIMPLE AND COMPOUND.

THE "Compound Householder" no more
Attention doth engage.
Another "Compound," to the fore,
Supplants that personage.

The Compound Clergyman is he,
The Irish Curate, sure,
Compounding for his salary,
And cutting from his cure.

Some Irish Clergymen there are
Content at home to stay.
More for their flocks than selves they care;
The Simple Clergy they.

Simple and Compound, thus, 'tis plain,
In contrast may be put
These Clergy at their posts remain,
But those compound and cut.

A Song with a Variation.

WE notice in the newspapers an announcement that *The Song of the Old Bell* is now ready at the music-shops. We have no doubt it will meet with what we may in fitness term a swinging success, and ring a pleasant tune in the chinking of the coin paid for it. Campanologists may find a touching pathos in the song; but to those who are born Londoners, and loungers about Bond Street, we really cannot avoid thinking that *The Song of the Old Swell* would be even more pathetic.

Sacerdotalism and Priestcraft.

LORD COLERIDGE has unofficially given judgment against the Ritualists on "the sacerdotal principle?" Why, it has been asked, term the objectionable element in the Ritualist humbug "Sacerdotalism"? Why not call it by the old English name of "Priestcraft"? Because Sacerdotalism comprehends lay credulity as well as clerical pretensions. Priestcraft is limited to the Priests who practise it. Sacerdotalism is common to both impostors and dupes; Priestcraft peculiar to impostors.



WILD SPORTS.

The Sportsmen (from the Wood). "HULLO, TONSONBY! YOU'VE HAD A GOOD PLACE. WE'VE HEARD YOU BLAZING AWAY ALL THE AFTERNOON. HOW MANY HAVE YOU BAGGED!"

Tonsonby (a Town Man). "O. BOTHER YOUR TAME PHEASANTS. I'VE TREE'D A MAGNIFICENT TOM CAT HERE, AND HAD SPLENDID SPORT, BUT I CAN'T HIT HIM. YOU COME AND TRY!"

THE FIRST TRAIN TO JEYPORE.

"The MAHARAJAH OF JEYPORE, one of the most public-spirited chiefs in India, on Monday last, drove the first railway engine ever carried into his territory."—*Times*.

JEYPORE, in Rajpootana, splendid town
(Lying south-west of Delhi, city vast,
Whose wondrous ruins occupy a space
As wide as London), feels again the throb
Of life it knew when Learning reigned supreme
Under JAY SINGH, four centuries ago,
And when an architect from Italy
Built its great palace amid gardens fair,
Palace itself a city.

Think, the scene!
The thousands of dusk faces crowding forth
From long straight streets, where tranquil temples stand,
From busy market squares, to see their Rajah
Riding the steed of Steam, whose screaming neigh,
White breath, vast eye of fire, were never known
Before in that calm city. He has dared
To vanquish ancient prejudice of Caste,
To drive an engine with his princely hands,
To take Brahm's bull by its inveterate horns,
And bring all Europe to his town by train.

Yes, in the wake of that one engine come
Science, and letters, and philosophy,
And ever-widening views of human work,
And all the arts of all the foremost race,
And Christian thought, if void of Christian form,
Justice and tolerance, humour and wit—
Till even Jeypore, discarding prejudice,
Shall learn new wisdom from the page of *Punch*.
The Rajah reads it very carefully.

POLARITY OF THE PEOPLE.

A CONTEMPORARY'S report of a proceeding which took place on Tuesday last week within the walls of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, concludes with the remark that:—

"Although, of course, there was not the slightest circumstance in connection with the execution which could gratify their curiosity, it is rather a curious fact that a very considerable number of persons were present at the outside of the gaol, and they remained for some time after the black flag had been hoisted to denote that all was over."

A rather curious fact certainly, but, though curious, so common as to be seemingly invariable. Perhaps nothing horrid ever occurred to the knowledge of the British Public inside of any building, from which they were excluded, when a considerable number of them were not present outside of it, and did not remain there for a long time after they had been assured that all was over. What can make them do so nobody can know, as they themselves, never considering that question, necessarily cannot tell. Perhaps an instinct of the nature of a "survival," to which MR. DARWIN could suggest analogies exhibited by some of the more distant of our "poor relations."

Caution.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether some safe public method of conveyance should not be provided for persons like his Wife, whose temper is so terribly explosive in its character that it is highly dangerous to travel in her company.

ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.

WHY have all the Pillar-Posts been painted red? In order that even every fool may know what they are meant for.

THE NEXT WAR!



COMPASSIONATELY, the Members of the Brussels Congress have at length published their report. In this important document it is decreed that fortified places alone are to be besieged, that buildings consecrated to Religion, Art, and Charity must be spared, if they bear a flag or any other visible sign denoting the purposes to which they are devoted; and that Newspaper Correspondents are not to be treated as spies if they possess a certificate from a competent authority proving their quality. Moreover, *ruses de guerre* are, in future, to be considered lawful. Under these circumstances, the following correspondence will probably pass between the Generals of the two contending armies before more active operations are undertaken in the next great European campaign:—

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, commanding the Allied Armies of the New European Confederation, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., in command of the British Army.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that, finding Margate (according to the Regulations laid down by the Brussels Congress) to be a fortified place (the fort is, I understand, on the West Cliff), I have reduced that town to subjection.

Following out the decrees of the Congress, I have spared from the inconveniences necessarily attendant upon a bombardment all the Churches, the Hall-by-the-Sea—a building evidently erected in the interests of Art,—and several rooms containing a placard bearing an announcement that therein could be obtained “a really good dinner at one o’clock,”—an announcement that proved to me that the apartments in question were devoted to charitable purposes.

I send this letter by one of the most gallant Colonels I have under my command, as a small mark of my esteem and consideration.

I have the honour to be, Major-General,

Your humble obedient Servant,

(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR, Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that, *ruses de guerre* having been sanctioned by the Brussels Congress, I have arrested the bearer of your last communication to me. As you describe him as the most gallant of the Colonels that you have under your command, I have furnished him with apartments in my own house.

You will be pleased to learn that he already seems to be a great favourite with my wife and daughters. While he remains with us, you may rest assured that he will be treated with every courtesy and consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c., to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

YOU are perfectly right—*ruses de guerre* are permitted by the decrees of the Brussels Congress. I was not altogether unprepared for the step you have taken. As you have made my messenger an honorary member of your household, however, I am compelled by the feelings of a gentleman, a husband and a father to inform you that your present guest is a dangerous lunatic.

I have the honour to inform you that since writing to you I have arrested several Special Correspondents to English newspapers. One of these persons (the Representative of the *Pimlico Pump*), holding a certificate signed by a Member of the London School-Board, has (under the clauses of the Brussels Congress dealing with Correspondents holding certificates from competent authorities proving their quality) been confined in a pleasantly-furnished cell. The remaining Correspondents have been treated as spies.

I have the honour to be, Major-General,

Your most humble obedient Servant,

(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR,

Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour (under the clauses of the Brussels Congress permitting *ruses de guerre*) to send back your messenger—the “dangerous lunatic” referred to in your last communication. Trusting that you will accept this little act of courtesy in the spirit in which it is tendered,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c., to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

THE “dangerous lunatic,” to whom you make allusion in your last communication, happens to be the Chief of my Staff, and the best officer I have under my command.

The legalisation of *ruses de guerre* by the Brussels Congress permitted me to give him a false character when I had the honour of discussing his supposed peculiarities with your Excellency.

I have much pleasure in announcing to you that I have found the information he has obtained during his short visit to your household of the greatest possible service. It appears that your army is in every way inferior to those under my command. From a conversation that your late prisoner held with your wife, it seems that my armies contain just twelve times as many men as those mustered together in your weak battalions.

Let me recommend you to surrender.

I have the honour to be, Major-General,

Your most humble obedient Servant,

(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR,

Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that you cannot altogether rely upon the report furnished by the Chief of your Staff. The information confided to my wife, being utterly untrustworthy and false, was imparted to her as a secret by me, so that the intelligence might be speedily published. It seems, from your last letter, to have reached the quarter for which it was originally intended.

In reply to your advice to me to surrender, I have the honour to request you to come on. I trust soon to meet you hand to hand at the head of my army.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most humble obedient Servant,

(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ACCORDING to the report of a late meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, MR. W. H. WYATT, Chairman of the Visiting Justices of the House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, had the following notice of motion on the paper:—

“That the Visiting Justices be authorised to purchase a harmonium for the Roman Catholic religious services performed at the prison, at a cost not exceeding £15, and to employ a fit person to play it at a remuneration of 6s. a week, to be paid out of the petty cash.”

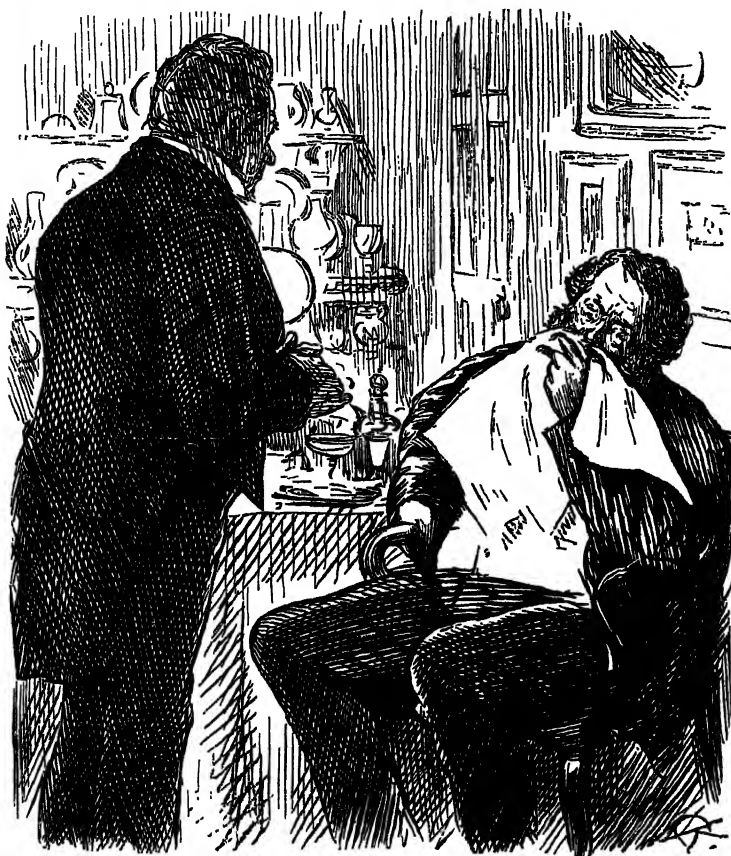
The Court, it seems, had not the power, let alone the will, to entertain this proposal. But was it not a most reasonable one? Permit Mass; allow Mass music. The only question ought to be whether a £15 harmonium, and a 6s. a week instrumentalist, would be equal to it. Music—sacred music especially—has charms which might prove peculiarly efficacious in a House of Correction. What wonders might not MOZART’S Masses, for example, work on brute natures? And certainly music must be granted to be particularly requisite for Mass when Mass is sung in a language “not understood of the people.”

Priestcraft and Pumpery.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the other day, addressing his constituents at Carlisle, very truly remarked that:—

“He could conceive no state of things more inimical to freedom, and mischievous to the country, than to allow priests of any persuasion to be above the law of the land.”

Even the tyranny of a majority over a minority would not be more inimical to freedom, and mischievous to the country, than a dominant priesthood. But it would be no less inimical to freedom, and little if at all less mischievous to the country. If the United Kingdom Alliance could succeed in carrying their Permissive Prohibitory Bill, they would set up a tyranny in every parish of which they might happen to outnumber the reasonable inhabitants.



SYMPATHY!

Epicurus. "PAH! O, GOOD GRACIOUS, MIVINE, THAT LAST OYSTER WAS—
UGH!"

Buller (with feeling). "T-T-T—DEAR ME! CORKED, SIR!!!"

LABOURERS IN DEVON.

THE fine Old Devonshire Labourer
Is coming forward now;
He seems resolved to make a stir,
This driver of the plough;
He's tired of sourish cider
And weekly "bob" eleven,
And he hears the world is wider
Than the pleasant shire of Devon.

So out he comes, JAN LACLAND,
To speechify and listen;
And good SIR THOMAS ACLAND
Gives him a room of his'n:
He tells his sorrows and strong dislikes,
And looks uncommon blue,
Grumbling away till midnight strikes—
Punch hopes he won't strike too.

"We finds all things are dearer
Except 'tis sugar and tea,
And to give a man a cheerer,
Why, what be they to we?
Us can't get a mossel of roast beef
On Sundays for to carve;
Us thinks it mean to set up a machine,
And let poor labourers starve."

It is the old, sad story;
But the Demagogue makes things worse,
When, for pay or for paltry glory,
He acts as a travelling curse.
The man who rants and clamours and cants
Is a downright plague and pest:
Pity that fools who have failed in the East
Should carry the war to the West.

Ecclesiastical Divisions.

In the late Triennial Convention of the American Episcopal Church, proceedings, the other day, began with "the consideration of a petition from the Church of New Jersey, asking that this diocese should be divided in two." The diocese of New Jersey differs remarkably from all the dioceses of Old England. It is not divided into two yet. But, comprising High, Low, and Broad Church parties, every one of our own dioceses has been for some time divided at least into three.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH
COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SIXTH.

Hopes and Fears.

SOMEHOW or other, things never look the same, when you wake in the morning, as they did overnight; and, when I woke the morning after I had danced with JEWEL at the *Ducasse*, I couldn't help thinking that, after all, JOHN would have been more suitable than JEWEL. For, of course, I knew that, if I married JEWEL, I should have to live in France; for "where the goat is tied there she must browse," you know, and I was quite sure that *that* wouldn't suit Grandmother and Aunts at all. I knew that they wouldn't so much mind JOHN, because, if I married him, I shouldn't be so far off but what they could go on doing their duty by me, by telling me about all my faults and most of JOHN'S.

But, of course, if I were married to JEWEL and living in France, with threepence postage to pay for every letter each way, and JEWEL not understanding a word they wrote, they wouldn't be able to study my happiness in this kind way. And I was certain that this would be a great blow to them, for they had been that fond of me from my youth up that, even when I was a child, they would rather have spoilt a rod than have spared me, as the saying is.

Besides, I couldn't think what would become of Grandmother, if she heard that I was going to marry a Catholic, and came to think that her little BETSY, whom she used to whip so often for not "telling," even when I had nothing to "tell," was going regularly to confession. And I was sure she would sink into her grave rather than be a great-grandmother to a family of little Catholics, as she would have to be if I married JEWEL, for "black cats have black kittens," you know; and JEWEL'S children would have to be like JEWEL.

And then I remembered that JEWEL was a soldier, and that *that* would be quite enough to set AUNT BRIDGET against him, for she's

a soft-hearted patch, and couldn't abide to think of me (as she has spanked so often) living in trenches, and passing my days with forlorn hopes, and mounting the breaches, as soldiers' wives must if they do their duty.

Worse than all, JEWEL was a poor man. For it wasn't to be thought that he could have saved anything out of his soldier's pay; and I remember that AUNT JEMIMA wasn't one of those that hold with marrying poor men (not that she ever had the chance, that I am aware of), and I couldn't forget how she used to say, on evenings when she was cross and I was going to bed without supper, "Don't you ever let me hear you talk of love on a cottage loaf, BETSY, as long as you live! Just you bear in mind that 'short meals don't make long friends,' and that where the fodder is scarce the donkeys fight." And I don't think I shall forget AUNT JEMIMA'S lessons as long as I live.

Now, you see, JOHN wasn't a Catholic; at least if he was he'd kept it to himself. And he wasn't even a Volunteer. Besides which he had been in good wages for ever so long, and I was sure he'd saved money, because I've often heard him talk of taking a green-grocery shop in West Brompton, and going out "waiting" in the evenings, whilst somebody—whom he didn't name—was waiting at home for him among the spring vegetables and the early fruit. I'm told this is what painters call a picture of "still life," and, often and often, my poor foolish heart has painted it in bright colours as I heard him talk. But then, you see, JEWEL had one advantage over JOHN. JOHN hadn't asked me, and, for all I could see, wasn't likely to. Perhaps, after all, it was MARY that was going to stand behind his counter, serving out the early peas and strawberries. Perhaps it was MARY that was going out with him in the new market-cart on Sundays to Hampton Court!

Now, though JEWEL hadn't asked me either, he was near enough to have the chance, if he liked to take it; whilst the billows were between me and JOHN. So the more I thought of 'em both, the more my heart turned to JEWEL, and the more I wanted to see him again.

As luck would have it, the morning after the *Ducasse* was our



THE SOUR TRUTH.

Country Parson (with a few Friends at Dinner). "THOMAS, THAT CLARET CUP IS NOT QUITE RIGHT. IT IS TOO SWEET."
 Thomas. "YES, SIR; BUT COOK SAID AS THE LEMONS WAS ALL SQUEEZE INTO THE JELLY."

MISS EDITH'S morning for going to the market, which she had taken to do, regularly twice a week, by Master's wish, who said, one day at dinner, that it would improve her mind, and be a check on MADAME PICHOU at the same time. Master was always a great one for improving other people's minds, and was that generous about it that I really do believe he gave more time to them than to his own. And he was so mad to have a check on MADAME PICHOU, that he started off one morning to market himself, saying he was sure that she made a profit on the things she bought for us. But he didn't take much by that, for, after he had wasted half his morning in cheapening three bunches of radishes, he got tired, and ended by giving the people everything they asked, and coming home, followed by two of the Baggages carrying two baskets full of things that weren't wanted, when, you know, MADAME PICHOU would have bought the right things cheap, and carried 'em home into the bargain. But of course Master wasn't going to give way, and he went on at Mistress, all dinner-time, about the power of the master's eye, until one could hardly look him in the face; and so it was settled that MISS EDITH, who certainly does favour Master about the eyes, should go regularly and take MADAME PICHOU or me with her.

I hadn't been as yet, for I'd always had one of my bad headaches on market-days; but, the morning after the *Ducasse*, I thought I really ought to make an effort, so I went to MISS EDITH and told her, that if she wished, I was ready to go.

"Are you sure you haven't got a headache, ELIZABETH?" she said. "You know you were out last night, and you must be tired."

"Thank you, Miss," I said. "I can't say I'm that free from pain that I could wish, but then I was taught at school that it is so 'sublime' to 'suffer and be strong,'" I said, as I got out the big market-basket; "and we never know how our backs will be strengthened till we take up our load."

So she thanked me for being so willing and obliging, and away we went.

BETTING ON NEXT YEAR'S BUDGET.—A Million to One against it.

WHY THE PRINCE WENT TO FRANCE.

Opinion of M. LE DUC DE CHATEAU-CLINQUANT.—Because His Royal Highness is an Imperialist, and wished to persuade M. LE DUC DE MAGENTA to resign in favour of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE FOURTH.

Opinion of M. LE VICOMTE SANSUNSOUS DE SANG-AZUR.—Because His Royal Highness desired to pay a mark of respect to the kingdom of His Majesty LE ROI HENRI CINQ.

Opinion of M. CENTREDROITE.—Because His Royal Highness is an Orleanist.

Opinion of LE CITOYEN BONNETROUGE.—Because the Prince admires the greatest Republic in the world.

Opinion of a celebrated French Author.—Because France is the mother of all the countries on the globe, and England is her first cousin. Also because it is sublime, grand, stupendous—at once solemn and vivacious, at once impossible and yet true, &c., &c.

Opinion of M. CHASSEPIGEON.—Because His Royal Highness has heard of the Grand Sport of France, and is a perfect "gentlemans-ridere" with his "brèche-lodère."

Opinion of M. BOURGEOIS DE PARIS.—Because England is always one great fog, and France (that is to say, Paris) is the proper residence for a Prince.

Opinion of the Rest of the French Nation.—Because it was the wish of "LE LOR MAIRE DE LONDRES."

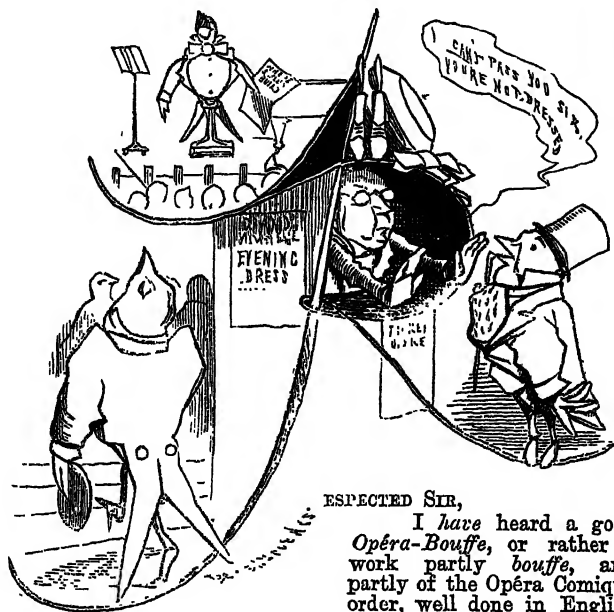
Birds on the Wing.

How much unlike the race of Swallows fly
 The Irish Clergy to a milder sky!
 No Spring these birds of passage will recall;
 And there is not a SWIFT among them all.

A THOUGHT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Manchester possesses a fine Free Library. An appropriate name for it would be the Cottonian.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Philharmonic and elsewhere, with Notions and Opinions on the subject of Opéra-Bouffe in England.



RESPECTED SIR,

I have heard a good Opéra-Bouffe, or rather a work partly bouffe, and partly of the Opéra Comique order, well done in English by an English company.

Very well done, even when compared with the French company, which produced it here.

I am speaking of *Giroflé-Girofla* at the Philharmonic. Of this piece, it was said, that it couldn't be done here on account of the story. There is no sort of harm in the story; it is a good farcical notion, just the very plot for the purpose; differing herein from *Les Cent Vierges* at the Gaiety, which has been pared down in order to fit. By the way, MR. ARTHUR CECIL's performance of a part which doesn't suit him is, as is his singing, most careful and artistic. The French fun has been taken out of *Les Cent Vierges*, and English fun has not been substituted.

At the Philharmonic MISS JULIA MATTHEWS plays the twin sisters capitably, and, of course, sings the music equally well. She shows a tendency to exaggerate, where, however, exaggeration is pardonable, i.e., in the exaggerated situation of the drinking song and chorus (you see, there must be a drinking song and chorus in every opera), which belongs to what may be termed the burlesque portion of the opera.

MR. FISHER is the nearest approach to that French *spécialité*, the comic tenor, that has yet been seen in London. He played MR. GLADSTONE in the *Happy Land* at the Court Theatre, where his make-up, his singing, acting, and dancing, were good specimens of our English burlesque style. It is to be feared that he will mar his fortunes by attempting to be too much of a tenor, and too little of the comedian. If he once thinks it necessary to adopt the traditional tenor style of impossible action, without indicating to the audience, that he is intending burlesque, he will lose the special qualification he now possesses, and which, it is but fair to him to say, he alone possesses in London just at this particular moment. He has only to be very careful in his musical study, to improve in that line, and to retain all that is natural to him of genuine burlesque fun, and the fame and fortune of an English DUPUIS are before him. MR. FISHER is not as eccentric as he could be (he has been very much so in the provinces, long before he had any name at all) in his present character; perhaps one of these days he may find something with greater scope for his burlesque powers, and when that opportunity arrives I hope it will be an original part in a successful original work, by an English librettist and an English composer. In all these reproductions from the French we can but compare our people with the originals, very much, as a rule, to the disadvantage of the former.

MISS EVERARD makes an energetic *Dame Bolero*; and she, too, has a good notion of the ridiculous. MR. ROSENTHAL's *Mazook the Moor* (I do not know whether I am spelling the name right, having lost my bill of the play) is from first to last, to my thinking, excellent. It might, perhaps, have been occasionally more grotesque; but, remembering what I have seen MR. ROSENTHAL do, and what a heavy line it has generally been his fate to appear in, Your Representative could not but be convulsed, when he saw this *Othello*

doing as comic a dance with *Dame Bolero*, as it has been his good fortune to see, since the days when Demoiselles MARIE WILTON, and CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, with MESSRS. JAMES ROGERS and CLARKE used to do such wonderful steps at the Strand Theatre, or when MISS OLIVER and MR. DANVERS sang and bounded to the six-times-encored nightly tune of *Pretty Scousan* at the Little Royalty.

If that eminent Tragedian, MR. PHELPS, could sing and dance, he might, perhaps, astonish Your Representative as much, if he suddenly broke out during his performance of *Othello*, as did MR. ROSENTHAL with his impersonation of *Mazook*. The little people are all good too—I mean the Pages, who have to sing a little, and speak a little. In fact, it is well done all round, and well put on the Stage by MR. SHEPHERD, who, by his management of *Opéra-Bouffe*, has no less astonished Your Representative, than MR. ROSENTHAL, with his Burlesque. Evidently he is quite the gentle shepherd for that part of suburban London which is under his pastoral care, ye!ept Merry Islington.

As for the music of *Giroflé-Girofla*, there is nothing in it which we can carry away after a first hearing, as one could the *Telle était la mère Angot* of LECOCQ's now worn-to-death Comic Opera. *Giroflé-Girofla* will grow on you, it struck me, by repetition. The Pirates' Chorus sounds like a prig from the *Huguenots*, and doesn't go for anything, though the critics were sure it would be one of the greatest hits in the Opera. So the *Opéra-Bouffe-Comique* of *Giroflé-Girofla* is a bright particular star just now in the London firmament of this sort of entertainment.

As to the opinions of critics about burlesque, just look at the Charing Cross Theatre. It is merely burlesque of the old pattern, in five or seven scenes (I forget which), succeeding one another rapidly, though each separately occupies far too long a time, and the first is the best. It is not *Opéra-Bouffe*, it is burlesque; and it is American burlesque, too, imported by a favourite English burlesque actress, who is the life and soul of the entire piece. Except MR. BROUGH as *Blue Beard*, MISS LYDIA THOMPSON is the attraction, for without her manner of giving them, the American importations would not have a chance, and it would be very dangerous for any other Manager to fancy that the American element would succeed, without such a help to it as is given by the Manageress of the Charing Cross. There is an American soprano at the Gaiety—a pretty face, an elegant figure, a well-trained style of vocalisation, and fairly gifted with a voice; but there is no fun in her acting, and not the slightest approach to anything humorous in her strong Yankee intonation. We send out MR. TOOLE, and, in revenge, the Americans, not to be outdone in generosity, send such specimens of dramatic humour as may be just now met with in this country. "When the Pore weeds his garden, he throws the rubbish over the wall into ours," said SIDNEY SMITH; and this is very much what America is doing with us.

But, seeing what succeeds at the Charing Cross, and what was the hit of the evening (namely, *Mazook* and *Dame Bolero*'s dance) at the Philharmonic, Your Representative can't help asking, supposing we were to get together such a company as the Strand or the Royalty once had, wouldn't a burlesque like *Aladdin*, for example, succeed just as well now as ever it did? What a cast it was! CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS as the Chinese Emperor, made up and acting in such a wonderful way that the eccentric gentleman who now plays the "Heathen Chinese" isn't a "patch upon her," nor anywhere near her; MARIE WILTON as the *Scamp*, CLARKE the *Magician*, FANNY JOSEPHS the Handsome Chinese Prince, MISS BUFTON the Princess, and—oh—JAMES ROGERS as the *Widow Twankay*!

Then at the Royalty, there was MR. JAMES, now of the Vaudeville, playing *Mercury*, and MISS ADA CAVENDISH, in all her glory, playing *Venus in Ixion*; with another MR. ROGERS—FELIX ROGERS—coming out as a wonderful *Minerva*; and later, MR. DANVERS and MR. DEWAR as *Widow* and *Captain Crossstreet* in *Black-Eyed Susan*. I mention these in support of my thesis, viz., that we have a genuine English *bouffe* school of our own, and can collect together one or two good companies of *bouffe* actors and actresses; whose only want, now, is a certain amount of musical training. We don't require our English composers to occupy the ground of OFFENBACH, HERVÉ, or LECOCQ, but to take up their own position, which shall be a good one, in this particular line of light amusing work. That it may not be long ere such a chance is afforded by a far-seeing Manager, is the sincere wish of

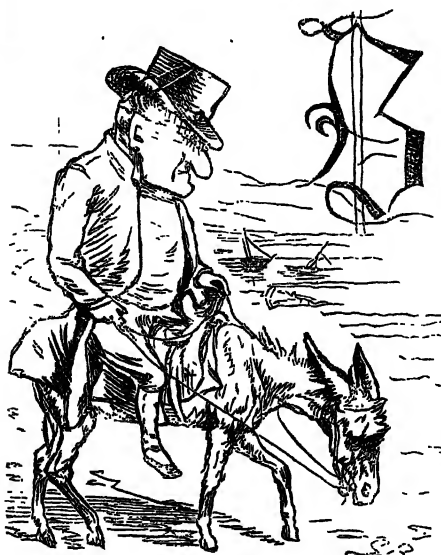
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The above interesting subject has prevented me from giving you a short but stirring account of *Newmarket* at the Holborn Theatre. I regret this, as it was a painfully amusing melodrama. Perhaps, since the first night, they have spoilt it by improvement.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYNE-Y TRAVELS."—"Carrying Coals to Newcastle."

BISHOP AND KING.

(A Word with MRS. GRUNDY.)



LESS you, MRS. GRUNDY, what wrong does a Clergyman, who is also a 'squire of land, do in keeping a breeding establishment and stud of horses—even racehorses? Suppose the Horse is his hobby—Why should he not ride it? Need that hobby interfere with his duties any more than it interfered with those of a diligent Prime Minister? You never blamed LORD PALMERSTON for keeping racehorses, did you, M'm?

Canarich Clergyman, or anybody else, M'm, make a better use of his means than by

devoting them in part to the cultivation of horseflesh, to the end of improving our horses' breed?

If, MRS. GRUNDY, gambling is inseparable from racing, and is an evil which outweighs the good of racing, ought not racing to be altogether prohibited? But surely, M'm, you do not go so far as to say that.

That racing is in itself aught but perfectly good, nobody denies—not even you, M'm. You do not even pretend to say so much as that it is a frivolous or idle pastime. You very well know it to be profitable to the public, for the very reason that it creates a demand for good horses; and that demand is supplied by gentlemen who rear them, like the Reverend Gentleman whom you instigated the BISHOP OF LINCOLN to rebuke for so doing.

Did you never hear, M'm, that by Act of Parliament 32 Henry VIII. cap. 13, the Archbishops were bound to keep seven trotting-horses suitable for breeding; and every Clergyman, possessing a living of £100 per annum, one such trotting-horse, under penalty of £20? Is not a racing-horse of that kind still better than a trotting-horse, M'm? Unless this statute has been repealed, MR. KING'S Bishop has—at your suggestion, M'm—reprimanded him for obeying the law too thoroughly.

Very likely the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has done a great deal more good than anybody knows. But has he ever proved himself a greater benefactor to his country in any way than the REV. MR. KING has in keeping up an ancestral usage of breeding horses—that is, you are perfectly aware, merely paying to have them bred—for the Turf?

What can tend to purify the Turf more than the patronage of gentlemen, whether lay or clerical, who will at once countenance it and discountenance the blackguards and blackguardism associated with it?

Don't you think, MRS. GRUNDY, that, instead of going about and canting and saying that it is scandalous of a Clergyman to keep racehorses, and urging his Bishop to reprove him, you would have done better to try and persuade the Bishop to attend a race himself, say at Newmarket, in company with his Archdeacon, and others of his Clergy? Their presence there would at least tend to promote decorum; and you know you like that, M'm. At present the only Ministers of any denomination present at races are the ranting Methodists, who preach about the course against racing, as such, with regard only to its attendant evil, and no consideration of its intrinsic good. Will BISHOP WORDSWORTH, do you think, M'm, any longer deny Preachers who preach so much to his mind the title of Reverend? What do you say to that, MRS. GRUNDY?

Domestic Ditties.

WE notice a new song called *The Angel at the Window*, which many a fond Mamma will doubtless hear her darling daughters warble, and thereby be deeply touched. But considering how much Papa has suffered in his time from the visits of the tax-gatherer, we feel inclined to question if *The Angel at the Window* would touch him half so deeply as *The Demon at the Door*.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

It is generally admitted by men competent to judge that, next to its enormous circulation and its world-grasping intelligence, extreme accuracy of detail in all foreign information is the most distinctive feature of the Parisian Press. Here, for instance, is a little bit of news about the manner wherein funerals are managed here in London, which we faithfully translate from a recent Paris print:—

"The hearses are vast closed chests, upon the upper part of which the relatives of the deceased sit with their legs dangling all round. . . . In returning, the same relatives come back still upon the chest, but smoking unceremoniously their cigars or pipes."

This is truthful enough, as every English reader knows; but, observant as the writer evidently is, it seems a thousand pities his description is so brief. Had he acquired a little further information in the matter, he might readily have stated that the driver of the hearse is always the chief mourner, and is easily distinguished from the rest of the relations by the suit of deeper mourning which he is obliged to wear. This consists, in English fashion, of a blue coat with brass buttons, top boots, and white cord breeches, a scarlet satin waistcoat, and a variegated shirt. The writer also might have added, if he had further exercised his genius for discovery, that the tobacco which is smoked upon the homeward journey is imported free of duty by permission of the Government, and is expressly manufactured for these melancholy ceremonies, being retailed by the name of "Funeral Returns." He likewise might have learned that, on reaching home, the relatives solemnly shake hands all round, and tenderly salute each other on both cheeks, in the affecting fashion which is popular in France. After this they make a few set speeches in praise of the defunct, and then sit down to a sumptuous lunch of roast beef and plum-pudding, washed down with plentiful libations of strong black porter-beer. Then they sing a song or two, and joyfully depart, saying, as they separate, "Howdedo, old fellow!" which, as every well-educated Frenchman doubtless knows, is the usual phrase in England for bidding friends farewell.

RAILWAY REFORM.

SHOULD certain projected revolutionary alterations in the management of one of our Railways be put in force, the following "reforms" may be confidently expected during the course of the next six months.

1. Every two Trains will be supplied with one Engine, and Tenders will be entirely suppressed.

2. Mineral Trains will be entirely suppressed, and their contents will in future be carried in Cattle Trains. Oxen, Cows, and Sheep will be expected to travel in the ordinary Passenger Trains in Third Class Carriages.

3. Station-Masters will be entirely suppressed. Their places will be supplied by Pointsmen and Guards. The duties of Pointsmen and Guards will not be subjected to any alteration by this addition to the official services heretofore required of them.

4. *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* will in future be printed backwards. The numbering of the pages will be entirely suppressed, except in the case of pages devoted to advertisements.

5. Signal-boxes and Stations will be amalgamated. Waiting-rooms will be entirely suppressed.

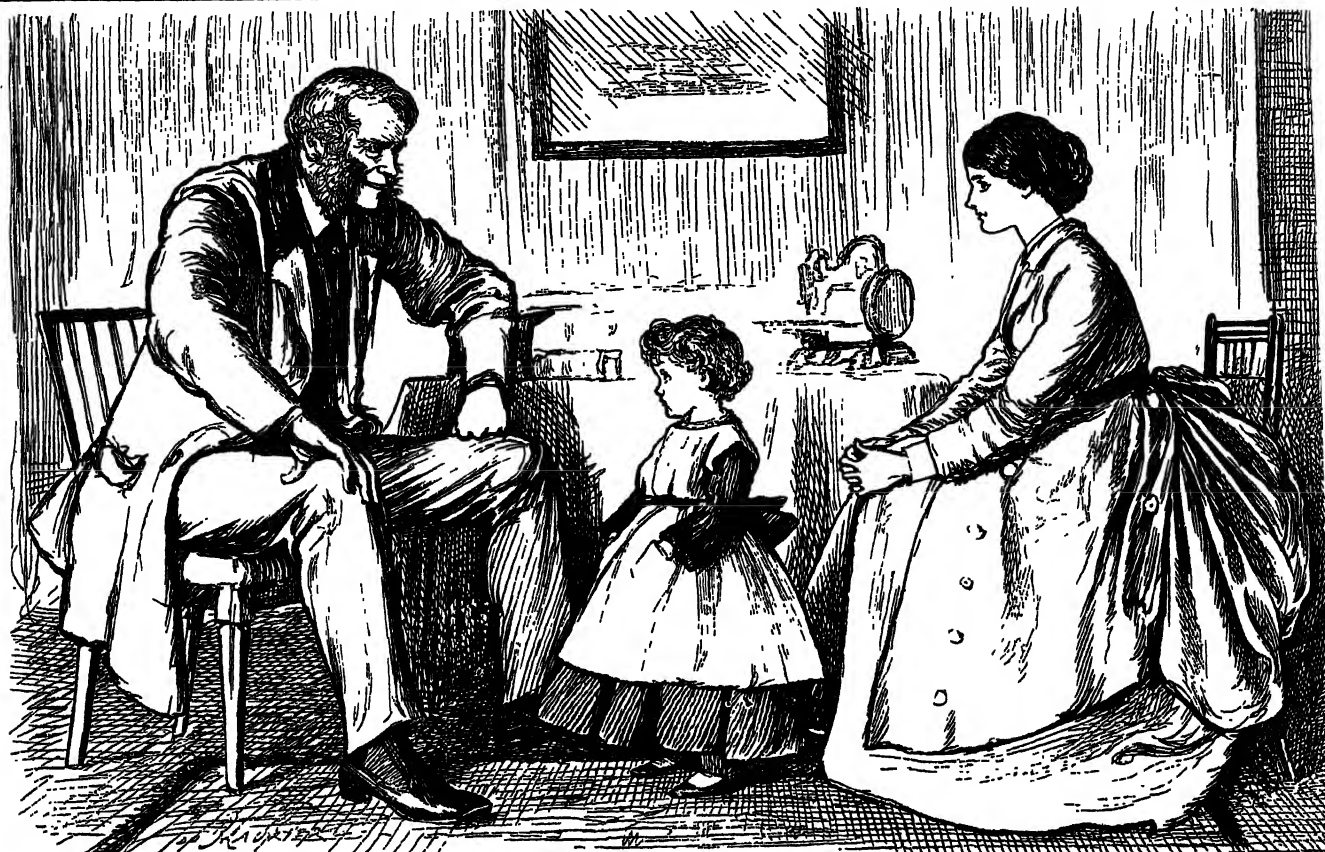
6. There will be only one platform for the departure and arrival of trains. The other platform will be entirely suppressed. Trains arriving at a platform at the same time, will be cautioned not to travel at a greater speed than ten miles an hour.

7. Luggage-vans will be entirely suppressed. For the convenience of passengers, boxes and portmanteaus will be conveyed to their destination on the buffers of the engine.

8. Lastly,—Should these alterations not meet with the toleration that is to be confidently expected from the public, the Directors may have to recommend to the Shareholders that the usual half-yearly dividends be entirely suppressed. This step, however, will be only resorted to at the last extremity.

Geology of the Garden.

AN Edinburgh paper contains the seasonable announcement that certain Nurserymen at Perth are exhibiting in their window two natural curiosities, weighing, respectively, fifty-one and sixty pounds. In the heading of the paragraph about them they are named "Mammoth Gourds." Now a Gourd which was at once a Gourd and a Mammoth would obviously be the fossil remains of a zoophyte—part vegetable, part quadruped; but it must be plain to the meanest capacity that your Mammoth Gourd could never have gone on all fours.



“SILENCE IS GOLDEN.”

Anxious Mamma (to her Brother-in-Law, who is also the Family Doctor). “BY-THE-BYE, ALEXANDER, I’M SO GLAD YOU’VE COME! I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT BABY. I CAN’T UNDERSTAND WHY HE DOESN’T SPEAK YET. SURELY HE OUGHT TO BY THIS TIME!”

Alexander. “WREEL, YE SEE, ANN, YE JUST TALK THE VARA HIGHEST O’ INGLISH, AN’ MY BRITHER JOHN, AGAIN, HE JUST TALKS THE VARA BRAIDEST O’ SCOTCH; AN’ THE PUIR BAIRN, YE SEE, IT HASNA JUST MADE UP ITS MIND WHICH SIDE O’ THE HOUSE IT’LL JUST TAK TILL!”

SONG BY A CERTAIN PRINCE.

I’m compared to a hero whose special vocation
Was mowing the chin.
’Twas at Seville he exercised his occupation—
My shop’s at Berlin.
I, too, customers shave, but in my work I deal,
You’re aware, not precisely with lather and steel;
Though, for one thing, through iron my purpose I win.

I’m the *Figaro*! I am the general factotum
In Europe’s affairs—
Say the journals at large and the people who quote ’em.
No such nest as a Mare’s!
They imagine me gifted with Old Nick’s ubiquity,
Ever plotting all manner of schemes of iniquity,
Digging my pitfalls and setting my snares.

They detect me in Paris in this intrigue lurking—
In that at Madrid:
At Vienna, at Rome, at St. Petersburg working,
Getting done what I bid.
Be the fact what it may, ’tis no use to deny
That I have a finger in every pie—
Like a snake in the grass while I keep myself hid.

’Tis a shame; for I never did aught under-handed,
I truly may say.
I am sure that I always have shown myself candid—
As open as day.
’Tis my custom to speak the plain truth with audacity,
If diplomatists will disbelieve my veracity—
Why, I take that to be the more excellent way.

KNAVES?

THUS that valuable record of letters, the *Athenæum*:—

“MESSRS. DE LA RUE will issue this season a pack of novel playing-cards, in which historical personages of the present time are introduced as the honours.”

Charming idea! *Mr. Punch* has been informed by a contemporary novelist that in mediæval packs of cards the honours were great Princes, painted by great Italian painters. It will be a good thing to resuscitate this custom: one’s game of *Écarté* or Whist will be improved if one sometimes comes across HER MAJESTY as Queen. Kings and Queens are plentiful enough; ay, even Emperors and Empresses; but where in the world will MESSRS. DE LA RUE’s artist get his knaves? Are there any among “historical personages of the present time”? Let him search “the Court, the Camp, the Grove”—not to mention the Stock Exchange and similar haunts of historical personages—and he will not come upon a single “fool with a circumbendibus.” We are “all honourable men,” as the LORD MAYOR says. *Mr. Punch* thereat rejoices; but he does not see how he is to play Whist with these “novel” cards if the Knaves are necessarily omitted.

Something New.

“The *Leader*, an organ of advanced thought in Politics, Literature, Religion, Music, and Art, will, it is stated, shortly be issued.”

THE bare announcement of the name of the new Journal would have been misleading. Without the explanation of its scope, as given in the paragraph quoted above, from the *Echo*, readers might have fairly supposed that the *Leader* was going to be a sporting paper, and in an especial manner the chronicle of four-in-hands, and four-horse stage-coaches.



THE BARBER OF BERLIN.

BISMARCK (*as Figaro, sings "Largo al Factotum"*):—

"BIZZIMARCK HERE,
BIZZIMARCK THERE,
BIZZIMARCK, BIZZIMARCK EVERYWHERE"!!

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

What the Tourist suffers from Guide and Train Books.



THE question is, What shall I take in the way of Guide Books and Railway Time Tables?

Of course, *Murray* comes first. But buy them *all* (good this for the publishers), read them all, see how you like them, and then carry the details in your memory.

Talking of "carrying," you can carry out this idea beautifully for a comparatively small charge, by staying at home and reading the descriptions. You can't read the descriptions when you are on the spot, you haven't the time. Therefore, as to taking one with him, let the Tourist "don't."

But if he *will*, then, supposing he is going to Switzerland, he will do well not to waste his money in the purchase of a *Cook's Tourist Handbook* for

Switzerland, which is one of the most meagre and unsatisfactory compilations in the category of Guide Books.

In this book advice is given as to luggage and costume. Now, what a feeble-minded person must he be, who requires such instruction as this, or who acts upon it:—

"For a gentleman.—An ordinary tweed suit, and a black frock coat for 'occasions.'"

Good gracious! what can possibly be the "occasions" on which so much stress is laid when *only* a frock coat is necessary, unless it be on a state visit to the King of the Cannibal Islands? Evidently the Tourist is not intended to wear his frock coat over his tweed suit. The only "occasion" when the frock coat alone would be perhaps really useful to the Tourist, would be on the occasion of having lost his *chemise de nuit*. But wouldn't he startle the chambermaid in the morning!

The learned Compiler goes on in another place:—

"And let not the gentleman be persuaded to carry with him that abomination of civilisation—a chimney-pot hat."

Now it is just such a direction as this which tends to make the ordinary English tourist look such an outer barbarian when he does come into a centre of civilisation. Of course anyone who could recommend the light and airy costume of a frock-coat for "occasions," could not be expected to have very clear ideas on the subject of fashion. But a hat—a chimney-pot hat—is the fashion for gentlemen in any such city as London, Paris, or Vienna, for example; and your friends would no more like to see you in a dusty suit of dittos and a white wideawake in the Bois de Bologne during the season, than they would like to see you in such a costume (appearing as *Mr. Peter Plumbum* in a screaming farce) in Rotten Row or the "drive," between twelve and two, any day in June. As to carrying it, it's easily carried without the extra hatbox. You can buy a portmanteau, with a hatbox inside, and there you are, ready for what *Cook's* Compiler would probably call "occasions;" but I notice that most of his directions are given as if everybody were going on a walking tour.

Here is something very kind:—

"To purchasers of tickets at the office of MESSRS. COOK AND SON, London, small amounts of French money are frequently supplied."

How nice! How generous! From personal experience I regret that my application was not made, I suppose, on one of the "occasions" above-mentioned. Certainly I only went once, not frequently, or else I might have been frequently supplied. However, with such an intimation, nay, invitation, it would be no waste of time for anyone, whether a tourist or not, to look in at the office and see if they were inclined to be in a generous mood.

The following advice is, it must be owned, most impartial, as coming from a *Cook's* Compiler:—

"I, therefore, recommend you to provide yourself with *Cook's* Hotel Coupons"—

And I don't; but as I considered this amongst the Tourist's

Troubles last week, we need not go over the same ground again. My advice is, Take *Cook's* Travelling Coupons, but, unless you wish to be included in the category of the "Gentlemen" of *Cook's* Compiler, who take a frock coat for "occasions," and who dress in Paris as they would never dream of dressing in London, do not lay out too much money in the Hotel Coupons, though you might buy a few just to see how you liked them, and whether you would ever do it again.

While speaking on this head—or rather on this hat—it will be as well to provide the unfortunate Tourist, who in his tweeds and wide-awake had been looked coldly upon by his well-dressed friends and acquaintances, with—

THE LAMENT OF THE HATLESS COOKIST.

(AIR: "The Girl I left behind Me.")

I met my friends in Paris: there
They didn't seem to mind me;
They cut me, 'cos I didn't wear
The hat I'd left behind me.
I stopped one man, who'd slightly paused,
To ask who had maligned me:
He said the cutting had been caused
By the hat I'd left behind me.

In Brussels, and Vienna too,
My friends ne'er came to find me;
They saw, and out me: then I knew
'Twas the hat I'd left behind me.
O why did I set out to roam,
And let such counsel blind me!
I ought to have dressed as I do at home,
Not left my hat behind me.

A touching romance could be founded on this; and—it shall be done—(property in this registered according to Act of Parliament).

Then as to Time Tables. *Bradshaw* to begin with; but not to end with, I mean, when abroad. No; *Cook's Continental Time Tables* are more useful than those of *Bradshaw*, when once you've acquired the art of standing on your head to read them. At first the practice is most puzzling. The directions are—"The times on the LEFT are to be read DOWNWARDS; those on the RIGHT UPWARDS."

There's a headache for you. Where's the illustrator to show the various positions for the students of *Cook's Continental Railway Time Tables*?

Howbeit, when once you've mastered this art, the tables are turned, and you get along pretty well for short direct distances, though *Bradshaw* has the intermediate little stations on a long journey.

The pages of *Cook's Continental Book* are, like a quiver, full of arrows. In fact, at first, when you don't understand it, you begin to think that it is written in the arrow-headed character: when you *do* understand it, you perhaps wish it were. The usefulness of the book is impaired by the haphazard advertisements all about the book. For instance, take the page where the Paris-Dijon-Macon line is. Well, there are the usual stars and arrow-heads, and the dark print to show it's night time, and the light print to show it's day time (quite a pretty little game), and down at the bottom of the page, where you might fairly expect some information as to the trains, or the line, or hotels, or anything in fact *à propos*, you find a cheap tailor's advertisement, headed "Visitors to London"!!

But as to *Continental Time Tables*, wait till you get on the Continent, and then buy a native one. This is the cheapest and best route to follow.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

WE have seen some vastly humorous advertisements of late, which appear to be composed chiefly with a view to enliven the dull season. Here is one, for instance, which would make even a Scotchman smile, if he chanced to come across it:—

WANTED, a COMPANION, to do the small amount of housework required in a small house. Would be treated as an equal by the Lady of the house.

We wonder, does the Advertiser mean this for a joke, or is she really serious in making her proposal? What she wants is clearly not so much a Companion as a Maid-of-all-Work, and she very humorously makes offer of her company in the lieu of any wages. Indeed it is not said if even food will be provided, and the "Companion" may at least expect to pay for her own washing, and likewise to find herself with beer, and tea, and sugar. Equality of treatment with the Lady of the house may seem a tempting offer, if she really is a lady; but there may arise a doubt upon this point, seeing that her "equal" is expressly engaged to "do the housework."



"MAL APROPOS."

Rector's Wife. "WELL, VENABLES, HOW DO YOU THINK WE SOLD THE JERSEY COW?"

Venables (Factotum and Gardener). "WELL, M'M, MASTER BYLES HAS GOT THE BETTER O' WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—(proudly)—
I THINK AS WE A' DONE HE TO-RIGHTS THIS TURN!!"

ART IN FASHION.

In the *Morning Post's* account of the fiddle-faddle attendant on the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to Esclimont, the gentler sex is informed that:—

"A lady who is designated as 'the most poetically beautiful among the fair guests of the Duchess' attracted much admiration for the mode in which her blonde hair was artistically disposed of. The novelty was the introduction of marabout-feathers, which are to become a favourite head-ornament, we are told, this season."

Would not a painter achieve a success in depicting a Venus, or one of the Graces, by introducing into his ideal portrait of such a "poetically beautiful" being the "novelty" of "marabout-feathers"? What is the hair-dresser who thus artistically disposes of feminine hair but a comic artist; and what are his greatest triumphs but pleasantries, at the best? Some may choose to call art in chignons high art; but the height that art affects is a sublimity which more than borders on the ridiculous.

REFLECTIONS ON A RAINY DAY.

THIS is a day when the laundresses at Colney Hatch and Hanwell hang out their linen.

THIS is a day when it is a delicate attention to Nature to wear a dirty shirt—imitation being the sincerest flattery.

THIS is a day that is no joke, and when a man with no joke ought to be sent out in the rain.

THIS is a day when the parsons at the Church Congress would steal the umbrellas of the philosophers at the Social Science Meeting.

THIS is a day when ARCHDEACON SANCTUARY (most archidiaconal of names) would be glad to take sanctuary in a Baptist Chapel.

THIS is a day when MR. GLADSTONE might be found sitting in the doorway of an exposed hut on the side of a Welsh mountain, drink-

ing *cwiro* (Mr. Punch is uncertain as to the number of *r's* and *w's*) and writing an article on Ritualism.

THIS is a day on which MR. DISRAELI might be found breakfasting at a round-table that resembles an Italian Republic (see *Lothair*), and helping to game-pie and epigrams a young and charming lady who cannot help thinking he is as young as herself.

THIS is a day which would depress a washerwoman, but Mr. Punch is not a washerwoman, and distinctly declines to be depressed by any day—or by the whole multitude of days with all their little bills.

THIS is a day for HORACE and a quiet cigar.

THIS is a day when as Apollo is neglecting his duty, Mr. Punch makes his own private sunshine, and gives it generously to his innumerable friends.

Desidiosa dies, upage! balatro phivialis.

A Grave Possibility.

SOME inaccurate details of a disagreeable kind, respecting the cremation of the remains of an English lady at Dresden, lately went the round of the papers; perhaps by the contrivance of some undertaker afraid that "Funerals furnished" will be abolished along with interment. The *Lancet*, contradicting the account of those particulars, states that:—

"The lady in question had an extreme horror of the idea of burial, which to many is far worse than that of cremation; and the fact of cremation being carried out by her relatives is evidence only of their determination to carry out the deceased's wish."

Nobody can possibly be burnt alive without knowing it. This truism, in connection and contrast with a certain possibility—and some actual cases—of interment, has not, perhaps, been sufficiently pondered by the disinterested and simply sentimental opponents of cremation.

LADIES' FANCY WORK.—Women's Novels.



ABOLITION OF SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.

"ARE THERE ANY SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES ON THIS LINE, ROGERS?"

"No, my Lord."

"Ah! THEN TAKE TWO FIRST-CLASS TICKETS, AND TWO THIRD."

"BEG PARDON, MY LORD! BUT IS ME AND MRS. PARKER EXPECTED TO GO THIRD CLASS?"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! NO, ROGERS! NOT FOR THE WORLD! THE THIRD-CLASS TICKETS ARE FOR MY LADY AND ME!"

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

JAPAN has of late been evincing remarkable signs of progress. The most gratifying of these is the establishment of an influential periodical combining Literature with Art. The Japanese Government, a short time ago, meditated sending an expedition to Formosa, for the purpose of chastising certain pirates who infest the coasts of that Isle of Beauty—and brigandage. This design was spirited, but impolitic. Its execution would have embroiled Japan with China. However, the Government of the MIKADO had gone so far as to enlist recruits, for the contemplated operation against the piratical islanders. Having premised these particulars, the *Post* adds that—

"There was no difficulty in getting foreign adventurers to instruct them in the arts of war, and a caricature appeared in the Japan *Punch* of one of them waving his sword, and shouting, '*Le sabre de mon père!*' to a flock of delighted geese whom he called out to follow him."

The preparations for the onslaught on Formosa were immediately suspended. It is thus clear that Japan rejoices in a not merely nominal *Punch*. The popular periodical so named of the Japanese is an organ in which the appearance of a Cartoon is enough to change the counsels of a Cabinet. A sense of delicacy forbids any further enlargement on an obvious analogy; suffice it to remark that the possession of a periodical worthy as that above referred to of the title it has borrowed, is striking evidence of the civilisation which has now been superadded to that material polish, which, by its simple self, was heretofore associated with Japan.

HATS FOR RITUALISTIC CLERGYMEN.—Encaustic Tiles.

MILL ON NATURE.

"Next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes everyone who does not avert his eyes from it is their perfect and absolute recklessness. . . . PORN'S

'Shall gravitation cease when you go by?'

may be a just rebuke to anyone who should be so silly as to expect common human morality from Nature."—JOHN STUART MILL.

"HUMAN morality from Nature!" Well:

Philosopher outdoes both Priest and Writer,
Imagining a faith which does not dwell

With him who wields the pen or wears the mitre.

'Tis not at all the wish of *Mr. Punch*

With the utilitarian Seer to quarrel;

Glaciers will slide, and greedy tigers munch—

Is this why old Dame Nature seems immoral?

Is it not possible, sagacious MILL,

That these great blunders of the cosmic forces

Would seem result of an Omniscient skill,

If philosophic brains had more resources?

You portray Nature as a merry minx,

Adorn her with a philosophic necklace:

Is she not rather an unfathomed Sphinx,

Whose riddles men too fain to solve are reckless?

But why immoral? O the foolish dream

Of the slow thinker, to whom sunset glory,

Blush of the rose, and silver of the stream

Can teach no wisdom, and can tell no story?

Nature is God's machine—a perfect thing

Which does its work, though scientists degenerate:

The avalanche will crush, the wasp will sting—

The philosophic idiot will not venerate.

That same philosopher his teeth will grind

Over his theme, as baby over coral:

If he were wise enough, he soon would find

Himself chief proof that Nature is immoral.

Not Like a Candle.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day contained the following laconic and startling announcement:—

"PRINCE LEOPOLD went out."

It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to assure a loyal Nation that the Prince came in again.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT the Plays of SHAKESPEARE were written by BACON to pass the time when he was out of office.

THAT OLIVER CROMWELL was the Author of *Paradise Lost*, but published it under the name of his Latin Secretary, as he thought poetry beneath the dignity of the Lord High Protector.

THAT a faithful servant was beheaded in the place of KING CHARLES THE FIRST, who is passing his venerable old age in apartments assigned to him in Hampton Court Palace.

THAT JULIUS CÆSAR crossed the Thames in a boat built specially for him by SALTER of Oxford.

THAT DR. JOHNSON was JUNIUS.

THAT CASSANDRA was not, as HOMER asserts, killed by CLYTEMNESTRA, but is still alive, and writes essays.

THAT the BISHOP OF LINCOLN is the owner of *George Frederick*.

THAT SIR WILFRID LAWSON is a sleeping partner in the Firm of BASS & Co.

THAT the POPE has sent a Golden Rose to MR. NEWDEGATE, in return for his persistent advocacy of the Confessional.

THAT Fiji is so called because its inhabitants are fidgets.

THAT the Gunpowder Explosion was arranged to furnish several Novelists with a tremendous incident.

THAT LORD ELCHO is to be made Prefect of the Metropolis, with full liberty to Haussmannise it.

THAT the Moon is inhabited by Mites.

A CLASSIC REFORM.

SUCH is the devotion of MR. GLADSTONE to HOMER, that in his household every article is measured by Troy-weight.

A QUESTION OF NATIONALITY.



Y a recent decision of the Government at Versailles, Englishmen travelling in France without passports, are now required to be able at any time to prove their nationality to the satisfaction of the French Police. This being the case, a distinguished Parisian journalist, who possesses a thorough knowledge of England, its People, Manners, and Customs, is busily engaged upon a new handbook for British Travellers. The work in question will contain the following dialogue, which is intended to serve as a model of the sort of examination to which English tourists will probably be subjected, and the kind of answers that

they will be expected to return in reply to disarm the suspicion of the French Police. It will be noticed that that thorough knowledge of England and the English, which the Author shares with every French journalist, is apparent in nearly every line of the annexed amusing, instructive, and valuable conversation:—

Sergeant of the Town. It is necessary that I tell you Mister the Tourist that I speaks English. Oh, yes! I am what you call Mister the Polisman. You say you are English—where live you?

Mister the Tourist. In Brompton-Islington—it is a *quartier* in Leicester Square.

Sergeant of the Town. I knows it well. It is near to Vauxhall Bridge. All right! What is your grade in the English "High Life?"

Mister the Tourist. I am perfect gentleman-rider!

Sergeant of the Town. Pardon, Milor! What is your favourite cat—what you call?—your favourite dinner-food?

Mister the Tourist. Ros-bif, plum-puddin, and emince pies.

Sergeant of the Town. Good, very good! What drink you?

Mister the Tourist. Portare-bière, gins, and gingere-bière.

Sergeant of the Town. All right! What do you with your wife?

Mister the Tourist. I sell him at Smithfield.

Sergeant of the Town. You have reason! Describe your English Mese.

Mister the Tourist. Blonde, tall as a grenadier, thin as a lath, curls reaching to the ground, red nose, and immense teeth.

Sergeant of the Town. You are right! Ah, she is drole, your English Mese! Where lives your Queen?

Mister the Tourist. At the Tower of Londres, in St. James' Parc.

Sergeant of the Town. You are well-instructed. What is your Government?

Mister the Tourist. It is concealed in a Cabinet.

Sergeant of the Town. It is just. Who has access to that writing-table—that Cabinet?

Mister the Tourist. The LOR-MAIRE, SIR DISRAELI, and the DUC CAMBRIDGE.

Sergeant of the Town. All right? But of your home? How educate you your children?

Mister the Tourist. The boys hunt all day and night in the plough-field to shoot the fox; the girls go to "Boardin-school" to learn to make "plum-puddin."

Sergeant of the Town.—Excuse me, Milor, but what is your fault the most national?

Mister the Tourist. It is the swear. It is dreadful, but it is splendid, because it is national! The Member of the House-Commons, even, sits not down until he has taken the oath! It is the custom British!

Sergeant of the Town.—One more question, Mister the Tourist. A thousand pardons—but the Battle of Waterloo. Who were the victors?

Mister the Tourist. The French.

Sergeant of the Town. All right! Admirable! And who lost that victory the most glorious? Who were beaten like miserables?

Mister the Tourist. The Prussians.
Sergeant of the Town. Magnificent! I kiss your both cheeks. You are Englishman. I wish you *bon voyage*. Good morning, Sir!

BACCHUS IN FRANCE.

Ἄμφι Διώνυσον, Σεμείλης ἱερὰνδρος υἱὸν
μνήσασμαι.

Homeric Hymn to Bacchus.

HAIL, thou fair land of France,
Whose joyous rivers glance
'Mid vineyards wondrous.
Rich shall thy harvest be,
And from disturbance free
Of war-storm thunderous.

Ah, thou hast known thy woe,
Felt the insulting foe
Those green slopes trample.
Now peace is here again,
Burgundy greets Champagne,
Vintage is ample.

All the world wants to drink,
'Tis the connecting link,
Pace SIR LAWSON:
War not, ye Franks, but toil—
Let not that golden soil
Prussia put paws on.

What though Napoleon
Many a battle won!
Could he inviolate
Keep the fair realm he ruled?
He, by stern Fate befooled,
Died in an islet.

Germans may have their Rhine—
They cannot match your wine,
Though they are *rusés*—
Why want that stream to tako,
Just for one scribbler's sake—
ALFRED DE MUSSET?

BACCHUS outdoes your hopes
On all the golden slopes,
Making rare mintage:
Vainly the *Tigueron* asks
For a supply of casks:
Grand is the vintage!

What is the lesson here?
Surely 'tis very clear:
Don't brag and hector,
Flood all the world with "fizz":
Asia's great Victor is
France's protector.

Wine, oil, and silk, and corn,
Wornus' work by Beauty worn;
Wine drunk the whole world through:
Grow these, from fear exempt,
And thus invaders tempt,
All friends to you.

Thus *Mr. Punch* to France,
Region of old romance,
Good advice tenders,
If wine, his thirst to slake,
Comes, for his wisdom's sake,
Health to the senders.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

A MRS. JULIA M'CARTHY charged at the Clerkenwell Police Court the other day with violently assaulting MRS. CAROLINE COOK, and stealing from her person a shawl, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labour. She had struck MRS. COOK a violent blow on the side of the head, she had knocked her against the wall, and pulled her hair. The Magistrate in committing her observed that she had behaved like a "wild beast." He seems to have done leniently in not sending her for trial. Suppose she had been convicted at the Central Criminal Court of robbery with violence. Does the law in the punishment it prescribes for that offence discriminate the sexes? The rights of Woman have perhaps been enlarged without her knowledge. Can it be that a female garotter is liable to the Cat?

LEARNING FOR LADIES.



HARMING MR. PUNCH,
O do see what that
darling MR. FAWCETT said
the other day about us
Ladies:—

"I venture to assert, with
no little confidence, that the
more a Woman's mind is
trained, the more her reason-
ing faculties are developed, the
more certainly does she become
a suitable companion for her
husband; she is better able to
manage her house with tact
and skill, and to obtain the
best, the most tender, and the
most enduring influences over
her children."

Isn't that nice of him?
Only I think he rather
jumps to a conclusion,
when he assumes that hus-
bands are so monstrously
intelligent and mentally
well trained. Of course
he fancies this, else why
say that the more a wife is
educated the more suitable

a companion to her husband she becomes? I'm sure I'm not *over*
clever, but I reckon I'm a match for my husband at any rate; and
although my reasoning faculties may not be *much* developed, I
should like to catch him trying to argue any point with me when
I have made my mind up.

Yours, Mr. Punch, admiringly—and also MR. FAWCETT'S—

XANTIPPE SOPHONISBA GREYMARE

(née BOUNCER).

The Birches, Tuesday.

P.S.—I'm not much of a *manager* in common household matters;
but I fancy that my husband would acknowledge that I manage *him*
effectually.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SEVENTH.

At the Market—A Procession with Flambeaux—The Unexpected
Appearance of JOHN.

THE market-place was quite full when we got there, and, what
with the stalls and the countrywomen who were attending to them,
and the great baskets of fruit and vegetables, and the people who
were buying, and the Baggages who were waiting to carry away
what the people bought, it was as much as Miss EDITH and I could
do to get through the crowd.

What made matters worse was that, just then, the people from
the coffee-houses hard-by were going about with large trays covered
with basins of soup, which they were selling to the people. Every-
body was stretching out a hand to take a full basin, or give back an
empty one, and at last we got quite wedged into the crowd, and
couldn't move. It isn't pleasant to be in a crowd when you've got
a large market-basket on your arm, and I was just wishing I could
say something in French to an old woman, who was squeezing my
basket into my side, when I caught sight of JEWEL. He was sitting
on a basket of vegetable-marrows, with his back against the wall of
a church, and eating a basin of soup. I expected when he saw me
that he would sink into the ground, but such is the courage of the
French soldier, that he didn't so much as wink. As for me, I
flushed up so that Miss EDITH thought I was ill, and asked me what
was the matter.

"It's only the wasps, Miss," I said (for we were close to a stall of
sweeties that was quite covered with wasps); "they always do
fluster me so." Which is quite true.

Well, when Miss EDITH had done her marketing, she said that
she was going to a shop in another part of the town, and that I was
to go home by myself with the basket.

As soon as she was out of sight, JEWEL got up from the vegetable-
marrows, gave his empty basin to the woman from the coffee-house,
and came over to me. I was in such a flutter that I could hardly
make out what he said to me, but it seemed something like this,
"*Sapristi! Ma'm'selle, souffrez que je vous débarrasse de votre chien
de panier.*" Which, of course, meant that, if I didn't want him to
suffer, I was to let him carry the basket.

Well, I didn't want him to suffer, especially as the basket was
very heavy; so I let him take it, and he walked by my side towards
our house.

The road was very dusty, and the wind kept driving clouds of
dust into our faces. JEWEL was just about a size too small for the
basket, and what with the weight of it, and his trying to keep his
cap on, and to make his pipe keep alight, he really couldn't find any
breath to talk. But it was delicious to have him there, for all that;
and, even now, when I look back on that walk, I feel as if he were
still carrying the basket, and as if I hadn't quite got the dust out of
my eyes yet.

Well! you see, after that, we met pretty often, for, I'm thankful
to say, I got the better of my bad headaches, and was able to go to
market regularly with poor Miss EDITH; and as JEWEL was always
there, he often got a chance to carry the basket. When I used to
get home, and MADAME PICHOU heard who had carried the basket,
she used to feel the weight of it and laugh, and then she'd pretend
to look into it, and say, "*Vraiment JULES a donné dedans,*" which
of course meant that he was getting very desperate indeed. As for
Cook, when she came to hear of my goings on, she didn't half like 'em.

"You'd have been a deal better off with JOHN," she said, "and,
if you'd had that greengrocer's shop as you were always dreaming
about, you might have done a good turn to me, as am such an old
friend. You might have bought my kitchen-stuff, and you might
have allowed me something weekly for giving you Master's custom
for vegetables. I only wish you'd a friend in need over here to
advise you." "Thank you," I said; "I've had too many friends,
as were in need, to want any more of 'em. They don't pay!" I
said, and I flung out of the kitchen.

And so we went on for several weeks, and the only thing I didn't
like was that I never *could* get anything from JEWEL that I could
put in a letter to Grandmother and Aunts; for you know such
words as "*Sapristi,*" and "*Mille bombes,*" and "*Poi d'un Sapeur,*"
were not words that, as AUNT JEMIMA would have said, a respon-
sible being would like to hinge upon.

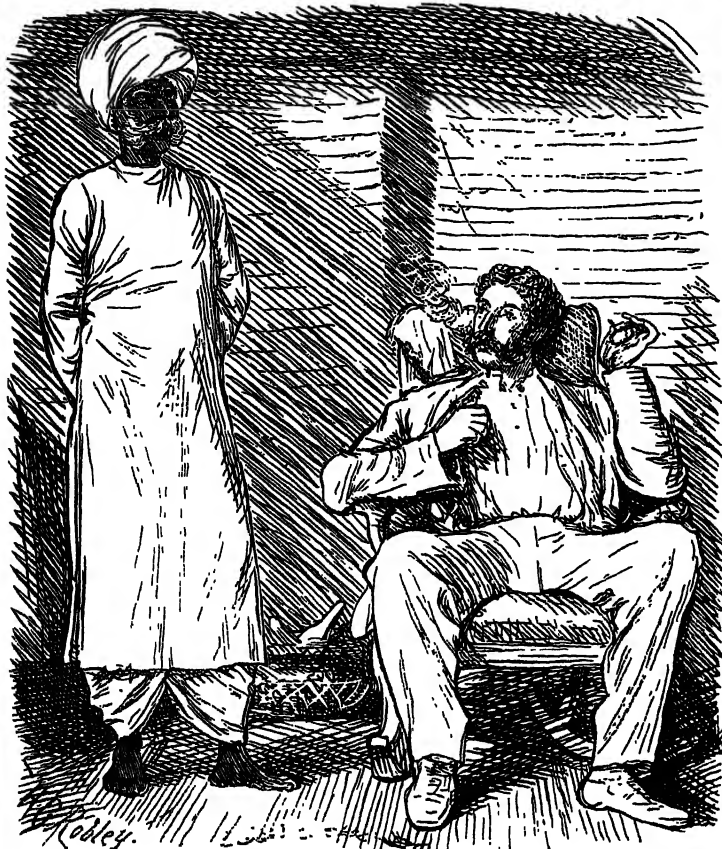
Well; one Sunday, when it was my evening out, MADAME PICHOU
asked me to go with her to the Cathedral, to see a great Procession
by candlelight in honour of a wooden hand, that was supposed once
to have belonged to an image, which was believed to have come
floating by itself in a boat without any rowers, many hundred years
ago, to the place where we were. I had never been one to hold with
going to other people's churches, and I said so; but MADAME PICHOU
said that there would be plenty of room, and that, as I shouldn't
understand what was going on, it couldn't do me any harm. JEWEL
didn't want to go at all, and when he heard about the Procession he
just snapped his fingers and said, "*Je m'en fiche de tout cet bara-
goinage,*" which meant that he didn't approve of such proceedings,
and was very sensible of him. However, as I had agreed to go, I
gave him one of my looks, and he came along with us.

The Cathedral was all of a blaze with light, especially at what they
called the High Altar. The Clergymen were dressed most splendidly,
and the music was heavenly, though I will own that it struck me as
queer that there should be a band in the middle of the Church, with
a conductor, just the same as at the Crystal Palace. While I was
looking about, I noticed vergers going about, and offering candles
to such of the congregation as chose to take them. I was so flustered
that I was going to take one myself, but MADAME PICHOU beckoned
me to let it alone, and, just then, the Procession began.

If it weren't for one thing which drove everything else out of my
head, I think I could have described the Procession. As it is, I can
only say that, first, there came a very tall man in a uniform, which
would become JOHN very well, then a long line of young gentlemen
in white frocks and scarlet petticoats, then ever so many young
ladies in blue and white, carrying trays of images on their heads,
then ever so many parties of nuns, some in black and some in white
flannel, and some, who MADAME PICHOU said were the Sisters of Sir
Vincent de Paul, though how any woman could have had so many
girls and only one boy, I can't think. After them came the Clergy,
and then came every man, woman, and child in the congregation
who had taken a candle. All the candles were lighted, and all the
people marched solemnly along singing as they went. It was very
grand, and I felt half inclined to cry.

Of course, while I was in Elvaston Place, I'd often been to
churches where they tried to get up Processions; but, bless you, if
you'd seen this one, you'd have said that the Ritualists, as they
call 'em, are no more like Catholics than the Marionettes are like
the Drury Lane Company. At first I was so dazzled with the lights
and the dresses and the music, that I couldn't see anything dis-
tinctly; but when the Procession came by me the second time, as it
had to do, I said to myself, "Why, if there isn't a face I know!
Why, if it isn't Mrs. BLATHERWICK, C.B. I always heard she was
as high as high, but I never thought she'd have done this."

But I was right; for there she came sailing along, just as I've
seen her sail along Queen's Gate, and immediately after her, with a
very tall candle, which he was trying to keep from guttering over
his Mistress's velvet mantle, was MY JOHN!



ACCOMMODATING.

Officer (to Native Servant). "WHAT CASTE ARE YOU, RAMJAMMEE?"
 Oriental. "SAME RELIGION AS MASSA. DRINK BRANDY, SAR!"

BEWARE OF BIRDSTEALERS.

THE attention of suburban landholders is hereby called to the following item of seasonable intelligence:—

"BIRDS FOR EXPORTATION.—The London birdcatchers are just now making a profitable harvest from their vocation. The provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act do not at present put any check on the 'fancy,' and they pursue their calling with impunity, and are daily netting large flocks of goldfinches, larks, linnets, and other songsters. They sell them for exportation to New Zealand. Several consignments of British song-birds have been made to that colony, and brought high prices. Robins are much sought after for exportation."

During the interval which must elapse before a Wild Birds Protection Amendment Act can be passed, could not all occupiers of gardens and other lands about London, and other large towns as well, supply the defect in the existing legal protection of wild birds by refusing all birdcatchers access to their premises, causing them to be turned off their grounds, and, if necessary, prosecuting them for trespass? That would do tolerably well until next Session; and then could not Parliament altogether prohibit the capture of small birds at any time whatsoever in any common or open space, or anywhere else except by persons expressly authorised and employed by the landlord or tenant? Are a set of slinking cads to be allowed to exterminate our little birds by transportation? Not, let us hope, if the birdcatchers' proceedings can be stopped by imprisonment and hard labour.

Ecclesiastical Ordinance.

THE Convocation of the Episcopal Church of the United States have been setting an example to that of the Church of England in dealing with Ritualism. Their Committee, says a telegram from New York, "have unanimously adopted an ecclesiastical canon directed against Ritualistic practices." The Yankee Ritualists, with this canon thus brought to bear upon them, must find themselves much in the position of COLONEL CROCKETT'S 'possum, when it felt itself covered by the Colonel's rifle. It may be hoped that, like that sagacious animal up a tree, they will be so sensible of being commanded by the canon as to obviate all necessity for having it used against them, by coming down.

MUSIC AT WORCESTER.

"Instead of banishing from their Cathedral that enthusiasm for sacred music of which the Festival is an expression, they [the Dean and Chapter of Worcester] would do more wisely to guide it."—*Times*.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 O how delightfully she sung!
 Then Deans and Chapters liked full well
 To have her in Cathedrals dwell,
 But now it seems they can't endure a
 Deep *ut de poitrine*, shrill *bravura*,
 And strive to banish lute and lyre
 From heavy-fruited Worcestershire.

Wherefore, O Dean, this change of fashions?
 Has Music now revived the passions?
 Is it a back-recoiling fear
 Lest song than sermon prove more dear?
 Or does a too cacophonous clangour
 In decanal ear arouse some anger?
 Or is it possibly despair
 Of rivalling Music anywhere?
 Or thinks the Dean that nothing's holy
 If severed from pale Melancholy?
 The list's too long to investigate—
 It may be love, it can't be hate;
 But clearly, Worcester's fair Cathedral
 Is ruled by men with polyhedral
 Angles. No enemies are apter
 To hurt the Church than such a Chapter.

Please reconsider, Mr. Dean!
 The people like the pleasant scene,
 The Minster with its frequent throng,
 Great HANDEL's glorious wave of song.
 Can any man be hurt who hears
 Music that touches him to tears,
 Yet comforteth the world forlorn
 With "*Unto us a Child is born*"?
 O purblind fussy dignitaries,
 Who want a plan that never varies,
 Think for a moment! This world grows
 Too fast for decanal repose.
 No longer is the Dean an oyster
 Well-fattened in Cathedral Cloister:
 His duty is to meet the swift
 Movement to which amain we drift—
 No despot, in dogmatic den—
 Master of mind, and guide of men.

Dear Dean of Worcester, as you lurch,
 You'll find these words from *Mr. Punch*,
 Who loves the Church, and fain would see
 Its action fair and strong and free.
 Why should not Music, heavenly maid,
 Come to divine Religion's aid?
 Why should not this great Church of ours
 Grasp valiantly its ancient powers,
 By gravely guiding English life,
 And calmly checking English strife,
 No mere affair of nave and steeple,
 But the home-centre of the people?

'Tis this we need. The power exists:
 The rubbish of the Ritualists,
 All the fierce fight of High, Broad, Low,
 Should quick extinction undergo.
 The Church is England's; and the Church
 Dare not leave England in the lurch.
 So, DEAN OF WORCESTER, sulk no more,
 But think that on a farther shore
 Music is language; that being true,
 HANDEL knows more, perchance, than you,
 And, if less clear about the Trinity,
 Dwells closer to the true Divinity.

Remark by a Rustic.

THE *Times* lately contained a statement that the amount issued from the Exchequer in the year ended the 31st of March last was £900,000 for the purchase of bullion for coinage. Hearing this, a Hampshire Agriculturist said bullun was no good for coinage. Bullun was what you med call "monkey's allowance—more kicks than halfpence."



FOX VERSUS PHEASANT.

Hunting Man. "GOING HOME? YES. IF THEY CAN'T KILL HIM RUNNING, I DON'T WANT TO SIT HERE AN HOUR, WHILE THEY DIG OUT AND MURDER HIM!"

Shooting Man (owner of Coverts). "O, NONSENSE! INVITED HOUNDS TO-DAY ON PURPOSE TO KILL FOXES. WANT TO FIND PHEASANTS TO-MORROW, YOU KNOW."

RARE SPORT FOR SHARPSHOOTERS.

DESCRIBING a day's partridge shooting which was recently enjoyed by the PRINCE OF WALES near Paris, an eyewitness informs us in his Special Correspondence that the game was driven by the beaters to where the sportsmen had been posted behind a belt of trees, and although at first some shots were missed at the birds flying overhead, "the rifles (*sic*) brought them down at a surprisingly long distance." This idea of shooting partridges with rifles has so tickled our fancy, that we have composed a little song for sharpshooters, which sporting riflemen are at liberty to warble when they chance to be invited to *la Chasse* :—

Up! up! ye bold Sportsmen, arise with the morn,
Awake to the sound of the far-clanging horn:
Quick, quick, ye Sharpshooters, your rifles prepare
To slay the swift partridge whilst cleaving the air!

See, the beaters, arrayed in the blouse of fair France,
In line semicircular, screaming, advance;
Hark! a shout of "*le volé!*" good gracious, what's there?
'Tis that Brave with his *bâton* has started a hare.

Now louder and louder the shrill keepers cry,
Still as mice, see, in ambush the sharpshooters lie;
Mark, that covey, high-soaring, flies fast overhead,
Crack, crack go the rifles: the birds topple—dead!

See that snipe in the distance a half mile or more,
'Twould be a rare shot now that bird to knock o'er;
But hardly "Jack Robinson!" out you can cry,
Ere, pierced by a bullet, it ceases to fly.

"*Vive la chasse! Vive le breech-loading rifle!*" I say,
'Tis the surest of weapons all wing'd game to slay:
And for riflemen surely no sport is more fair
Than to shoot the gay partridge whilst cleaving the air!

WHY AND BECAUSE.

PEOPLE who like to philosophise upon other people's vices may have been entertained by hearing the latter of the undernamed lectures, delivered, according to a newspaper, by—

"THE REV. F. R. YOUNG IN LIVERPOOL.—MR. F. R. YOUNG, late editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, gave two interesting discourses in the rooms of the Liverpool Psychological Society, on Sunday last. The subject in the afternoon was 'Dreams, and what they teach,' and in the evening, 'Why do people get drunk?'"

No doubt people get drunk principally because they abandon themselves to spirits. This, probably, was the argument held by the late Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*. But, perhaps, he omitted to add that the same influence as that of spirits in producing intoxication is also apt to be exerted by fermented liquors on those who take too much of them. Why do they? That is the question for your true sage to consider. On this head SMELFUNGUS observes that drunkenness is commonly the effect of a remedy for depression taken in an overdose. The cynical old wretch adds, that when people get drunk by themselves, it is because without drink they cannot bear their own company; and that they get drunk together because, while sober, they cannot endure each other's.

More New Music.

WE are enabled, by the help of a musical clairvoyant, gifted with a sight into the middle of next week, to announce that the new song, "*I built a Bridge of Fancies*," will be followed very shortly by "*I built a Fancy Cottage*," and to this will come the sequel, "*There's a Slate loose in my Roof*." From the same source we may mention, among other vocal novelties, that the sentimental song, "*I wait for thee, my only Love*," will ere long be succeeded by a serio-comic ditty, bearing the quaint title of "*Won't you Wed the Waiter?*"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.



THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL announced, in a late charge, that he will be content with the settlement of the Eastern question "on the permissive footing." As this Eastern question concerns only a posture in relation to a point of the compass, it certainly seems a natural idea that the intemperate Clergymen who have disturbed the Church about it would be suitably enough dealt with by a permissive prohibitory law.

At Sheffield, as is well known, work is carried on in very hot places. Consequently, workmen get very thirsty; and they are said to drink too much beer. The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK recommends them to drink water instead of beer. But is it beer that they drink too much of? Perhaps, if the Archbishop would inquire, he would find it to be

champagne—not Bass or Allsopp that they indulge in, but Péric-Jouet, or Moët and Chandon, or some still higher brand of "fizz." His Grace, however, supposing that they do drink beer, might consider that there are beers and beers—strong beer and small beer. Apparently, beer is not a subject on which he is "up." If he were, possibly a compromise would have suggested itself to him, and he would have been content with advising the furnace-men to drink swipes.

In Exeter Hall, the other evening, some medical men delivered addresses on the subject of "Alcoholic Drinks." Among the speakers, DR. DRYSDALE, Physician to the North London Consumption Hospital, said:—

"He knew a man aged fifty, a worker on the river, who used to drink four or five gallons of beer a day, and the consequence was he had cavities in both lungs."

These cavities the Doctor's unprofessional audience probably understood to have been formed of necessity to contain all that beer, which its normal receptacle could not hold.

Deprecating excess in liquor, DR. DRYSDALE judiciously further observed that "he looked to persuasion as a great means of overcoming the evil," and, in conclusion, amid great applause, he besought those who heard him "not to bring up their babies on beer." Certainly, beer is not good for babies: bringing them up on beer is anything but training them in the way they should go. By all means interdict babies from beer; but don't, SIR WILFRED—don't confound people who have attained to years of discretion with babies.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

With his Friend the Duke to the Amphitheatre. Reports thereupon. Something about another Place, and considerations generally, with Items of News.

SIR,—My Dear and Venerated Friend, the Duke of—well, no matter, we who know him well, call him Old Bolophone, from his remarkable proficiency on that Hungarian instrument, which produces a sweet sound, something between a snore and a whistle—well, Old Bolophone insisted upon my going to hear *Melusine the Enchantress* at the Holborn Amphitheatre. *Melusine* is supposed to be an *Opéra-Bouffe*, *musique d'Hervé*, and was originally called *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*. This latter name suggested to dear Old Bolophone the hospitable notion of another dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, previous to crossing the road to go to the Amphi. A novel attraction drew my august Friend to this establishment, in the way of a mechanical singing-bird (one of the four-and-twenty that were baked in a pie), which we found on the sideboard, singing as sweetly as a canary. "What a lark!" exclaimed Old Bolophone, chuckling. His guest roared; for this is one of His Grace (before dinner's side-splitters; and, truth to tell, I fancied I had heard the joke before. But, then, was not dear Old Bolo my host? Yes; so we dined well, and wine well, and heard the band during the knife-and-fork-movement discourse excellent music, "just to give," as His Grace (after dinner) observed, "a tone to the stomach"

(side-splitter, number two), and then we went to the Amphitheatre, which was, I thought, a Circus, and where there would have been a great opportunity (or, as Bolo said, "Opera-tune-ity") for an *Opéra-Bouffe* on Horseback. Failing this, the least we could expect was, that the piece should be, in theatrical phrase, "well mounted."

Of the Overture, and of the First Act of *Melusine*, Your Representative may speak in the most unbiassed and impartial spirit; the fact being, that in consequence of my Noble Friend having taken it into his ducal crown to give us a lecture on Hungarian Music, we could not get him away from table; and, indeed, it was only, under pretence of asking him to show us how the Hungarian Vine-dresser's dance was done, that we inveigled him into the street; and thus we missed the First Act of *Melusine*. From information I received (not from the plot of the piece), I gathered that the First Act was infinitely superior to the Second; and, you may take Your Representative's word for it, that the Second was a long way better than the Third, whose only merit was its being the last. In the Second Act there was one bit of genuine burlesque humour, and that was a dance between MISS ARMSTRONG as the *Duchess Totoche*, the *Duke de Rodomont* (MR. F. SULLIVAN), and *Sacripant* (MR. T. H. RYLEY), the *Grand Seneschal*. It was capitally done, the idea being exceedingly funny. Taking parts in the piece were MR. RYLEY and MISS BARNUM, who were not a patch upon their original selves as the Dancing Quakers. Neither house nor stage are fitted for *Opéra-Bouffe*; and if a success is obtained, it will be in spite of the place, and of the company generally. *Neuemarket*, at the Holborn, a few doors off, would make a much better *Opéra-Bouffe* than this story of *Melusine*.

Then there's a *Comedy-Bouffe* at the St. James', which generally luckless house has been re-opened. By the way, what new descriptive titles will be next invented? At the Vaudeville there's "a musical improbability," called a *Green Old Age*—to have called it an "Impossibility" would have been more intelligible. At the Prince of Wales's "a Dramatic Contrast"—then we have "Eccentricities," "Absurdities," and so forth, though I don't see that at present the eloquent manager of the Lyceum has adopted any of these titles for his latest production. And yet he might well have done so, if it is true that even he was wavering between SHAKESPEARE and *Opéra-Bouffe* until at last it struck him that there would be more amusement to be got out of the former than the latter.

I do not know whether the talented compiler of the *Black Prince* is a University man or not; but if not, he has certainly earned in the college of Dramatic Authors the degree of B.A., i.e., Bold Adapter. The critics have discovered that the *Black Prince* is *Le Voyage en Chine*, which was originally a comic opera, and was afterwards played as a comedy. *Le Voyage en Chine*, in your Representative's opinion, had in it the suggestions for a peculiar sort of fun which, in an English adaptation, would exactly hit an English Audience. But the Bold Adapter has done more than this. Not contented with the characters in *Le Voyage* as they stand, he has put a farce called *Le Grammaire* under contribution, and has, therefrom, cleverly extracted two characters, the *Antiquary*, and the *Tradesman* who finds difficulties in the letter "h." The Bold Adapter has acknowledged his indebtedness to the French authors of *Le Voyage*, but has not thought it worth while to say anything about the authors of *Le Grammaire*, so that for the *Antiquary* and the *Tradesman* he might have obtained the credit for originality, but for the acute detective faculties of your Representative. Of course, to speak delicately, "set a Dramatic Author to catch a Dramatic Author." What does it matter, however, to me, to the public, or to anyone, where the fun comes from, as long as it is fun, as long as the audience are tickled, and pay for being tickled? If French straws will tickle them more effectually than English, use French straws by all means.

The Receipt just now for making a new Comic Opera for the English market, appears to be,—Take a few French farces and comedies, extract the best of their dialogue, and the most telling of their characters, put them together so as to make one piece in two or three Acts; take a lot of music, all by one popular composer, if possible, because it will tell better in the advertisement to say "music by OFFENBACH," or "by LECOCQ," but if you find one or two *morceaux* by other composers which would be effective, throw them in and don't mention names, as it would do no good and only confuse an otherwise blissfully ignorant audience; and thus, with the aid of about four or more French authors, and one, two, or three foreign composers, we obtain an entertainment which is comparatively inexpensive to the Manager, equal in value to an original work as far as the author's pocket is concerned, and if successful, as it is pretty sure, under these circumstances to be, unless there are too many plums in the pudding, when it might be heavy, and, like most puddings, require cutting—the public has what it wants in the shape of amusement. Who can complain? Not the Manager, not the speculative music-publisher, who it is most likely has bought up these back numbers of a popular composer's work for a mere song, not the author, not the public.

"And if our friends in front are satisfied" (as the old-fashioned tag of a well-known farce says), "why there won't sit down a happier party to supper to-night than GRIMSHAW the Manager, BAGSHAW the Dramatic Compiler, and BRADSHAW the Musical Publisher." And so down comes the Curtain. *Valete et plaudite. Vita brevis, ars longa*,—and so will be this letter if I do not sign myself now as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—SHAKESPEARE at the Lyceum. Now we hear of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety. Theatrical Managers seem to follow one another like sheep through a gap. The next will be, I suppose, *Macbeth* at the Vaudeville (with MESSRS. JAMES and THORNE modestly casting themselves for two out of the three murderers), then *The Tempest* at the Strand (which would be a storm in a tea-cup), *Othello* at the Charing Cross (with the American Droll in the principal part), and *The Comedy of Errors* at the Haymarket. MR. HARE, *on dit*, is reported to have "seceded" from the Prince of Wales's company. My old friend the Duke observes that he's afraid it'll be a bald performance without HARE. "O what a falling off was there!" Surely, a little oil, judiciously applied, could bring the HARE back again.

PEACE AND QUIET.



URELY the following letter speaks for itself. Mr. *Punch* would strongly recommend the adoption of the kindly suggestions contained in it as quickly as possible, in order that the general massacre of street-tramps, so ominously looming in the future, may be indefinitely postponed, if not altogether avoided:—

Eden Villa, Pleasant
Vale, E.W.,
Oct. 31st, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
As your columns are ever open to the discussion of schemes of pure philanthropy, I feel sure you will insert this letter as a small contribution to the discussion about

"Suburban Quiet" that has recently appeared in the pages of your contemporaries. I wish to say that a little tact and a good deal of kindness will cure every abuse. At least, that is my experience as a householder of many years' standing.

When I took up my residence in this delightful spot, the locality was the favourite resort, I verily believe, of all the street-tramps and licensed hawkers in the Great Metropolis, but now we live far away from the sounds of organs and German bands, and although hawkers still haunt us occasionally, I have every reason to believe that if my advice is taken, the second nuisance will vanish from our sight with the same rapidity that characterised the disappearance of the first.

For the sake of brevity I will show you how I dealt with the tramps in as concise, a form as possible, and trust that my hints may be of some slight service to the many millions who listen to the words of wit and wisdom that fall so freely from your time-honoured lips. It will be noticed that I have attempted to combine wholesome firmness with kindness of heart and a thorough knowledge of the world. Without further preface, I beg to give you

A LIST OF CURES FOR STREET-TRAMPS.

Pest.—Italian Bagpipe Players. *Remedy.*—Threaten them with the police, in Irish, and they will understand you, and decamp. Should this fail, a few flower-pots, thrown with steadiness and precision, will complete the cure.

Pest.—Shipwrecked Sailor. *Remedy.*—Threaten to secure for him a situation on the Penny Steamboats, and he will leave you hurriedly to avoid giving up his address. Should the threat prove fruitless, the kitchen poker may be used with advantage.

Pest.—A Discharged Soldier in Uniform. *Remedy.*—Ask for a definition of "right about turn." Offer to get him into the Militia, and call in the assistance of the Civil Power, which you will probably find represented in the kitchen. Take care that he is on the other side of your gate before you permit him to be knocked down.

Pest.—A German Band. *Remedy.*—This nuisance must be dealt

with promptly. Arm your household with sticks, umbrellas, brooms, &c., and attack, with a sudden rush, the Trombone and the Clarinet. These musicians once routed, the Cornets will become demoralised, and will retreat in great disorder.

Pest.—Street Orator. *Remedy.*—A bribe is the best cure for this nuisance. Sixpence, and the recommendation to pay a visit to a distant tavern, will invariably have the desired effect.

Pest.—Italian Organ-Grinder. *Remedy.*—Rapidly deliver a stream of water from your garden-engine, discharge eighteen-penny rockets at your assailant, and unloose a couple of half-starved bloodhounds. This remedy is frequently found efficacious in removing the nuisance, although it cannot be guaranteed as a perfect cure.

Having disposed of the Tramps, I now turn to the Hawkers, who must be treated with more consideration, as they are furnished with licences. In this case we must strike at the very root of the evil—we must attempt to cut off the supply, so that in time the demand may dwindle away until it reaches convenient proportions. Fortunately, the matter may be easily managed. In these days of competition, when the simplest offices of the State are thrown open to the best instructed, there surely would be no difficulty in applying the test of an examination to candidates desirous of becoming perambulating tradesmen. In the event of success, the public would know that in the person of the hawker they would be dealing with a man of some little education, and the relationship existing between vendor and purchaser would be materially improved. I would suggest the following

TEST EXAMINATION FOR CANDIDATES FOR A HAWKER'S LICENCE.

1. Give the history of Italy from the commencement of the third century until the end of the year 1804.
2. Give the words of command and full instructions for retiring a battalion in line, in column from the right in rear of the left.
3. Give the Life of CAPTAIN COOK, and draw a Map of the World (with the names of all the ports, mountains, and rivers), upon which be good enough to mark the courses of CAPTAIN COOK's various voyages.
4. Give the biographies of all the Archbishops of Canterbury, and sketch plans of all the English Cathedrals.
5. Write out (from memory) the play of *Hamlet*, and then translate it into French, German, and Russian.
6. Describe the use of the globes, and give the theory of governing the manipulation of the musical glasses.

It may be said that the above questions have not very much to do with street hawking. Very true; but it will be seen at once that the examination is of the character of that to which a candidate desirous of obtaining a Junior Clerkship in the Blotting-Paper Department of the Circumlocution Office would certainly be subjected by the Civil Service Commissioners.

I feel sure, in the event of my suggestions being accepted in the spirit in which they are tendered, that "Suburban Quiet" will cease to be an ideal, and will become an accomplished fact.

I am, my dear Mr. *Punch*,

Yours very sincerely,

A PRACTICAL MAN.

Railway Reform.

COMPARTMENTS to be reserved for Ladies over and under a certain age.

As there will invariably be compartments for those who smoke, so also for those who snuff. The former will be labelled as usual "for Smokers," the latter "for Snuffers." The last-mentioned will be tried as far as Hampton Wick.

The "Sleeping Cars" will be divided into "Snorers" and "Non-Snorers." Tickets will be issued subject to these regulations.

It is important to the Shareholders to know that on and after the abolition of the Second Class, the motto of the Company will be "No Returns."

Cadets and Cads.

ON Thursday last week, five young ruffians were flogged on board Her Majesty's cadet training ship *Britannia*. They were not garrotters, but senior cadets, convicted, on official inquiry of faggotting and bullying juniors. For this offence the Admiralty—as good as their edict against it—sentenced them "to be flogged on the bare back," and a sixth, who had been convicted twice, is dismissed the service. The Admiralty have thus made examples of blackguards, and set an example to masters of Public Schools.

A GOOD FOUNDATION.—It is fortunate, in the face of the threatened attacks upon the City, that the Municipality of London should next year be headed with STONE.



QUEEN PRIMA-DONNA AT HOME.

Chorus. "O, MAMMA!—DEAR MAMMA!—DARLING MAMMA!! DO LEAVE OFF!!"

[Showing that no one is a Prophet in his own Country.]

LYRICS ON LORD MAYOR'S EVE.

THE Ninth of November!
That Day is at hand.
One more to remember,
O Fleet Street and Strand!
Hark, the multitude's shout
Rends our ears and the air!
The LORD MAYOR is gone out—
Ring in the LORD MAYOR.

THE LORD MAYOR, when St. Paul's
Shall have struck midnight's hour,
From his monarchy falls—
The LORD MAYOR is in power.
King Civic arose
As King Civic went down;
The City but knows
A demise of the Crown.

THE LORD MAYOR in his state
Is a wonder to see,
But, although he is great,
He still greater shall be.
To the West and the North
He shall stretch his domain;
Unto Tyburn go forth:
Over Pimlico reign.

So the Sybils and Seers
Say the Fates have decreed,
And the Commons and Peers
Will eftsoons have agreed.
Shout, therefore, hooray, Gog,
At the top of thy voice;
Thou, likewise, O Magog:
Ye Giants, rejoice!

Temple Bar is a token,
An omen, they say,
Of a barrier that's broken,
To vanish away.
An enlarged Corporation
On turtle will fare
At the glorification
Of a grander Lord Mayor.

A KING OF CLUBS.

THE papers announce that KING CACOBAN, Ex-monarch of Fiji, has gone to Australia. Before he sailed he did a good thing. LORD CARNARVON informs us that he has received a telegram from SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, mentioning that—

"KING THACKOMBAN has had his favourite war-club elaborately ornamented in silver with emblems of Peace, and has sent it to the QUEEN, with a dutiful message, confiding the interests of his people unreservedly to the justice and generosity of HER MAJESTY."

Which is the right spelling of his Fijian ex-Majesty's name, CACOBAN or THACKOMBAN? Or, is it possible that its genuine orthography is WHACK'EMBAN, he having acquired that appellation by his prowess in the use of the favourite war-club which he has now resigned? Would that all the Sovereigns of the great European Military Monarchies (and also the French President) would, in imitation of the good example set them by THACKOMBAN, or whatever he calls himself, have all their monster artillery inlaid with pacific emblems, and send them over here to the QUEEN.

The Modern Brown Bess.

THERE is no truth in the report that in deference to the wishes of the opponents of the new arm just served out to our soldiers, the Government proposes changing the title of the present Service Rifle to "Betty-Martini."



"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE."

GOG. "WHAT'S ALL THIS HERE ABOUT, BROTHER MAGOG?"

MAGOG. "THEY WANTS TO ENLARGE THE 'CORPORATION,' BROTHER GOG!"

TURTLE. "ENLARGE THE CORPORATION?—HA! HA! THEY CAN'T DO THAT WITHOUT, ME!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



II Purchase a Horse.

First Happy Thought.—Winter and hunting. Or, at all events, if uncertain about hunting, driving and riding. Trotter, the Vet., has a horse to suit me. And Trotter has put the horse into harness for trial. My Aunt, pale and nervous, but silent and courageous, is by my side (I am driving) and GLOPPIN, my horse friend, is behind. I've asked GLOPPIN down here on purpose to obtain his candid opinion. My candid opinion (which is that I don't seem

to get on very comfortably with the horse)—I keep to myself; but GLOPPIN has been, so to speak, specially retained.

Now, what does GLOPPIN think? At this moment I *really* do want his advice. And he fails me.

I can't tell what GLOPPIN *thinks*. He says, as if he didn't want to commit himself, "Well, you see, he's young, and you're not used to handling him."

"We'd better turn back," suggests my Aunt.

"But he's quiet," I say, hoping I shan't have to alter my opinion when the turning-point arrives.

"O, he's quiet enough," returns GLOPPIN, "and he's showy."

"He moves so oddly," my Aunt ventures to observe, nervously.

The horse, still trotting, executes a figure like a segment of a circle.

"Shies, I think," I say to GLOPPIN.

GLOPPIN replies, "O, any horse will do *that*. There's nothing in that. As I say, he's young."

Happy Thought.—And Youth will have its fling. Uncomfortable idea at this moment. The horse shies at straws. He doesn't appear to object to anything but straws. And he must have seen straw before. This suggests a proverb—"straws show which way the horse shies"—work this up.

As I don't want to appear nervous (though I believe my Aunt's feelings at this moment are nothing to mine), I agree with him that this action of his (uncommonly like shying) is nothing.

We commence turning. Very steadily in a wide part of the road. The horse's idea is to begin by backing, gradually getting the right hand shaft at right angles to the trap. At last, desperation and the certainty of the ditch behind us, nerve me to use the whip, diffidently.

Happy Thought.—Quotation adapted, "Touch him up tenderly." The horse seems to execute this movement uneasily, or awkwardly, as if he had been always accustomed to go straightforward, and turning wasn't in the contract.

I feel that I've got him well in hand, with my lips pressed together, and a grasp of iron. He comes round much quieter than I had expected, and commences going away with a will. We all feel (though we don't say so) that we've had a narrow escape. I begin to mistrust my own driving, and I'm sure that both GLOPPIN and my Aunt have lost all confidence in me. I also feel that a few hours of this excitement would turn my hair grey.

My Aunt, who has held her breathing in suspense for a few seconds, now resumes profoundly. GLOPPIN, too, has been silent. As to GLOPPIN, if anything happens, he can step out behind easily enough: *we* can't.

"He knows his way back," observes GLOPPIN, pleasantly. "He *can* go."

He *can*. With his head down, and his body heaving under the kicking-strap like a surging sea.

The horrid thought occurs to me that my grasp of iron won't last out.

"Give him his head a little more," says GLOPPIN.

I doubt the policy. But to show my Aunt that I know what I'm about, and am not in the least afraid, I relax my grip, gradually. I address him in a conciliatory tone, "Gently, old man—gently, gently—ly!"

But, with his head down, and stepping out faster and faster, the "old man" only seems to be saying, "Come along! back to Trotter's! Back to Trotter's!! Let me get rid of this confounded harness, and away from the sound of those horrid wheels, that follow me about everywhere. Come on! back to Trotter's! in less than no time! Hooray!!"

He seems to be flying from the wheels, as from the reminders of guilty conscience. He is a sort of IRVING, in *The Bells*. His pace is increasing. GLOPPIN says nothing.

My Aunt is pale.

"I think," she says, with a spasmodic effort at self-control, "if you'll stop—I'll—get out—and walk home—I'd rather."

"It's all right," I say, abruptly. But I return to the grasp of iron, check him in his stride, and feel that this sort of thing can't go on long.

GLOPPIN is silent.

Trotter's is in view. I see it. So does the horse. "Now then," he seems to say, "let's see who'll get there first. Yoicks for Trotter's! Full inside! All right! Off!!"

For a moment we seem so be nothing behind him; the air has blown my Aunt's bonnet back; even GLOPPIN, taken by surprise by the suddenness of the start, has just prevented himself from tumbling backwards into the well, by holding on to the seat in front, and I summon all my forces to get the jubilant animal to finish steadily.

Happy Thought. Just shaved the gate-post by an inch. Try to look as if this were first-rate driving on my part.

I pull him up at Trotter's stable yard. It has been warm work, but we enter quietly. If ever anybody was glad to descend from the seat of a box-passenger, that person is my Aunt.

Strangely enough, she now praises the horse. So does GLOPPIN.

I remark (to Trotter) that the horse shies, that he seems unaccustomed to harness. Trotter, with whom GLOPPIN agrees on every point, as if he were *his* (Trotter's) partner, not my friend come to advise *me*, and pick out the horse's defects—Trotter answers, that he doesn't shy—he's only fresh; that he's not been in harness for some time, and as an answer to my objection that he's young, "If he were only two years older," he adds emphatically, "he'd be worth a hundred and fifty guineas to anyone."

"He's a cheap horse," says GLOPPIN. But then GLOPPIN isn't going to buy him.

I have another trial of him without GLOPPIN and my Aunt. I ride him. Very carefully. He seems to be light and airy, with an inclination to bound up suddenly.

This is, I find subsequently, what Trotter calls "springy."

He is springy. Like an animated mattress, only harder.

He is especially springy when he sees a donkey. He is springy again when he has to pass a brewer's cart. He is most remarkably springy when a barrel suddenly tumbles off the cart as I am passing and rolls away down the hill with a noise like thunder. I don't believe, had anybody else been on the horse, that that barrel would have tumbled off. Why is it these things always happen to *me*? (Note on *F. Fate. Typical Developments*, Vol. XXV., ch. 2.)

At this his springiness shows itself in bounds, hops, starts, and I think—I only think, for I am not certain as to knowing exactly when I am on his back—a kick. If a kick, it was not much of a kick, but enough.

Happy Thought.—Walk him gently. It's a great thing for a horse to be a good walker. When I get accustomed to him I can trot, or canter.

We descend the hill. His springiness is very objectionable in descending a hill. His hind quarters always seem to be about to double themselves up underneath me. After a time, as nothing of this sort happens, I find that he really is walking down the hill beautifully. It is a long hill, and we have done half of it. I begin to like him. He hasn't shied again. I can sit loungingly, and admire the view.

* * * * *

He has shied again.

I don't know what at. Nothing that I could see. Being unprepared I checked him suddenly, and this had the effect of making his hind legs slide underneath him, as if he were going to fold them up. Being further unprepared for this double effect, my left leg suddenly shoots up in the air, in the direction of the horse's left ear, and the horse, taking this perhaps as some hint from me to get on faster, begins to trot. In a second I am nowhere, I am anywhere; I see a leg up in the air (which I recognise as belonging to me, though not as being under my control); I am conscious of another in the stirrup on the right side, and, as there ought to be another on the left, I feel as though I were, for the moment, constructed so as to exemplify, practically, the Manx coat-of-arms, with



"ENOUGH OF IT."

Country Squire. "BY GEORGE! TOM, YOU'VE GONE AND SHOT THE DOG!"

Friend (from Town). "O, I SAY, OLD FELLOW, LET'S GO BACK AND HAVE A GAME O' BILLIARDS, OR ELSE I'M QUITE SURE I SHALL SHOOT THE OTHER ONE! THEY KEEP GETTING IN THE WAY SO!"

three legs all going round at once. I am doing "three wheels a' a'p'ny" on horseback. I think I am on my head—no—my left foot is laying hold of my arm, or my arm of my left foot—both together have grappled the mane—and by a gigantic, muscular, and athletic effort, I am once more upright, and in the saddle again.

Happy Thought.—Yes. I can answer for it: *the horse is quiet: very quiet.* While I was executing all these gymnastics round his head and over and about his back, he never stirred out of a walk. Perhaps he was too bewildered.

But I'm sure he shies.

Yet—he doesn't shy again.

We trot suspiciously. He is suspicious (evidently, by his ears,) of something jumping out of the hedges at him, and I of his jumping at nothing.

We canter. All's well that ends well. I am at my ease; but still wary.

Finally, thinking that his faults are those of youth, and will soon disappear, I buy him.

Sporting Notes.

SINCE the little difficulty between the Bishop and MR. KING, there appears to be rather a run on ecclesiastical titles for race-horses; as, for instance, *His Grace*, the *Curate*, and *Benedictine*. If the Clergy patronise the Great Meeting House—TATTERSALL'S—we shall soon hear of the *Archbishop* winning in a Canter (without the "bury"); the *Archdeacon* beating the *Rector* by a neck, and *Ritualist* being "out of it" after the first half mile. The Clerk of the Course will, of necessity, be in Holy Orders; and the only person ineligible for the office will be the old VICAR OF BRAY.

APPARENT PARADOX.—MRS. MALAPROP is puzzled to understand the proposed substitute for interment. She says she cannot see how a body can be destroyed by creation.

ATOM, THE ARCHITECT.

(*Vide TYNDALL, at Manchester.*)

THESE "architectural Atoms!" O 'tis fine
To see humanity so sadly dwindle!

Let MICHAEL ANGELO and WREN resign;
Atoms can build Cathedrals, so says TYNDALL.

ARCHITECT ATOM raises a metropolis,
And never lets the shrewd contractor swindle;
He thus erected Athens's Acropolis
Amid the violet ether, so says TYNDALL.

Has Nature any being, any thing,
That can a higher kind of fancy kindle?
Chance makes the roses bloom, the thrushes sing,
The pretty girls grow prettier. So says TYNDALL.

Shallow Professor! the eternal Fates
Sit silently and turn the fearful spindle;
And that great wheel of doom the moment waits
To crush the sceptic silliness of TYNDALL.

QUESTION AND ANSWER FOR AN OXFORD DIVINITY STUDENT.

Q. What is the nature of an Anglican Bishop's Orders, if he is fond of a pastoral pipe after dinner?

A. He tells his *Butler* to bring him his *Hooker*.

A LIKELY JOKE!—NANA SAHIB, or his personator, says that when he made his confession, he was under the influence of Bhang. Did that, then, possess him with a wish to be blown from a gun?



COOKIANA.

"AND NOW, TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT YOUR LAST PLACE."

"I WILL TELL YOU THAT, MA'AM, WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHY YOU PARTED WITH YOUR LAST COOK."

"SUBURBAN QUIET."

SUBURBAN quiet! Futile dream—
Though lofty palisades may seem
To hide your pleasant villa,
Yet all day long the crowd of tramps,
Of pestering hucksters, thievish scamps,
Will worry your *ancilla*.

The sailor comes with wooden leg,
And seems to bluster more than beg,
He thinks no answer final;
He swears he fought at Trafalgar,
And spoils your early mild cigar,
Your musings matutinal.

When in the drowsy afternoon
Your daughter sings a favourite tune
Of fantasy or frolic,
Alas, you suddenly are riled!
An organ-grinder drives you wild
With discords diabolical.

The licensed hawkers enter through
Your private gate, and swear at you
If barked at by your terrier:
And, as to prim Policeman X,
His stolid soul they never vex,
He thinks, the more the merrier.

You can't have tennis on your lawn,
Or, 'neath a patulous oak withdrawn,
Play chess or talk of letters,
But in they troop, in search of pence,
And by sheer force of impudence
Assert themselves your betters.

Old KING COPHETUA's beggar-maid*
Was all too pretty, I'm afraid,
So took the Royal fancy.
Mendice of the modern time
Achieve an ugliness sublime,
Like hags of necromancy.

Dear MR. RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS,
If you for work are at a loss,
Just curb this licensed riot;
Check the marauding wanderers,
Give *Punch* and his contributors
Complete suburban quiet.

* "When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."
SHAKESPEARE.

NAME AND FAME.

THE *Times*' Special Correspondent at Alicante duly apologises to the present EARL OF ALDBOROUGH for having, some twelvemonths ago, in error, confounded him with our old friend the late Earl. He says:—

"I was informed, on what seemed to me adequate authority, that among the very few Englishmen who had the courage to remain in the threatened town was the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, whose cure had been advertised by PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY in all quarters and all languages of the globe, and whom TRACKERAY has immortalised in one of his best-known works. . . . I assumed, not, I think, unreasonably, that there would be nothing to give him pain in such mention, especially as it was coupled with a well-earned tribute to his courage in standing out the bombardment."

The EARL OF ALDBOROUGH who stood out the bombardment of Alicante was another than the one who figured for so many years as the Confessor to a quack medicine. The latter only stood out for quackery. Which of the twain was the more courageous?

THE PERMISSIVE PRINCIPLE.

WHEN the measure so warmly and wittily advocated by SIR WILFRED LAWSON becomes the law of the land, the following proposals will be made in the House of Commons with every chance of obtaining a favourable reception:—

1. A Bill for permitting the Sect known as "the Peculiar People" to banish Physicians and Surgeons from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. A Bill for permitting the Members of the Peace Society to abolish the Army and the Navy.

3. A Bill for permitting the Supporters of the Woman's Rights Movement to abolish the use of Tobacco.

4. A Bill for permitting the Inhabitants of certain parts of Shore-ditch, Whitechapel, and Westminster to abolish the Police Force.

5. A Bill for permitting Vegetarians to prohibit the consumption of Meat.

6. A Bill for permitting the Inmates of Earlswood Asylum to abolish the Daily and Weekly Newspapers.

7. A Bill for permitting MR. BRADLAUGH and a few friends to abolish the Throne and the Constitution.

8. A Bill for permitting the Metropolitan Railways to abolish Cabs and Omnibuses in London.

9. A Bill for permitting the Owners of London Omnibuses and Cabs to abolish the Metropolitan Railways.

10. A Bill for permitting the Begging-Letter Writers to abolish the Charity Organisation Society.

11. A Bill for permitting the Gunpowder Manufacturers to abolish London.

12. A Bill for permitting the Residents of the Asylums of Hanwell and Colney Hatch to lock up the rest of the world in Bethlehem Hospital.

Plain and Complex.

AN advertisement appears daily in the papers under the heading of "The Hair—The Plain Truth." Now the hair to which this announcement refers has none of the plainness nor simplicity of Truth; on the contrary, it is a very complicated structure. Moreover, there is comparatively little truth in it; most of it being false. It is only plain in the sense in which that word is used by the wearers of the castellated chignon—the reverse of pretty.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.



UTOPIA,
1st of Madcap Month.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
HERE I am, and I like it. Everything here is exactly as it ought to be. The moment I arrived at the principal inn, the buxom landlady offered me some superb Bass in a silver tankard, and ordered a rump-steak, with oyster-sauce, to be prepared for my luncheon. While I waited for this meal, the landlady's pretty daughter—a brunette, with lively eyes—came and talked to me, and sang me several charming little songs. Here is one:—

This is Utopia!
Don't you know?
The leading firm's CURIN
And BACCHUS & Co.

We live in a set
That's charming and clover;
What we wish we get,
What we don't comes never.

No pleasanter city
Wherein to stay;
All girls are witty
And pretty and gay:
The men can dress
And can dine, 'tis clear;
Since there's none with less
Than ten thousand a year.

'Tis my opinion
The girls have wiles;
They don't wear chignon,
They do wear smiles:
They talk so sweetly,
Each word's a gem,
And I'm completely
In love with them!

I found the words of this simple song completely verified by experience. The Utopian ladies are so charming that I should like to marry them all. This, however, does not exhaust the innumerable perfections of the country. The parsons are delightful. Their manners are charming, their sermons are short, their claret is good, and they do not give any particular meaning to the creed of that dreadful old unintelligible bore, Saint Athanasius. The lawyers also are a good sort. They never take fees, and settle disputes between plaintiff and defendant by horsewhipping both. This prevents Utopia from requiring a vast expenditure for Law Courts. As to the Utopian doctors, theirs is a poor profession: they have to cure one another. No one is ever ill, unless he has been educated for the medical profession.

Nobody reads books in Utopia. Hence it follows that nobody writes them. Where life is a poem and a romance, why should we read inferior poems and romances? In Utopia we live the happy, joyous life which dull fellows in London dream about and describe in three volumes. The air of this charming country is loaded with champagne.

Nobody quarrels. There are no mothers-in-law, that relationship having been abolished by Act of the Utopian Parliament. Oysters are in season all the year round. The public fountains are fed with Sauterne. All expenditure is defrayed by the Exchequer of Utopia, so that it is impossible to have a tailor's or wine-merchant's bill. In no case would either be necessary, since the climate is so soft and the people are so modest that nudity is pleasanter than being wrapt in broadcloth, while wine flows from every fountain, and is more abundant than water.

There are a few points about Utopia. I may add that it has theatres, where good plays, in poetic language, are charmingly acted, and where the display of the female leg is not considered the chief of all possible delights. I may also remark that it has no politics and no policemen. There would be an immense difficulty in explaining to an Utopian the function either of MR. GLADSTONE or of Policeman X. When I crossed the frontier, all the newspapers I

had with me were taken away and burnt, with the sole exception of a copy of *Punch*, which served me as a passport through the whole of the vast empire, and as an introduction to the Emperor, who has just conferred the Order of Knighthood of Saint Momus on

YOUR SPECIAL EXPLORER.

FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

(See MUDIE'S Advertisement.)

Rich Mrs. Parrot. By the Author of *Poor Miss Finch*.
Growneth Down as a Carrot. By the Author of *Cometh up as a Flower*.
Kick Papa. By the Author of *Ask Mamma*.
Always too Early to Rise. By the Author of *Never too Late to Mend*.
Viscount and Villain. By the Author of *Marquis and Merchant*.
Dick Svingate, Cud. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.
Oyster. By the Author of *Patty*.
Old Smith. By the Author of *Young Brown*.
Jenkins's Grandmother. By the Author of *Gin's Baby*.
Cheapside. By the Author of *Piccadilly*.
Green as a Leek is He. By the Author of *Red as a Rose is She*.
Won't you Kiss Her? By the Author of *Can you Forgive Her?*
Asparagus in August. By the Author of *A Rose in June*.
The Worst of Wives. By the Author of *The Best of Husbands*.
The Old Murtha. By the Author of *The New Magdalen*.
The Finals. By the Author of *The Initials*.
The Twenty Parsons. By the Author of *The Three Clerks*.
Maidenblush's Charms. By the Author of *Bluebeard's Keys*.

A COMPARATIVELY HAPPY FAMILY.

At a "densely crowded meeting" of our Roman Catholic friends, held the other night at St. James's Hall, a certain "FATHER BURKE, of the Dominican Order of preachers," held forth on "the Vitality of the Catholic Faith." This subject the Reverend Father treated in a manner worthy, not only of his cloth, but also of his country—if, as may be surmised, FATHER BURKE is an Irishman. Speaking of "the Protestant Church," he said:—

"Why, the other day in Ireland there was a proposition to take away from it the Athanasian Creed. It was something like that cage sometimes seen in the streets, in which what was known as 'The Happy Family' dwelt, where the fox and the crow live together, without destroying one another."

What a contrast, FATHER BURKE, to the Kilkenny Cats! However, certainly, it is BYRON who says:—

"Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That the Apostles would have done as they did?"

Of which Christians do you prefer the Christianity? Theirs, or that of the fox and crow, who live together without destroying one another in the Protestant Church?

Masks and Faces.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to the folly of endeavouring to enhance the charms of Nature by the appliances of Art, her mind and manner often are affected by the circumstance, and her demeanour is as artificial as the bloom upon her cheek. When she smiles on you, she does so with a semblance of constraint, as though her face were in a mask; yet she can hardly speak a word without a simper or a smirk. For fear of hurting her complexion she dare hardly blow her nose, and seems afraid to trust herself to the convulsion of a sneeze, lest the enamel or the pigments on her visage should be cracked. Beauties of this nature are certainly remarkable, viewed as clever works of Art; but in the eyes of connoisseurs they never can be comparable to beauties without paint.

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE.

THE very civil reply of the BISHOP OF LINCOLN to the last letter addressed to his Lordship by the clerical owner of *Apology*, should have caused no surprise. Has not everyone heard of "WORDS-WORTH'S Greece"?

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate" writes complainingly to us to say that of all his studies the most puzzling to him is what is called Plane Trigonometry. [Persevere.]

AMUSEMENT FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—Firing a Whalley.



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Respectable Man. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, MUGGLES! I HEARD YOU'D LEFT OFF DRINKING!"

Disreputable Party. "SHO I 'AVE, SHIR—(hic)—JESH 'ISH VERY MINUTE!"

NOVEMBER FOGS.

THE question whether the public's convenience will be increased by turning passengers on the Midland Railway into a sort of social salad.

The question whether the Midland Directors deserve, as payment for their services, the Pillory, or Westminster Abbey.

The question whether our Army can be increased by abolishing the Militia and snubbing the Volunteers.

The question whether the *Devastation* can make in safety a voyage from Gravesend to Southend when the wind is "blowing a little."

The question whether the controversy about the *Raleigh* and the *Inconstant* has been of greater service to ourselves, or to our foes.

The question whether we can educate the people by sending Widows to prison for refusing to pay for their children's schooling.

The question whether Wife-beaters should be taught Latin or Greek, or should receive a few lessons from the Cat.

The question whether it is expedient that perjured Policemen should be patted on the back whilst receiving a sentence of the mildest character.

The question whether it is better to blow up the Public, or to "blow up" the Authorities for not putting into force existing Acts of Parliament regulating the carriage of gunpowder.

The question whether the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ought to be monarch of all he surveys in Brompton, Kensington, Lambeth, and Bayswater.

The question whether the Corporation of London can be increased without causing riots amongst the suburban Vestrymen.

The question whether any one is responsible for the consequences attendant upon the existence of sewer gas.

The question whether making a row in the newspapers will secure that greatest boon to all literary men living near London—"suburban quiet."

The question whether it is unlawful to slaughter Organ Grinders, and other nuisances of the same character.

OUT-OF-SEASON SPEECHES.

At the talk of M.P.'s out of season
How over one's paper one frowns!
So much rubbish, so vacant of reason,
Shot broadcast in twopenny towns!
Empty heads who on Westminster never
Have their tediousness dared to bestow,
Now spout as they'd spout on for ever,
Where there's nobody by to say "no!"—

Muzzle-crammed with their loading of platitudes,
Ready-run from the mould of the Press,
In longitudes large as in latitudes,
Making even of grammar a mess!
Mr. Punch, at his free (?) breakfast-table,
His punishment takes with a groan,
Inquiring, with MELBOURNE the Able,
"Why the deuce can't you leave it alone?"

Instead of parading as praters,
In nooks, where all M.P.'s are gods,
Try your bottom among the debaters,
Where you can't at your will call the odds.
If not game, quite, to tackle DISRAELI,
Or GLADSTONE, up here, in the House,
You might try a turn-up, say, with WHALLEY,
Or some Solon of similar nous.

When served out of season, the oyster
Is a terror instead of a treat;
Out of season, your grey-headed royster
Is the dimmallest joker to meet.
For young tongues to talk love is no treason,
And the right has no limit of sex;
But old noodles who spoon out of season,
Get their true-lovers'-knots round their necks.

But worse than the oyster that's offered
In the month with no R in its name—
And worse than the foulest joke proffered
By some hoary old rogue without shame,
Worse than old fools in love's hot unreason
When wise heads have to "temperate" come,
Is the M.P. who talks out of season,
While in season he, wisely, is dumb.

LONDON STONE.—The new Lord Mayor.

The question whether the youths in the gallery at Commemoration represent the ordinary Undergraduate.

The question whether any one understands the present condition of affairs on the Continent.

The question whether the suppression of the Carlists would be followed by payment of the outstanding liabilities of the Spanish Government.

The question whether it is possible to avoid an attack of influenza in London during this season of the year.

The question whether the whole history of the month will not be a question of the weather.

Wholesome.

WE note the following straightforward and Spartan advertisement in the *Hour* of Nov. 4th:—

IT is desired to place two YOUNG LADIES, aged twelve and fourteen, very strong and healthy, under a Lady who approves of and will thoroughly and duly administer the birch rod. Terms most liberal.—Address C. A. T., Post Office, Tickle-tail, Middlesex.

This is going beyond the ordinary demand of the *Hour*, which is for the application of the lash to those who beat the softer sex; this Advertiser wishes for its application to the softer sex itself.

Darwenism and Darwinism.

WRITING from dirty Darwen, on its sanitary condition, Mr. J. B. DEAKIN, in the *Times*, remarks that, "Men caring more for their specie than their species hold office in a Board of Health." These appear to be representative men at Darwen—men representing the sentiments of Darwen on species, which so far seem to corroborate the views of DARWIN that they attest the existence of human beings in an imperfectly developed state of humanity.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

All the Difference between Buying and Selling.

HAVING bought TROTT's horse, I find that he won't cross a bridge; that he won't pass a cart; that he has a predilection for turning down any opening on the left, and starting off on his own account; that, (though quiet), he is dreadfully nervous, which makes me nervous; that he is frightened to death of a train, of cows, of a baker, of a perambulator; that he has (though perfectly quiet) a playful way of running MURGLE, my man, into a corner, and butting at him; that, (though docile as a lamb) he doesn't like being saddled, hates being bridled, and there's a difficulty about getting him out of the stable and the stable-yard. Twice, with MURGLE on his back,

who has started to exercise him, does he return on his own responsibility, refusing, (always quietly and steadily,—being quite "the gentleman's horse")—to go any further than he thought fit. Whip, spur, kindness—nothing affects him. He is invariably polite, so to speak, shaking his head at the corner of a road, and negating any idea of progression.

After a week, he firmly, but always courteously, refuses to go more than a hundred yards from the stable gate. At a certain point he turns round, and comes back. Sometimes with some one on him, and sometimes without. Sometimes it is MURGLE, sometimes it isn't. If it isn't, MURGLE is following. Whether with or without a rider, the horse is quite amiable, quiet, cheerful, and, so to speak, polite.

I can't complain of his "manners," they're good enough, but his evident good breeding only makes his obstinacy more irritating.

The Railway Station is a mile from my house, and he won't take me more than a hundred yards of the way. At a hillock he stops and returns. Quite quietly and pleasantly, I admit, but even this is not comforting when I see the train arriving and leaving without me, and I have got some important business in town.

At the end of a fortnight, being put into harness, he simply stands still, and won't stir one step out of the yard.

He gains the day, and is taken out of harness. He goes back to his stable quite quietly, and is so gentle as to eat an apple out of my Aunt's hand.

But I didn't buy a horse merely to eat apples out of my Aunt's hand.

Happy Thought.—Send for TROTT.

TROTT is sent for. He can't make it out. TROTT says "he wasn't like that when he was with him," and proceeds to give him the highest character. This implies that he has learnt his obstinacy here: from me. I let TROTT try him. TROTT is convinced, and rebuys him.

I sell him back at a loss, and buy another—a clever hack. He is warranted to go in harness. The warranty didn't say which way he would go. I put him into harness, and he goes backwards.

He is otherwise clever, and I do not think this was stupidity. Sold him at a loss. Employing TROTT as my selling agent.

Suited at last. Cheap and nice. A cob, fourteen two. Carries me (only I shan't ride him again, as I fancy he stumbles when out of harness), and goes quietly in trap. Strong: rather too like a deer about the legs, but my Aunt thinks it perfection, and on the spot names the animal "*Gazelle*."

After three weeks I come to the conclusion that *Gazelle* is not strong enough for my work. *Gazelle* stumbles in harness, and comes down on one knee. It might have been a bad cut, but she only "took a little hair off."

I have determined to sell her. But this time I shall do it myself, not through TROTT.

Happy Thought.—Selling and buying are two very different things. Hitherto, personally, I've been the buyer, now, personally, I am the seller. A proud position.

Happy Thought.—Of course I don't part with him because he stumbles. O dear no! because really and truly the stumbling was nothing. Any horse—(this is my reasoning when debating whether I ought to mention the stumbling to a purchaser)—may stumble

under similar circumstances. It was a stony road: it was dark: I was driving carelessly, &c., &c. And then see how cleverly he picked himself up! Why that's worth all the money alone!

Then as to stumbling and coming on his nose over some turf (when I was nearly spilt)—well, he's not up to my weight, and I had let the reins lie on his neck; and, after all, it was not a "stumble"—it was merely knocking his foot against some little mound or stone—nothing more. O no, he's all right.

Therefore I advertise as for sale:—

"*Gazelle.* A bright Chestnut Cob, silver-tipped Mane and Tail, fourteen two, quiet to ride and drive. Not up to too much weight. Suitable for all sorts of light work. Fast trotter. Only parted with on account of the owner making alterations in his stables."

"That's fair," I say to MURGLE, after reading it out to him.

"Yes, Sir, that's fair," returns honest MURGLE. "He's a nice little 'oss as ever I see, he is."

"And," I add, alluding again to the advertisement, feeling a qualm or two of conscience about it, "it's true."

MURGLE replies—but I fancy a little uneasily, as he shifts his legs, coughs, puts his hand before his mouth (MURGLE's company manners), and twiddles his old wideawake—"Yes, Sir. O, that's true enough, that is."

I shall not ask this witness any more questions—except one. It is this:—

"Do you think, MURGLE, that the Chestnut had ever been down before I had her?"

He is quite ready:—

"O yes, Sir" (in a tone of surprise, as though there could have ever been any doubt about it whatever), "he'd ha' been down sure enough. Cut-a-both knees you see, Sir."

"O—ahem!—I never saw that when I bought him. And they never said anything about it."

MURGLE smiles. So do I. He takes the advertisement to the post.

Somehow I feel that MURGLE and myself are conspiring.

My friend JELFER calls.

"I hear you've got a cob you want to sell. What's the figure?"

I name more than I had intended to ask, out of pity for my friend, and rather hoping to stop JELFER at the outset.

Although I have taken to horse-dealing, and my whole moral nature has been changed in an hour or so, yet I am still tender-hearted. I know, from the nature of my business, that I am going to take in somebody, but I do not want to deceive JELFER.

Happy Thought.—I will tell him everything; and then if he chooses to buy, let him. But I will be open and candid.

"The price is all right," replies JELFER, "if he's what I want."

JELFER sees, and likes him.

"He's good enough for me," he says.

Then comes the question—the question which I never asked the man of whom I bought him. I didn't distrust a stranger, why should a friend mistrust me?

JELFER feels the knees critically. I and MURGLE look on. MURGLE nervous, but prepared, I fancy, like *Moses in the School for Scandal*, to "take his oath of that," whatever it is. I notice that our eyes do not meet. I am sure that I should make a very bad swindler; and as to MURGLE, he'd be taken up and sent into penal servitude before he had barely commenced his nefarious career.

JELFER, feeling the knees, asks, "Ever been down?"

Now then. My Good Angel and my Evil Angel are in the stable-yard. "Do as you'd be done by," says one. "Do as you were done," says t'other.

Happy Thought.—Split the difference.

I say, carelessly, and with much candour (despising myself all the time as a humbug), "Well, you see for yourself the Chestnut's knocked a little hair off, but that's nothing; that'll come all right again. He's not up to my weight, and there was a grip, or something, but he didn't come down."

"Ah!" says JELFER. "I suppose he's all right in harness?"

Good Angel nowhere now. Gone out of the stable-yard, and weeping at the gate.

"First-rate in harness. I suppose you only want to drive him in a pony-trap?"

"That's all."

"Ah, he'll do that well enough."

The Good Angel looks in just for a second, with a tear in his eye. I relent a bit, because I picture to myself poor JELFER coming a cropper while going down-hill. I say to him, "I should always keep the bearing-rein on, because he's been accustomed to that, and you must keep him well in hand down-hill."

Now if anything, short of going on my knees, and admitting to JELFER that the Chestnut is a regular tumble-down-groggy affair, could tell JELFER the true state of the case, the above broad hint would be sufficient.

But JELFER goes blindly on.

"She'll do. I've got my cheque-book here. And if you'll lend me a saddle, I'll buy him, and ride home."

I hesitate. It's my first effort at horse-dealing, and I did not expect this enormous success. Oughtn't I to offer him on trial? Oughtn't I to say, "My dear fellow, you'd better ride him to-day, and if he suits, send me the money to-morrow?"

No; why should I?

Happy Thought.—JELFER's old enough to take care of himself.

"Or, I'll tell you what I'll do," says JELFER. "I'll give you half the money, and swap my Grey with you—the one you saw me on the other day. I don't want to keep two, and I haven't got work enough for the old Grey. You *must* have a horse, and it would be a bargain for you."

Now what does *this* mean? I know JELFER's horse, and admire it. I have often thought that JELFER's Grey *would* suit me. I shouldn't mind the exchange with the money, only it is but fair that I should ask the question:

"The Grey's not been down, has he?"

"Been down!" he exclaims. "You couldn't throw him down if you tried."

He is so hearty, that I am satisfied.

"You know him," he adds, carelessly, "and there he is."

As JELFER doesn't ask any further questions about *mine*, I won't ask any more about *his*. I confess that I would rather he did not make any more inquiries.

"Splendid goer, my old Grey," he says, as he writes out the cheque. "He only wants work, and *you* can give him that. There!"

The money has passed. *Guzelle* is no longer my property. JELFER mounts him, and promises to send his Grey this evening.

I have my misgivings. All that puzzles me now, is, which has got the worst of it—JELFER or myself?

JELFER, I *think*, because I've got JELFER's cheque. Certainly, it's only half the money I asked, but the Grey is coming to-night.

When the Grey comes, I shall know.

At present all I hope is that JELFER will get home safely. For my part, I wouldn't ride that Chestnut of mine for ten miles on a hard road, with up and down-hill, and occasional stones, not for two hundred pounds down.

That's my private opinion about the Chestnut I've just sold to JELFER.

"Cool."

HERE is a *bonâ-fide* advertisement—cut from a religious newspaper:—

WILL ANY LADY RECEIVE for three or six months, immediately, a LADY, of refined and agreeable manners, accustomed to good society, musical, good reader; without remuneration, except laundress. A Christian family desired; good references. Unforeseen circumstances breaking up a refined home. Would prove a great comfort to any delicate lady during the winter months.

Such "comfort," we presume, to be set against the more material comforts which this refined and agreeable Lady wishes to obtain in return for the valuable privilege of her company. "Without remuneration, except laundress," means, we suppose, that the Lady will pay her own washing-bill; but perhaps it means she won't, and that the only payment she requires for her society is the amount of her washerwoman's weekly charge.

A GOOD CRY FOR (STRONG-MINDED) WOMEN.—"Bicycles and Bloomers!"

TIGER-KILLERS AND TIGERS KILLED.



As the Fox in England, so the Tiger in India may be regarded in two characters, as game or as vermin. There is the slight distinction that the Indian Man-eater destroys people instead of poultry, and that hunting him involves, perhaps, a higher per-centage of accidents to life and limb. But just as fox-hunters look on killing a fox, otherwise than in the legitimate fashion, as one of the meanest, if not the most heinous, forms of murder, there are tiger-hunters in India who think the Man-eater should be sacred from all deaths except the regular sporting one, by bullet discharged in form from the back of an elephant. In their

eyes, the recent appointment, by some of the Indian Governments, of an official tiger-killer, just as in the wilder departments of France they appoint a "*Lieutenant de Louveterie*," or official wolf-slayer, must look "fishy," to say the least of it. For the Government tiger-killer is not confined to the bullet. He may, without *lese loyauté* to his brother hunters or his game, use strychnine or corrosive sublimate, and poison his quarry, instead of shooting him as in private shikar-duty bound. Nay, we read of a MR. CROOM, of Madras, as having invented a suit of tiger-armour of stout buckram set with strong nails, in which to face the Man-eater without danger.

It is true MR. CROOM has as yet declined to put himself in his armour into the jaws of a tiger, but believing in his panoply, as did *Don Quixote* in his helmet, he has no doubt whatever that, if he did, it would be more trying to the tiger than to him.

A CAPTAIN CAULFIELD is now the official tiger-killer for the Madras Presidency, and we hear great things of his prowess. Among other incidents he reports is one in which, a Man-eater having been disturbed in his repast on a native he had killed, the body was baited with strychnine, and, the brute returning to his meal, eat and died.

Old tiger-hunters will naturally be disgusted by this sort of thing. *Que voulez-vous?* They shoot foxes in France! It is so natural to savages to think of themselves rather than the game they are bound to protect for the noble sportsman. And, after all, what are the Indians but savages? This treatment of their noblest game—the tiger—shows it, we should say, more conclusively than either the cremation of widows or their self-immolation under the car of Juggernaut.

THE CARLISTS AND THE CHANCELLOR.

HAVE the Carlists borrowed an idea from BISMARCK? Their late operations seem to indicate a design to work by means of Blood and Iron.



A RELEVANT REMARK.

Lady Teacher. "YOU MUST RECOLLECT THAT ALL I AM TELLING YOU HAPPENED ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO!"

Sally. "LOR' MISS! HOW THE TIME DO SLIP AWAY!"

OUR BRUMMAGEM LION.

WAS ever Radical, "advanced" to that highest of high-water marks Which the Republican top-tide-line and nothing lower or shorter marks, Reduced to such an awkward fix, since fixes upon the card were, As Republican MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the Mayor of the City of Hard-ware!

As, first, for a stern contemner of Courts, their ceremonials, and creatures, Their kotowings, mowings, and bowings, and other degrading features, To be cursed with the name of *Chamberlain*—a word that suggests Court-monkeyism,

In all it has most abject of gold-keys, back-stairs, and flunkeyism!

And then for this high CHAMBERLAIN, in his stern Republican zeal, On Spartan plainness and equal rights to have to set his heel, And consent to put a chain round his neck, and sit in a raised arm-chair.

In a gown of office, as, if not a *Lord*, at least a *Brummagem*, Mayor!

Next, that it should fall to this Brummagem Republican Chamberlain Mayor's lot—

Those angels surely can't be "advanced," who municipal affairs lot—To have the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, in his year, visit Packington Hall,

Scarce eleven miles from Birmingham—and of course invited to call!

And worse, that this PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES should be so cheery and pleasant

That they can't come or go, make progress or stay, but they win the hearts of all present;

And instead of rousing Republicanism—the true, or its Brummagem antic—

Work the other way, in a style to drive Fortnightly Reviewers frantic!

That this Brummagem Republican Mayor ironical fate should tether With this pleasant PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES in hardware handcuffs together;

That this CHAMBERLAIN must hide his red cap—not to speak, as yet, of destroying it,—

And bow his bow, and speak his address, and feel how his Council's enjoying it!

But *Punch* gives credit where credit is due, and if CHAMBERLAIN have put his foot in it,

And set up his Tree of Liberty, without first making sure there's a root in it,

And talked a great deal of brag and bounce and nonsense, and written more,

Punch owns that Birmingham's banner, in this fix, he gallantly bore.

Like a gentleman he has comported himself in this glare of the Princely sun;

Has said just what he ought to have said, and done what he ought to have done;

Has put his red cap in his pocket, and sat on his Fortnightly article, And of Red Republican claws or teeth displayed not so much as a particle.

Nay, this Brummagem Republican Lion for the nonce has ta'en to roar him

As gently as any sucking dove, or the gentle Princess before him:

Has laid his awful claws in her lap, and meekly begged her to clip 'em—

And has promised, if smaller lions dared roar, to take and whip 'em—

In short, has behaved himself less like a Republican than a Cham-

berlain Who has worn a gold key all his life, and in *maréchalé*-powder and amber lain;

There's only one little query, which e'en a kind *Punch* can't smother—

On which side is the electro-plate—the "advanced" face, or the other?



A BRUMMAGEM LION.

HYMEN IN EXCELSIS.



ÆRONAUTIC MARRIAGE.—A despatch from Cincinnati in the New York papers says:—A very successful balloon ascent was made here this afternoon (October 19) by PROFESSOR DONALDSON, who was accompanied by a bridal party of six persons. At the height of about a mile above the earth

the marriage ceremony was performed. The balloon landed safely about three miles from the place of ascension.—*Post.*

Æronaut sings—

I AND six more went up in a balloon,
From the town of Cincinnati, the other afternoon.
With a couple of the party to be married in a way
New to the daughters and the sons of clay:
Up shot the balloon to the regions higher
By a long long chalk than the tallest spire.
The bald-headed eagle we bid good-bye,
As we went a soarin' to our kindred sky,
Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
A singin' of "Excelsior!" and shoutin' to the moon:
Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
I cal'late it's jolly to be up in a balloon.

Up, up, we was histed by gaseous power,
To the height of a mile above town and tower;
There they plit their faith, and their vows they vowed
On the sunlit back of a thunder-cloud.
They was spliced beneath the eternal stars,
In the presence of Jupiter, Venus, and Mars.
We recked neither Little nor Great Bear's growl;
And we laughed as we hid the Dog-Star howl.
Up in a balloon, &c.

The scene was solemn—the rite was short—
There warn't much ceremony to report.
But the Spheres did 'propriate music play;
MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March*, clear as day.
We realised that air, and caught
The everlastin' tune in thought.

And the songs of the Planets we heer'd afar,
With our innard ears in the nuptial car.
Up in a balloon, &c.

We descended with quite a favourin' gale,
Happy pair and all, to this earthly vale.
"Is there marriage on high?" some people inquire.
If their'n wasn't one I'm a falsifier.
That's a fact consarnin' them there folks;
Though the sceptic may deem it a Yankee hoax,
'Tis as true as that two and two make four;
Or I wish I may ne'er ascend no more
In an air-balloon—in an air-balloon—
And I don't care a cent for ne'er a buffoon,
As may caricature me in his cartoon
Of the marriage I witnessed up in a balloon.

CORRESPONDENTS TO THE FRONT!

THE present condition of the British Army having once more engaged the attention of the newspapers, such as the following eminently useful letters will probably be published during the course of the next few weeks:—

To the Editor.

SIR, *The Senior Sword and Bomb Club.*

My contempt for all writing fellows in general, and journalists in particular, being, I flatter myself, well known, the receipt of this communication will doubtless cause you much surprise. The fact that I am addressing you is yet another proof that the Service is rapidly going to—well, you can supply the rest.

Sir, I consider all this talk about recruiting utter nonsense—nay, I will go further, and call it rank rubbish. You may possibly imagine that you have discovered a double meaning in the word "rank." You will be wrong. Had you served in the regiment I had the honour to command in 1824, you would know that I never joke.

Now, Sir, take my word for it, we don't go the right way to work to get recruits. People seem to forget that His Grace the late Duke of WELLINGTON won all his victories with Brown Bess and the leather collar. Let it be well known that we have returned to the old institutions (I hate the word, but I can find no better one for the expression of my meaning), and men will flock into the ranks like sheep. Let us go back to the glorious days of 1815, let us give up the new-fangled notions now in fashion about "arms of precision" and the rest of it, and all may yet be well. Above all, let us restore flogging and the branding-irons—the men like them, for they give a tone to the system,—and the Service may still be saved.

Now that I am pen in hand, I could write much more on this subject, as I have the interests of my country very deeply at heart. Unfortunately, I have to break off at this point, as the Club waiter informs me that he has just secured for me my favourite table near the fireplace in the Coffee-room. The soup is served, and should never be eaten cold. Moreover, I should mortally offend our *Chef* if I treated his dishes without that respect they so eminently deserve.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

SEBASTIAN PIPECLAY, *Major-General.*

To the Editor.

*Offices of the Benevolent
Lambs Association.*

DEAR SIR,

OF course we can get recruits if we treat our soldiers with kindness. Surely there are several cruelties which might be easily removed, if the Horse Guards would only be charitable. For instance, why should uniform be insisted upon, when civilian clothing is so much more comfortable? Why make our soldiers carry a heavy gun which they will never use, when a light walking-stick would be so far more serviceable? Why give them rations of coarse mutton



ODD AND EVEN.

Mr. Muff (to his Keeper). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE FIRST SEASON YOU WERE WITH ME THERE WERE NO FOXES; THE SECOND THERE WERE NO PHEASANTS; AND THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER."

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, I NEVER SHOT NO FOXES, AND YOU NEVER HIT NO PHEASANTS; SO WE AIN'T NEITHER ON US ANSWER-ABLE, AS I CAN SEE."

and coarser beef, when made-dishes can be obtained at every respectable pastry-cook's in town or country? Why ask them to salute their officers, when they have never been introduced to those gentlemen except officially or on parade?

I might add to the above list a thousand other questions, were I not a little pressed for time this morning. As a Member of the Committee of Benevolent Lambs, it is my duty to see that the Vagrant Act is put in force. A number of widows have been summoned by the Association to meet the Metropolitan Police-Magistrates. The Association has determined upon putting down poverty with the strong arm of the law.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Town-Hall, Mudborough.

Not get recruits! Nonsense, Sir, nonsense! The authorities don't know how to deal with the men. The Army should be handed over to the Vestries. Why, the matter is the simplest in the world, as I will quickly show you. When I tell you that I have been in the Wholesale Potato line for the last twenty years, you will be forced to admit that I can speak with authority upon the subject of our National Defences.

What do we want? Why, Efficiency combined with Economy. You understand, Sir, Efficiency combined with Economy. All you have to do is to amalgamate the Militia with the Volunteers, and turn both Forces into the Regular Army. The rate of wages for the whole should be the same as that now paid to the Volunteers. Do you see, Sir. The plan is simple—very simple. When this reform has been made, let the men do a fair day's work. I am sure that five-sixths of our soldiers idle away their time in the pursuit of the most frivolous amusements. Give them something to do, Sir—the nobler and more elevating the duty the better. For instance, why not post sentries at the doors of every Town Hall in the King-

dom? Then teach them to pay proper respect to the Municipal Authorities—to salute every Vestryman as if he were a Field Officer. I may add that I have spoken to all my colleagues in Mudborough, and they agree with every word I have written.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A BRITISH VESTRYMAN.

To the Editor.

SIR,

Tudor's Folly.

Of course the Army is not popular, and never will be until the men are taught to take a proper pride in their profession. Furnish the barrack-rooms after the fashion of the Middle Ages, and restore the old English long-bow—that most efficient of all weapons. We want more Art-culture and less drill.

Yours obediently,

RUSKIN INIGO JONES.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Albany.

I AM sure that the lower classes would flock into the Army if they only knew how cheap it was. My brother is in the Service, and he tells me that a fellow can get a shirt for about three shillings from the Quarter-Master. Now, I never knew a fellow who gave less than ten guineas a dozen for his shirts. Surely that sounds well. Eh?

Yours faithfully,

A PRACTICAL ECONOMIST.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Foundry.

WE want men, not theories. Abolish all the laws preserving liberty to the subject, and make everybody (with the exception of the rifle manufacturers) into soldiers.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A RIFLE MANUFACTURER.

To the Editor.

SIR, PLEASE yer honour, I sees by the newspapers the sodjers ought to be marked, or else they deserts, and the Lord High General is stuck hard and fast for a move. Why don't he pick up a wrinkle from the young gem'men aboard a man-o'-war, and cut the broad arrow on the tips of their noses?

In case they serves all alike, they ought to tatto us blue-jackets' noses blue, and the red-coats' red, 'cus I don't want to be mistook for a sodjer.

Your 'umble servant, to command,
OLD SALT.

To the Editor.

SIR, *The Weeping Willows.*

It is a most satisfactory sign of the times that men refuse to become soldiers. Is it not a proof of the near approach of the coming Millennium? But can we not make even the desire to enlist punishable? The crime might be classed with highway robbery.

Yours, with much respect,
A MEMBER OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

To the Editor.

SIR, *London (near Dublin).*

THE whole 'system of recruiting is utterly bad. We begin at the wrong end. Let me sum up the matter for you. See here, now, we don't want raw, inexperienced recruits, but seasoned warriors. They are easily secured. In future, let all men taken into the ranks (without exception) be old men who have served in the army for twenty years. By a rigid observance of this rule, we may expect to have, a century hence, a really efficient Army. I am convinced that I am right.

Yours, with a thorough knowledge
of the subject,

A GENTLEMAN FROM IRELAND.

A NUT FOR GRAMMARIANS.

WE extract the following from a recent advertisement column of *The Irish Times* :—

THE LADY who sat behind a blind man who spoke to her concerning her soul, at the four o'clock service in the Exhibition Palace, on Sunday last, will please leave the green figured silk umbrella she took in mistake from the lady she kindly lent her hymn-book to, at Mr. WILLIAM PRESCOTT'S dyeing establishment, 8, Lower Abbey Street, where she will get her own.

There is some difficulty in exactly explaining, from this little narrative, how the facts stand as between the blind man, the lady's soul, the green figured silk umbrella, the loan of the hymn-book and Mr. WILLIAM PRESCOTT'S dyeing establishment. The whole involves a confusion not only of *nomen* and *num*, but of a large number of other pronouns, to say nothing of adjective and substantive, relative and antecedent, which may, in fact, make of the extract a useful exercise in grammar for the more advanced classes at our schools and colleges. As such we print it.

DOWN IN THE EAST.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works has authority to alter the names of the streets within its jurisdiction. It is suggested that, as the chief distinction of Worship Street is its Police Court, "Your Worship Street" would be a more appropriate designation.



COOKIANA.

Engaging, and nearly engaged Cook. "AND NOW, MA'AM, MAY I ASK HOW MANY SERVANTS YOU KEEP BESIDES MYSELF, IF I COME?" *Lady.* "ONLY TWO!"

Cook. "AH! THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST DECLINE! THE FACT IS, I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT MY RUBBER OF AN EVENING!"

Dog v. Kerr.

At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, MR. COMMISSIONER KERR made some strong observations on "the disreputable practice of counsel who were instructed in cases handing their briefs over to others who knew nothing of the facts, after pocketing enormous fees from their clients. He believed, if he had his own way in that Court for three or four months, he should be able to put things in something like order." If this belief of His Honour be well founded, we can only regret that, as every dog has his day, the same does not hold of every Kerr.

Awkward.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—A FISH OUT OF WATER * * * MR. IRVING IN THE PART OF HAMLET.

THIS announcement meets the eye upon every hoarding in London. MR. BATEMAN would do well to change the name of the farce which precedes MR. IRVING'S great dramatic effort.



THE TRIALS OF A DISTRICT VISITOR.

The Honourable Miss Fustuz (log.). "IS MRS. HIGGINS WITHIN?"

Mrs. Tomkins. "I'LL CALL 'ER, M'UM." (*At the top of her voice.*) "MRS. 'IG—GINS! ERE'S THE PERSON WITH THE TRAC'S!"
(*To the Honourable Miss.*) "THE LADY WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY, M'UM!"

DOGMATISTS ON DOGMAS.

In a pastoral relative to the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast, and the addresses of PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, CARDINAL CULLEN and his subordinate Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland instruct the Faithful and the Public that:—

"Enlightened by the teachings of the Church, the Catholic may view in peace, and even with delight, the progress of science. If he hears of a contradiction between science and religion, it will soon be found only an appearance of contradiction; or if a contradiction really exists, it will be found that the boasted discovery which creates it is but an ephemeral theory, and not the truth; or if its truth be beyond gainsay, and the contradiction plain, then the doctrine with which it is in conflict will be found to be but a theological opinion and not a dogma; or if it be a dogma, it has been misunderstood or not explained according to the mind of the Church."

So it seems that a doctrine which, under the name of a dogma, has always passed for true, may ultimately prove false. Or a dogma heretofore stated in one form of words may by-and-by have to be restated in another. The dogmatist who, shall have survived these changes will be fit to go about singing, like the Dutchman in the burlesque:—

"O where and O where is my Pet Dogma gone?
O where and O where is he?
With his facts proved false, and his terms proved wrong,
O where O where can he be?"

Could not DR. CULLEN and his co-dogmatists publish, on authority, a Syllabus of the dogmas which may after all turn out to be mere opinions, or may sooner or later have to be modified? If this were done, perhaps it would warrant the expectation that, after all, there may be found to be not very much dogmatic difference between DR. CULLEN and DR. CUMMING. If Theology goes on caving in to Science as occasion may require, Theology—even CULLEN'S Theology—will doubtless become pretty well reconciled to Science in the end. The only point on which philosophers and dogmatists will then be

at variance will be the necessity of submission to dogmatic authority for the time being. In the meanwhile, are all dogmas whatsoever, current as such, to be indiscriminately believed, under pain of excommunication?

THE FINE OLD RAILWAY PASSENGER.

(*Air—Obvious.*)

I'LL sing you a brand new song of the melancholy fate
Of a fine Old Railway Passenger, of limited estate,
Who always liked to travel at the intermediate rate,
And tipped the porter to reserve the seat in which he sate,
Like a fine Old Railway Passenger,
One of the Second Class.

His brow so bold was snugly sheathed in a cosy sealskin cap,
And he had a rug to case his knees when'er he took a nap,
And he looked as if for all the world he didn't care a rap,
With his hands, in town-sewed dogskins, reposing in his lap,
Like a fine Old Railway Passenger,
One of the Second Class.

But all at length must bend to fate, whatever may betide,
And the "Midland," which he travels by, a novel scheme have tried;
So henceforth now by "First" or "Third" this good old man
must ride,
Which will involve a struggle 'twixt the pocket and the pride
Of this fine Old Railway Passenger,
Late of the Second Class.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

ON the first day of Term MRS. MALAPROP went to Westminster, to witness the opening of the Courts. Having so often heard of the puny judges, she was agreeably surprised at their size.



"IO BACCHE!"

Jeames. "MORNIN', MR. JARVICE. WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

Mr. J. (the old Coachman). "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THE BEST BIT O' NEWS THIS MORNING AS I'VE 'EARD FOR MANY A DAY, FROM OUR BUTLER. HE TELL ME THE WIN'YARDS IS 'A COMIN' ROUND,' AND THERE'S EVERY PROSPE' OF OUR GETTIN' SOME MORE GOOD MADEIRY!"

OUR MAYORS.

FAITHFUL to a time-honoured custom, we seize the earliest possible moment after the ninth, the day which decides the destinies of the Municipalities for another year, to pass under review the roll of new Mayors:—

The Lord Mayor of London is Stone, the Mayor of Glossop Wood. Manchester is ruled by a King, Beccles by its Masters, Preston is content with a Fryer, but Colchester is so steadfast to a Bishop as to elect him for the sixth time. A Chamberlain and a Chevallier are again supreme at Birmingham and Ipswich, and Margate has elected a Reeve—and yet he is not a Boroughreeve, but as much a Mayor as the rest of his brethren.

The Mayor of Bath is a Paynter, of Newcastle on Tyne a Potter, of Wisbeach a Mason, of Monmouth a Baker, of South Molton a Tanner, of Barnsley a Carter, of Barnstaple a Harper, of Lichfield a Coxon, and of Canterbury a Wright.

They have a Brooke at Batley, a Lake at Gravesend, a Firth at Dewsbury and Sheffield, a Marsh at Kingston, a Moore at Plymouth, and Wells at Hull.

There is a Hurst at Bedford, a Croft at Lymington and Richmond, a Freshfield at Godmanchester and a Crossley at Halifax, a Platt at Sudbury, a Thorpe at Hastings, and Hills at Helston and Yeovil.

Bootle possesses Barnes, Peterborough Gates, Sunderland Potts, Middlesborough a Bell, Ryde a Barrow, and Hanley a Cartledge.

Thomas at Bristol, Edwards at Longton and Wolverhampton, Richards at Falmouth, Lewis at Carnarvon, Adamson at Tynemouth, and Levy at the two cathedral cities, Rochester and Worcester.

If the Mayor of Boston is Small, the Mayor of Conway is Bulkeley; if he is Brown at Deal, he is White at Shrewsbury; if a New-man at St. Ives, a Norman at Devonport; and if there is a Welchman at Poole, at Rochdale there is a Tweedale.

It will be no surprise to the thousands who embark and disembark at the flourishing port of Southampton to be told that its Mayor is

"THE BEATING OF MY OWN WIFE."

ARR—"The beating of my own Heart."

I'd melted all my wages,
Ere of beer I had my fill,
For a bob I asked the Missus
—There's a way where there's a will.
She refused, I took the poker,
The neighbours never stirred,
For the beating of my own wife
Was the only sound they heard.

A sneak blowed to the Crushers,
I was lugged afore the Beak—
But I know'd that it was nothing:
The old gal had her squeak:
They fined me forty shillings,
I paid it like a bird,
And the beating of my own wife,
Perhaps, that night was heard.

But rights is rights no longer;
Cross swears he'll eat his hat,
Or jolly dogs, as wops their gals,
Shall suffer from the Cat.
If that brutal measure passes,
Take WILLIAM SIKES his word,
That the beating of his own wife
Will not again be heard.

Tithes!

OUR friend, the REV. ADAM MANYBAIRN, who, with that wise defiance of MALTHUS which belongs to the clerical intellect, has just christened his ninth child, tells everybody that the next shall be called "DECIMUS" or "DECIMA," according to sex, and given freely to the public. He thinks this a proper way of showing his gratitude for the tithes he once received in kind, and still receives per commutation.

Mr. Punch agrees. A Church that would appropriate a tithe of all children born, and educate them on the right principle, would soon raise the nation to a higher level.

CAPE AND COPE.—There is a certain tribe of African Natives bearing a name which may be thought applicable also to a tribe of sacerdotal fetish worshippers nearer home—the Boshmen.

a Passenger. We hope the citizens of Oxford have got the Round man in the round hole, and that the inhabitants of Newport (Isle of Wight) will not be catechised by their Pinnock. Newark has —can you guess?—a good Riddell; Pwllheli no ordinary Jones, but a Picton; and, lastly, there is a Rodd at Penzance, Cutts at East Retford, Payn at Faversham, and Death at Cambridge.

A GLOSSARY TO RAILWAY PHRASES.

"THE Passengers were severely shaken." Hundreds of people barely escaped with their lives.

"No Casualty is reported." The Representatives of the Press not having as yet arrived on the spot where the accident took place.

"The Accident was not serious." Only half a dozen railway officials killed and wounded.

"The Accident was caused by unavoidable circumstances." New words for gross carelessness and reckless stupidity.

"The Express was despatched at its usual hour." The Train was hurriedly started off forty minutes late.

"The Pointsman was at his post." And had been there for the last eighteen hours.

"The Accident is much to be regretted." A vision of Passengers obtaining heavy damages, awarded them by sympathetic Juries of their countrymen.

"The Alteration, recommended at the Inquest, was on the point of being made at the very time that the Accident happened." The danger, although fully appreciated for years, had been considered unworthy of the expense that its removal would entail, until a public exposure rendered the outlay necessary.

"Hasty Legislation is to be deprecated." As the Directors have no wish to render themselves liable to be tried for Manslaughter.

"An Accident of this character is not likely to happen again." Until the next time!

IN 1880—LAW!

Dedicated to the Philanthropic Party, as a Prophecy of what it will come to.



ANSION HOUSE.

JOHN SMITH, 45, a powerful-looking costermonger, was charged before MR. ALDERMAN JONES (who took his seat on the Bench for the first time as the representative of the new Bayswater Ward) with beating and kicking his wife.

Policeman X deposed that the facts of the case were of the customary character. The Prisoner took the kitchen poker, and broke it over his wife's head. He nearly killed her. She would not be called as a witness, as she had to answer on her own account. Moreover, he (the witness) had seen the assault, and had taken the Prisoner into custody the moment that the property of the landlord was in jeopardy.

The Alderman complimented Policeman X upon the moderation of his conduct, and ordered that he should be paid £2 out of the Poor-box.

The Prisoner declared that his wife was very aggravating. She would waste all her time in looking after the children.

The Alderman. Well, well, I daresay there were faults on both sides. I shall dismiss the summons. You can go.

Policeman X. I beg your pardon, your Worship, but there is a second case against the prisoner. He is charged with breaking the kitchen poker—the property of his landlord.

The Alderman. Ah, this is a far more serious matter. Well, what have you to say to this case, Prisoner?

The Prisoner. I plead guilty, your Majesty. Don't send me for trial, but deal with it at once.

The Alderman. Very well. As this is the first time you have been before me, I shall pass a very mild sentence. The New Act for the Better Protection of Property allows me to award greater punishments than were permissible a few years since. Accordingly, I order that you be kept in penal servitude for five years.

The Prisoner was then removed, loudly expressing his satisfaction at the unusual mildness of the sentence.

SUSAN SMITH, 53, wife of the last prisoner, was charged with neglecting to send her children to school.

The authorities were represented by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. The Prisoner was undefended.

It was proved that three children of the Prisoner had been to school only twelve times in a fortnight.

The Alderman. This is a very bad case—the worst I remember for many, many years. What have you to say for yourself?

The Prisoner (crying). Please, Sir, the children are very ill. The Doctor says they are dying.

The Alderman. The Act under which I am dealing with you, has nothing to do with that. However, if you have a doctor's certificate, you had better produce it.

The Prisoner. A doctor's certificate! What's that, Sir?

The Attorney-General. Don't waste time. Whatever it is, you haven't got it?

The Prisoner. No, Sir.

The Attorney-General. I must ask for the heaviest punishment in this case, your Worship.

The Alderman. Certainly, Mr. Attorney. But really the poor creature seems to know nothing about it.

The Attorney-General. Her ignorance is shared by several of the Magistrates, your Worship. (*A laugh.*) I need scarcely remind your Worship that the New Educational Act does not profess to teach law to adults, but merely claims the right of instructing the children of the poor (at certain charges) in the arts of speaking French and Russian, painting on velvet, and playing upon the harp. (*A laugh.*) Really time was pressing. He (the ATTORNEY-GENERAL) and his learned friend and colleague (the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) had to get through a large number of cases before the Court rose. They had been instructed to prosecute 43 Married Women and not less than 1,575 Widows for disobeying the commands of the School-Boards. That was surely a hard day's work to get through, even when there were lawyers in the case. (*Laughter.*)

The Alderman (to Prisoner). Have you anything to say?

The Prisoner. I am a hard-working woman, Sir, and I have supported my children for the last ten years. If I am taken from them, they will have to go on the parish, as they won't allow them to remain at the school if the fees are not paid.

The Attorney-General. They will have to go to the parish, eh? Well, that will be a bad thing for the ratepayers, but it cannot be helped. (*A laugh.*) May I beg your Worship to settle the case?

The Alderman. Certainly. The new Act empowers me to sentence you to ten years' penal servitude. (*To Clerk.*) Ten years' penal servitude. Have her children sent to the Union, and—h'm! call the next case.

“ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.”

FRAGMENT THE EIGHTH.

BLATHERWICK, C.B.

I AM sure that MADAME PICHOU and JEWL must have thought me very bad company that night, as we walked home from the Cathedral, for I couldn't find a word to say to either of them. MADAME PICHOU didn't so much mind, for she liked to hear the rattle of her own tongue too well to care much about the sound of mine, and so she chatted on much as usual; but JEWL, who always expected me to talk, while he smoked, kept looking so wistfully at me, as if he wondered what had happened to his *bonne pâte de femme*, that my soft heart quite bled for him. But I couldn't talk for all that. I kept wondering how it was that JOHN came to be in France, and asking myself what had become of MARY and the greengrocer's shop, for it was quite plain that he wasn't married, and at first I was quite frightened to think what would happen if he were to meet me and JEWL, when we were out walking. But, after a little while, I fancied I shouldn't so much mind that, for I recollected that JOHN was always one to want what he thought he couldn't get. It was MARY's talk about her Cousin JEREMIAH that first made JOHN take up with her. Who knows, I thought, but what his heart may turn to his BETSY again when he sees that there are others who want her? Aunt JEMIMA always used to say, “If a donkey don't take to its food, just you pretend to give it to another donkey, and you'll see he'll eat it fast enough.” Such are men! And such I hoped would be the case with JOHN, and perhaps with JEWL as well, who certainly *did* want something to make *him* speak out. Most of the time he was walking with me he used to be humming a tune, with a chorus something like this,—

“Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs!
En avant! Gaulois et Français!”

Which meant, I am told, that it was the duty of Frenchmen to go forward; but he never got any more forward for all that. So I came to the conclusion that it wouldn't be a bad thing if JOHN and JEWL were to meet, and, as it turned out, I hadn't long to wait for their meeting.

Two or three days after we were at the Cathedral, poor Miss EDITH asked me to go with her to a great fair, which was held outside the town, and lasted for sixteen days, as she wanted to buy some fairings for the children, and lay in a stock of presents to put in the stockings, that would be hung outside the bed-room doors in her father's house when Christmas Eve came.

I will say for Miss EDITH that she was a regular good one at this sort of amusement, always finding pretty presents for the little children, as would cry if they didn't get what was nice, and always giving the grown people something which they didn't ought to have but which made great fun when they got together in the morning

Just think of her putting a pair of baby's shoes and a coral into the stocking of old MISS TABITHA PINCH, who had been at school with MISS EDITH's mother, and a wedding-ring into the stocking of MAJOR HIBBS, who was first cousin to her father! Just think, too, of her persuading each that the present came from the other, so that the two old things sat simpering at each other all Christmas Day, like two doves on a bough! Well, I was always glad to help Miss EDITH in things of this sort, so I got my basket, and off we went.

The fair was held in a regular street of booths, which had been built on purpose, and was about a mile and a half or two miles long, and it certainly was a good place for Miss EDITH's business, for it had in it a good many things that people might want, and pretty nearly everything that they couldn't possibly want at all. What struck me most was that all the things in the booths, even when they were quite different, were called "*Au Choix*." Some of the *au choix* were sold at two sous, and some at a franc, and some at a franc and a half a piece, but they were all called "*Au Choix*."

MISS EDITH was so busy with her shopping, and I was so busy packing what she bought into the basket, that I didn't find time to ask her what this meant; but at last she got all her shopping done, and then she walked along to amuse herself by looking about, and I followed with the basket.

Quite at the further end of the fair we came to a queer sort of carriage, which looked as if it had been made out of different parts of a cab, an omnibus, and a stage-coach. It was very gaily painted, and had all sorts of placards hanging on it. There was a flag on the top, and, on what ought to have been the coach-box, was a man dressed something like a Clown in a pantomime, who was talking to the crowd, whenever he wasn't blowing a trumpet.

As soon as MISS EDITH saw it, she said, "O, here's an old diligence! I will go and see what they're doing with it." When we got up to it, and she had looked at it a little while, she said that it had been one of the old stage-coaches of France, but that now it belonged to a quack doctor and tooth-drawer, who was called the SIGNOR PIETRO GALLICI, and who went about the country in it. The Signor was inside in the back part of the coach, attending to the people who came to have their teeth drawn, and the man on the box was his servant, who was blowing a trumpet to attract attention, and telling all the people what a clever man his master was. MISS EDITH wrote down for me, afterwards, what the servant said, and it was something like this:—

"*Entrez, Messieurs! Entrez, Mesdames! Entrez tout de suite. Le grand Médecin, l'illustre GALLICI, est chez lui. Il garantit une guérison complète, en trois jours, des maladies les plus rebelles, sans interrompre les occupations. Il rend le printemps à la peau et aux cheveux. Il est aussi le plus fort recommandeur des dents dans l'univers. Il a arraché ces maudites molaires de toutes les têtes couronnées de l'Europe. Il vous arrachera la dent la plus obstinée et malencontreuse pour cinquante centimes. Entrez, Messieurs et Mesdames! Entrez tout de suite. Pour cinquante centimes! Pour cinquante centimes! C'est une bénédiction, Mesdames. Entrez!*"

All this, I believe, meant that his master would draw a tooth for half a franc.

Just as the man on the coach-box had done blowing his master's trumpet, for a few minutes, and was blowing his own to attract fresh people, I heard somebody say, in a thick fat voice, behind me, "Of course, of course! He's got the right principle—the grand principle of appealing to the millions!—the principle which Mr. GLADSTONE is laying down for the Railway Companies! In England tooth-drawing is too expensive. It is a luxury for the rich! This man appeals to the millions—he puts his wonderful art at the service of the crowd for half a franc, and see how they flock to him!"

I might have known before I turned round that the fat voice could only come from, BLATHERWICK, C.B. Nobody else would have thought that people would have their teeth out because it was cheap. There he was, sure enough, and just behind him was JOHN. MISS EDITH turned round too, and, when she and MR. BLATHERWICK had shaken hands, he said to JOHN, "Now, JOHN, you must do to-day what you did yesterday. You must stand here for an hour *exactly*, and count the people who go in to have their teeth out, and you must make a separate counting of those who came yesterday and come again to-day! If you do this for a week, we shall be able to get the average for a year, and then, by comparing the population of this town with the numbers counted by you, we shall be able to get the per-centage of the people in France who would be tempted to have their teeth out once or twice for half a franc. We are on the eve of a great discovery, so pray be careful!"

Then he and MISS EDITH went away, and left JOHN and me face to face with each other. JOHN lost all count of the tooth-drawing at once.

"Why, BETSY!" he said, and he came forward to shake hands.

Just then, of all the people in the world, who should come from behind a booth, but JEWEL. He came gracefully forward, touched his cap, and took my basket out of my hand. I thought I should have died with laughing as I looked at JOHN's face.

EPHING FOREST FOR EVER!



Ours be glory, commendation,
Blessings, thanks, congratulation,
London's ancient Corporation,
For a deed well done!

Shout until the
skies shall rattle,
Gog and Magog have
done battle;
Free for "common-
able" cattle
Epping Forest
won.

Under foul Enclo-
sure's banners,
'Gainst them fought
the Lords of
Manors;
Further usurpa-
tion's planners,
Heavier than
the rain

When in downpour with the thunder
It tears banks and dams asunder,
They to keep the Commons under
Tried, and tried in vain.

O Commissioners of Sewers!
Ye who sued those evil-doers,
Make, for once, that name of yours
Worthy to be sung.

Fill with wine a brimming vessel—
Here's a health to SIR GEORGE JESSEL!
Master of the Rolls, whose pestle,
In Law's mortar, brayed

All to atoms, territorial
False pretences, claims "manorial,"
Which, 'gainst "user" immemorial,
Depredators laid.

Lo, the Government of London
Doing what the State left undone,
Work that else had been by none done,
To good end doth bring;

O'er the wrongful power of riches,
In the pocket of the breeches,
Solely centred, 'gainst all hitches,
Crowneth Right as King!

DOCKYARD RATS.

A CONTEMPORARY announces "Bad News for Government Rats." The news is that the Government is about to apply the School-Board system of payment according to "results" to the situation of rat-catcher at Chatham Dockyard. Instead of receiving a regular salary, he is to be paid on the *pro rata*, or, in lower but more apposite phrase, *pro rattis* principle, at so much a head for all the rats he destroys. Is this arrangement, though, altogether so bad for the rats? It will doubtless cause the ratcatcher to keep the rats under, but can hardly make him try to exterminate them, which would be abolishing his income, like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But when those rats are gone, there may perhaps be others left which the Government reckons not of. The late Government lost votes in the dockyard boroughs through having dismissed dockyard labourers. If, as is said, the present Government have been practising the same retrenchment in the dockyards, they may apprehend the same rattling as that which helped to unseat their predecessors. Whilst endeavouring to promote the destruction of rats, they may have pursued a policy by which rats are engendered.

"THE COURT GUIDE."—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



A STATEMENT TO BE RECEIVED WITH CAUTION.

"WHO'S YOUR FRIEND ON THE PONY, JACK?" "O, ONLY BOBBY LAVENDER!"

"WHY, THAT'S THE BOY WHO GAVE YOU SUCH A 'JOLLY LICKING,' AS YOU CALL IT!"

"AH! YES; BUT THAT WAS EVER SO LONG AGO, WHEN I WAS MUCH YOUNGER, YOU KNOW, AND HE WAS JUST ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS HE IS NOW."

THE HAWARDEN WOOD-CUTTER.

ILLUSTRIOUS CHATHAM, when the gout
Vouchsafed him easy days,
Bill-hook in hand would roam about
The oaken holts of Hayes,
Enforcing Nature's wise decrees,
Here lopping, felling there,
Where outworn boles from younger trees
Usurped the light and air.

So the famed Wizard of the North,
Where border skies shone clear,
Maida at heel, would hie forth,
With staunch TOM PURDAY near,
To wander by Tweed's wimpling tide
His magic pen flung by,
And laid the minstrel's harp aside,
The Woodman's axe to ply.

Then why should GLADSTONE prompt the joke,
In Hawarden's forced leisure,
If to the axe's swing and stroke
He fly for health and pleasure?
And for the Senate's care, and coil
Of tangled legislation,
Find in the woodman's honest toil
A wholesome recreation:

Proving that he, too, serves the State
Whose bill put to good use is,
On over-growth, for estimate,
Old trees, for old abuses.
When the stout arm that toppled down
The rotten Church of Erin,
Brings low some dead oak's staggy crown,
Room for stout saplings clearing,

What wonder if, with equal ease,
Brain and axe deal their blow,
If the same heat in felling trees
As fighting Bills he show?
If of no task or toil afraid
That can tax strength and skill,
Upon Rome's oak he turn his blade,
And smite, come what come will!

ORTHODOXY AND FACT.

OF a truth, O *Punch*, our friend PAUL CULLEN and his Bishop have made a needless admission in granting that a doctrine which has passed for a dogma may turn out to be an opinion or a statement which may have to be surrendered or modified because opposed to science. Are any dogmas of mine opposed to one another? Who-soever thinks so, without doubt he shall come to grief. That being the case, it stands to reason that no conceivable theological dogma can ever contradict, or be contradicted by any possible conclusion or discovery of science whatever. As we are compelled by ecclesiastical authority to affirm that the sun moves round the earth, so we are obliged by mathematical demonstration to confess that the earth moves round the sun. And so forth. This is the truth of the whole matter; which truth except everyone admit without hesitation, it will be the worse for him.

I give you my name in confidence, not for publication; suffice it, as I know it will P. C., to set a mark on the foregoing logic with my initial

Creed Lane, All Saints.

A.

Enough to Kill Anybody.

So the Cutlers' Feast, postponed from September, is appointed to take place on December 26th. People must be able to play, as well as to make, a good knife and fork at Sheffield. Elsewhere what mortals would have dreamt of holding a feast on the morrow of Christmas Day?



AN UNEXPECTED CUT.

MR. P. "GO IT, GLADSTONE! WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU CUTTING AT *THAT* TREE, YOU KNOW!"

MR. G. "ALL RIGHT, MR. PUNCH! I CHOOSE MY OWN TREES, AND MY OWN TIME!"

"Mr. Gladstone has been cutting down trees at Hawarden."—*Morning Post*.

IS THERE A BRITISH ARMY?

"Is he [the reader] under an entire delusion in imagining that a British Army already exists?"—*Times*.



Is there a British Army? Crucial question!
Always some new suggestion,
Something to keep poor dear JOHN BULL in panic,
With thought of bursts volcanic
From Europe, and our happy isle, wide-hated
From all maps of the world eradicated.
There *was* a British Army once, 'tis certain:
Fair Clio, raise thy curtain,
And show us, in thy magic mirror, who
'Conquered at Waterloo—
When England fought for truth, at fearful odds,
And the great Titan fell to other gods?
The annual grumblers might be less emphatic,
When empire Asiatic
We hold so easily, and leave no traces

Of terror 'mid the races
Who own the equal justice of their masters,
Ready to help them in their worst disasters.

Grumble, old officer! and, fluent journalist,
Therewith out cynic capers!
Whoso of England's griefs would like to learn a list,
Should read the morning papers—
Not *Mr. Punch*: his weekly task is humbler,
To cheer Old England and to check the grumbler.

THE MILITARY COOKERY-BOOK.

How to make a Recruit.—Take a raw lad from the country (the younger the better) and fill his head with military froth. Add a shilling and as much beer as will be covered by the bounty-money. Let him simmer, and serve him up thick before a Magistrate the next morning. Let him be sworn in, and he then will be nicely done.

How to make a Soldier.—Take your recruit, and thrust him roughly into a dépôt. Mix him up well with recruits from other regiments until he has lost any *esprit de corps* which may have been floating upon the surface when he enlisted. Now let him lie idle for a few years until his strength is exhausted, and then, at ten minutes' notice, pack him off to India.

Another Method.—Take your recruit, and place him at headquarters. Let him mix freely with all the bad characters that have been carefully kept in the regiment, until his nature has become assimilated to theirs. For three years pay him rather less than a ploughboy's wages, and make him work rather harder than a costermonger's donkey. Your soldier having now reached perfection, you will turn him out of the Service with Economical Dressing.

How to make a Deserter.—A very simple and popular dish. Take a soldier, see that he is perfectly free from any mark by which he may be identified, and fill his head with grievances. Now add a little opportunity, and you have, or, rather, you have not, your deserter.

Another and Simpler Method.—Take a recruit, without inquiring into his antecedents. Give him his kit and bounty-money and close your eyes. The same recruit may be used for this dish (which will be found to be a fine military hash) any number of times.

How to make an Army.—Take a few scores of Infantry Regiments and carefully proceed to under-man them. Add some troopers without horses and some batteries without guns. Throw in a number of unattached Generals, and serve up the whole with a plentiful supply of Control mixture.

Another and Easier Method.—Get a little ink, a pen, and a sheet of paper. Now dip your pen in the ink, and with it trace figures upon your sheet of paper. The accompaniment to this dish is usually hot water.

How to make a Panic.—Take one or two influential newspapers in the dead season of the year, and fill them with smartly written

letters. Add a few pointed leading articles, and pull your Army into pieces. Let the whole simmer until the opening of Parliament. This once popular mess is now found to be rather insipid, unless it is produced nicely garnished with plenty of Continental sauce, mixed with just an idea of Invasion relish. With these zests, however, it is always found to be toothsome, although extremely expensive.

HABITS OF EMINENT MEN.

SAID SIR JOHN LUBBOCK the other day, at Birmingham, in an address to the students of the Midland Institute:—

"WOLF, the great scholar, is reported as having sat up most of the night reading, with his feet in a tub of cold water to keep him awake, and one of his eyes bound up to rest, while he read with the other."

For the encouragement of students, we append some further rumours of the habits of great thinkers which happen to have reached us.

ARAGO was of such a drowsy disposition that, to keep him wide awake while pursuing his researches, his wife was forced to pull his whiskers once in every half-hour, besides playing the piano with all her might and main when she saw him nodding.

It is probable that CICERO would never have been famous, but for his habit when a boy of spouting scraps of speeches to his school-fellows from the newspapers of the period.

Most people are aware that MR. YOUNG composed his *Night Thoughts* in the broadest of broad daylight; but it may be news to some few of our Literary Institutes, that the poem upon *Solitude* was written by MR. ZIMMERMANN, in the intervals of business as a banker in the City.

A doubt has recently arisen in some intellectual minds, as to whether LOCKE was really in his usual sober senses when he penned his famous work upon the *Understanding*.

We learn from private papers in the hands of his descendants, that the Author of *Gulliver's Travels* was an exceedingly slow writer, although his name was SWIFT.

It may perhaps be interesting to students of their works to hear that, when composing, HOMER wore an eye-glass and SOPHOCLES a wig.

A King writes with his sceptre, as every schoolboy knows; but some scholars may be ignorant that an ordinary goosequill was the usual writing implement employed by KING CANUTE.

ROUSSEAU is reported to have written his *Confessions* in red ink, but the reason why he did so has never been discovered.

The facts, if not important in a scientific point of view, at least are highly interesting as matters of biography, that HERSCHEL wore top-boots while sitting at his telescope, and that SIR ISAAC NEWTON, when he went into his study, always put on a Court suit.

We believe that we may state without much fear of contradiction, that CÆSAR wrote so bad a hand that nobody except his wife could manage to decipher it; and if it had not been for her untiring industry in fair-copying his scrawls, the world would probably have lost his now world-celebrated work.

It is well known that the author of the *Castle of Indolence* was an extremely active man, yet few who read the poem would guess from its contents that it was principally written on the back of a velocipede, while the poet was performing a journey for a wager from Penzance to Piccadilly.

PLATO is reported to have used a peacock's feather while penning his *Republic*; and there is strong internal evidence in proof of the assertion that the Tragedies of SOPHOCLES were written mostly in his cups.

DEFOE composed his *History of the Great Plague of London* to the appropriate accompaniment of the grinding of a barrel-organ.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—not the Emperor, but the POPE—was commonly in the habit of writing in bed, beginning his work generally a little after midnight, at which hour he always dined. To facilitate the flow of his poetical ideas, a bottle of hot gin and water, covered carefully with flannel, was placed beneath his feet, and, as it was usually found empty in the morning, there seems reason to conceive that now and then the poet raised it to his lips.

Another celebrated ALEXANDER—the world-renowned DUMAS, while in the zenith of his fame, and in order to fulfil his engagements with the publishers, used frequently to write with a pen in either hand and one tied to his big toe.

MILTON often smoked a pipe while writing *Paradise Regained*, and DANTE daily burned a little brimstone in a brazier at his side, to aid his inspiration while composing the *Inferno*.

VOITATRE and DR. WATTS, though widely differing in character, were in some respects alike. They both were quick in rhyming, and fond of taking snuff: the former daintily inhaling it in frequent tiny pinches from a tortoiseshell *tabatière*, the latter carrying it loose in the tail pockets of his coat.

NEW WORK.—*H-Dropping*. By the Author of *Bee-Keeping*.



TRUE LOVE.

Fond Wife. "JOHN, DEAR, BE SURE AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON RAILWAY ASSURANCE TICKETS."

Husband (a Commercial Man). "WHY, MY LOVE?"

Fond Wife. "BECAUSE YOU ARE NEVER LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE IN A COLLISION!"

A WORD FOR WINCHESTER.

THE sanitary state of Winchester has been called in question by a letter-writer in the *Times*, affirming the City to be unprovided with sewers. In reply, the Mayor states that the sewerage is under the consideration of the Town Council. Whilst the sewerage is debated, the pestilence may be bred. But, if Winchester wants sewerage, Southampton does not want sewage; and Winchester might have been so drained as to send that superfluity to Southampton. Southampton derives its water-supply from the Itchen. At any rate, as *Fluellen* would say, "there is trouts," in the Itchen—and, by the way, "there is salmons" too, the Wood Mill "salmons" (cost half-a-crown a pound on the spot), which Southampton gets from the Itchen, but would not get if it got what Winchester might have sent it.

If Winchester has no sewers, it sends the Itchen no tributaries to poison the fish, and render it unfit for anything but to irrigate the adjoining water-meadows. Winchester happens to be ventilated with particularly good air, which, sweeping it from over the surrounding chalk downs, very largely dilutes the mephitic exhaled by its undeniable cesspools. So much in extenuation of Winchester's deficient drainage. But, observe, there stands a monument at Winchester to commemorate a certain plague by which Winchester was ravaged once upon a time, when it had nothing like its present population. Stop, Traveller, and survey this memorial, situated just outside the Westgate, hard by the Railway Station. Stop, rather, Gentlemen of the Winchester Town Council, strolling without your Westgate, and perpend the legend inscribed on the neighbouring *Mementote*, which records the ravage of the plague in 1666. Consider if the event which it records may not, in case you take too much time to discuss "CAPTAIN LIEBNER'S system of pneumatic sewerage," possibly, in the meanwhile, repeat itself.

WOLF!

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, whom every one knows, Since he treads upon HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD'S toes, And declares that the *Iliad*'s no better nor worse Than an astronomical lesson in verse, Is now of opinion the founders of Rome Might once in a wolf's den have been at home.

Those mythical sons of mythical Mars, Who broke at a bound through honesty's bars, And hounding together men thievish and vile, Raised a City that ruled the world awhile, Were wolves of a kind; but 'tis hard to think Real wolf's milk was their favourite drink.

One thing MAX MÜLLER may show, if he will, That the wolfish nature goes down-hill, That, whate'er the successes at first of the strain are, From *lupus* and *lupa* comes *lupanar*, That there's nothing more vile between earth and sky Than *fæx*, though it be *fæx Romuli*.

THE WISE MEN OF PETERBOROUGH.

PETERBOROUGH seems likely to become as proverbial for wisdom as Gotham was. Witness this extract from a morning paper:—

"COMPREHENSIVE.—DR. KENEALY was present last night at a meeting at Peterborough, at which petitions to the House of Commons were adopted, praying for the removal from the Bench of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, MR. JUSTICE MELLOR, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH, the immediate release of the Claimant, and the abolition of Gray's Inn."

There is reason to suppose that the petitions for the above specified objects will have been signed by at least half of the Peterborough electors. Ought Peterborough to send two Members to Parliament when Colney Hatch does not contribute one? The promoters of an idiotic petition ought not all, perhaps, to be confounded with those who sign it. Some of them might desire to get credit for being irresponsible. Actions and language supposed to have resulted from delusion are acquitted of villany.

CALLING NAMES.—The Supreme Pontiff has called the writer of the Pamphlet a "Viper." If such a being as a Cockney Pope were possible, we could imagine him denouncing MR. GLADSTONE as a pen-"wiper."

INFALLIBLE INVECTIVE.

THE speeches of His Holiness the POPE abound, for the humorist, in a charm which they share with the writings of WILLIAM COBBETT. It does one's own heart good to read the hearty abuse with which COBBETT continually loads his enemies; that is to say, everybody who opposed, contradicted, or displeased him. An effect equally cordial and cheering is derived from the parallel passages of such frequent occurrence in the allocutions and other occasional discourses of PIUS THE NINTH. The *Daily News* states that in addressing a number of English Catholics, whom he had admitted to an audience the other day, the POPE said, with reference to GLADSTONE'S pamphlet:—

"A former Minister of your Country, whom I had believed rather moderate, and who, to say the truth, had never while in office manifested arrogance or violence towards the Catholic Church, intoxicated by the proceedings of another Minister in another State, has suddenly come forward like a viper, assailing the barque of St. Peter. I have not read the book, and I have no desire to read blasphemies, but from what I understand, the Minister, whom they call Liberal, flatters the Catholics of that nation, and leads them to believe that I wish those subjects to become disloyal to their Sovereign and the laws of their country."

He has not read MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet, and yet he declares him to have "suddenly come forward" in it "like a viper." It is difficult to say whether the simile or the admission immediately coupled with it is the more like WILLIAM COBBETT. Surely His Holiness must have been lately solacing himself with COBBETT'S *History of the Protestant Reformation*, and have come fresh from its perusal to harangue his English disciples, and vituperate MR. GLADSTONE. However, the Holy Father's bark is a great deal worse than his bite, or rather perhaps it is all bark and no bite, and doubtless the bark is as honest a bark as any watch-dog's, for that matter. Long live the staunch and thorough old POPE, to bestow



A PRIZE.

"LOR', MISS, 'OW LOVELY! WHY, YOU 'LL 'AVE SOME ONE A RUNNIN' AWAY WITH YEE!!!"

"HAVE NO FEAR ON THAT SCORE, SUSAN. THE MAN WHO ASPIRES TO WIN ME MUST BE BOTH A HERO AND A GENIUS—AND SUCH MEN, ALAS! ARE RARE!"

A NIGHT WITH LAWSON.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON is fast getting "developed" into the comic orator of the United Kingdom Alliance. Addressing a meeting of the "Sheffield Auxiliary" of that body the other night, he "said that he was always willing to address meetings in dark places, and Sheffield, unfortunately, was not this year so light as it was last, inasmuch as one Member for the town steadily voted with the publicans, and the other with the public." If one of the Members for Sheffield voted with the publicans, and the other with the public, it would seem that between them they voted altogether for the public-house. The one who voted for the public may then have voted against the clause in the Licensing Act which shuts the public out of the restaurants on Sunday afternoon just during the very hours when they want to dine, and does not let them in until when, if they dine, they will be unable, with any comfort, to go to Church. If this is what SIR WILFRID meant to say, it was certainly a funny way of pleading the cause of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Is SIR WILFRID LAWSON, indeed, always "willing to address meetings in dark places"? Why, then, he has perhaps also been "developed right away," as the Yankee Spiritualists say, into a "medium" who holds forth on behalf of the Permissive Prohibitory Bill at "dark sances" under spiritual "control." By the account of the journals devoted to Spiritualism it does, in fact, appear that not a few professed Teetotalers are numbered with those people who have addicted themselves to spirits.

A SONG O' SCOTLAND.

KEN ye the news the noo come o'er
By ocean wire frae Gwallior:
The prisoner under bolted door
They hae in han'
For NANA SAHIB at Cawnpore
Is na the man?

Hech, gin that's true, a joke I spy;
To be repeated by-and-by:
When Echo answers to the cry,
O' one and a',
"Is that the Nana?"—her reply
Will be "Na-na!"

HAMLET (to be Said or Sung).—Hamlet requires only one person to play it, but it takes FAURE to sing it.

benedictions on his friends, and asperse his adversaries with invectives and opprobrious epithets which, whilst they do no harm to anybody, afford many of us just the same amusement as that which we derive from the writings of the Author of the *History of the Protestant Reformation* abovenamed, and also, be it added, from those of the original Author of that Reformation itself. PRO NONO, by his strong language, is often as delightful as MARTIN LUTHER.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having officially expressed his intention of declining to purchase any more telegraph wires, the publication of the following "denials" may be confidently expected in the course of the next few days:—

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS is about to purchase the houses in Leicester Square, with a view to offering them as lodgings to all the ex-Crowned Heads in Europe.

There is no truth in the report that the Lords of the Admiralty are in treaty with the Penny Steamboat Authorities, with a view to adding the fleet of that Company to the list of Her Majesty's Iron-clads.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA is about to purchase the Collection of Wax-Works at MADAME TUSSAUD's Exhibition, with a view to presenting it, as an equivalent for his kingdom, to His Majesty the SHAH OF PERSIA.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES has purchased the whole of the Australian Meat supply, with a view to distributing it gratuitously amongst the poor, in the hopes of encouraging emigration.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has purchased the whole of the Regent's Canal, with a view to making experiments thereon in gunpowder, petroleum, and gun-cotton.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS has purchased the International Exhibition Building, with a view to converting it (without alteration) into a suitable annexe to Hanwell.

There is no truth in the report that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE has purchased the Civil Service Stores, with a view to increasing the very small profits made by certain of the West-End tradesmen.

Lastly, there is no truth in the report that the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (assisted to the utmost by ROTHSCHILD & Co.) has purchased *Punch*, with a view to becoming the Ruler of the World. It is almost needless to add (see a history extending over thirty years) that *Punch* is only to be purchased—by the Public!

A Doubtful Gain.

THE publication of MR. GLADSTONE's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees will perhaps exempt the Right Honourable Gentleman from further letters from impertinent persons asking if it is true that he has joined the Church of Rome. He may still perhaps occasionally be requested by correspondents to inform them if he is not a Jesuit in disguise.

THE BOARDING-OUT SYSTEM.—Dining at the Club.

A COLD WATER CURE.—The Permissive Bill.



A LUXURIOUS HABIT.

Philanthropist (to Railway Porter). "THEN WHAT TIME DO YOU GET TO BED?"

Porter. "WELL, I SELDOM WHAT YER MAY CALL GETS TO BED MYSELF, 'CAUSE O' THE NIGHT TRAINS. BUT MY BROTHER, AS USED TO WORK THE PINTS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, WENT TO BED LAST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND NEVER——"

[Train rushes in, and the Parties rush off.]

EXPIRING COPYRIGHTS.

"There was once a London publisher who was described as a vulture feeding on expiring copyrights."—THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

SUCH publishers *Punch* does not want to know,
But fain he would learn, from some lawyer clever,
Why should the right in works of genius go,
While land and stocks and shares are owned for ever?

Just a few years beyond an author's life
The work he does belongs to his relations:
And then, the publishers, in venal strife,
May sell for pence the heritage of nations.

Well for the people they should cheaply read
The great work of some intellectual giant,
Who laughs at every superstitious creed,
And is of every form of cant defiant.

But, England, an ill use thou seem'st to foster
When of thy greatest men the seed thou starvest,
That dwellers in the Row of Paternoster
May from their writings reap an ample harvest.

Lords of wide manors, gained, perchance, by crime,
Leave to their children woods and fields and waters:
Why should not gold from golden song sublime
Subsistence be for poets' sons and daughters?

The Kingdom of Beer.

Is it the fact that, as SIR WILFRID LAWSON says, "Beer is King in England"? If that were true, His Majesty's subjects would be as sober as they were meant to be made when shops were licensed for beer alone to be "drunk on the premises." Surely it is not Beer but Alcohol that reigns in Gin Palaces.

BIRDS IN THE HAND.

As the popularity of *battue* shooting seems to be yearly on the increase, a new "Game Protection Bill" may be shortly expected. With a view to improving the position of the Birds (as it may be anticipated to become twelve months hence), *Mr. Punch* would propose that the following regulations should be enforced by the much-needed measure to which he has just made allusion.

1. The Birds should be allowed to leave their cages before they are made the marks of the Sportsmen.

2. No Sportsman should fire at a Bird with a gun having more than four barrels, unless he gives it (the Bird) a clear start of three yards.

3. Birds answering to pet names should be allowed to see the guns of the Sportsmen before they are fired at.

4. A Bird settling on the shoulder of a Sportsman should not be fired at until it (the Bird) rises to fly away.

N.B.—This Regulation should always be enforced, as pot shots at Birds in the above position often lead to accidents.

5. Birds should not be chained by their legs to the trees, unless they (the Birds) are very wild, and show a decided disposition to fly away.

6. Lastly, to distinguish *battue* from other shooting, those who take part in it should be known in future as Poulterers instead of Sportsmen.

A Caution.

WE are Giants at present, and quite big enough,
But take care how you stretch us—we ain't werry tough;
And stretching *might* p'raps bring to light some weak p'int in us,
Or, we both on us think, might p'raps lame every j'int in us.

GOG AND MAGOG.

THE BAR SINISTER.—Temple Bar.

A BUMPIN ON BOOTS.



NE day when a gwinn
'bout 'varmin pur-
boots,
I tells my old
'ooman to bring
my new boots.
She fetches 'um,
soaked well wi
beeswax and
grease;
And says, "What
a heft! They be
six pound a-
piece."

"Well, 'ees, they
be weighty, wi'
all that there deal
Of hobnaails and
iron on tip, sole,
and heel.
But so's the land
too, Dame; the
clods and the
clay,
The chalk and the
gravel's as heavy
as they."

I got the boots on
wi' a little to-do.

And I thought, as I watched her a lace'n 'um to,
There's my wife; there's my boots. What a pictur' to see!
How them folks in the North Country differs from we!

Our boots only crushes the soil and the stones;
We never employs 'um to break women's bones.
We wears 'um as chaps that leads clodhoppun' lives,
But ne'er for the purpus o' kickun our wives.

A husband they helps o'er the fallows to stride.
They don't never sarve 'un to stamp on his bride.
I won't say but what we got faults of our own;
But in these here parts that there offence is unknown.

A pair, now and then, leads a cat and dog life,
And there med be quarrels 'twixt husband and wife;
But when they for fightun ha' got a bad name,
The neighbours wi' "skimmerton" puts 'um to shame.

'Tis true that the labourers' wages, down here,
Wun't run to a no gurt allowance o' beer;
Not to spake o' sitch liquors as that there champagne,
Which old gooseberry plays wi' your wife-beater's brain.

"Old 'ooman, good-b'ye," to the Missus I said,
And printun' the ground at each step wi' my tread,
I thought, whilst a stalkun athurt yonder downs,
Our strong boots at laste ben't no shame to we clowns.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE NINTH.

"Tripe à la Mode de Caen."

"WELL, BETSY!" said JOHN, after he had looked JEWEL all over from head to foot, which didn't take him long. "Well, BETSY, perhaps you'll tell me who this little feller is that have got hold of your basket. If you want any one to carry your basket, why don't you have one of them little portoses? There's monstrous pretty girls among them little portoses, and I often get 'em to carry old BLATHERWICK'S basket for me." And he grinned and smirked, like a great silly as he always was.

"JOHN," I said, "you shouldn't say 'portoses'; you should say 'portos'; and you oughtn't to talk about their being pretty. What would MARY say if she heard you going on so about a parcel of French girls?" For you see I was dying to know what had become of MARY.

"She have no call to say anything at all about it," said JOHN. "MARY have married her cousin JEREMIAH, and he have set up as a market-gardener at Hammer Smith, and she have writ to me, hoping that, when I get my greengrocer's shop, I'll give JEREMIAH my

custom. P'rhaps I may! P'rhaps I mayn't! It'll depend on how JEREMIAH behaves to her. She was a nice little thing was MARY!"

As he said it I declare there was something in his manly eye that looked very like a tear; but then there was a strong wind blowing, with plenty of dust, so it mayn't have been a tear, after all.

"But," says JOHN, "as to its being 'portoses,' or 'portos,' I leave that to you, BETSY; you was always cleverer than me; but, clever as you are, you haven't told me who that little feller is as have got hold of your basket."

"This gentleman, JOHN," I said, "is a young French officer, who does me the honour to carry my basket for me sometimes." And I tossed my head, for I wasn't going to have JEWEL put upon in that way.

"O, very well, BETSY," said JOHN; "if the young French officer likes to carry your basket, he's welcome, though he don't seem quite up to the weight. Introjuice us, BETSY—introjuice us!" And JOHN drew himself up, and stood in a dignified and easy attitude, with his right hand on his heart, and his left hand resting on his hip.

I daresay JEWEL would have looked dignified and easy, too, if it hadn't been for the basket, but he made up for it by looking very fierce; and I heard him mutter something to himself which sounded like "Sacré cochon d'Anglais!" This made me think that he took JOHN for a coachman, so I explained, as well as I could, that JOHN was a footman, which was much better. JEWEL only said, "C'est même chose;" and then they stood and looked at each other like two tom-cats, and I began to think how dreadful it was of me to have made "their angry passions rise," and to hope that their little hands wouldn't "tear each other's eyes," as that beautiful poet, DR. WATTS, says.

Well, JOHN went on with his counting for a little while, and then he says, "How is it you and me haven't met before, BETSY? Me and BLATHERWICKS have been here some time."

"Ah! JOHN," I said, "I've seen you where I never thought to have seen you—in a Roman Catholic church, JOHN."

"Well, BETSY," he says, "if you see me there you was there yourself; so we're quits that way. I suppose you see me at the Cathedral when me and Missis was among the Fiddles?"

"Nonsense, JOHN!" I said; "you weren't in the Band. You were in the procession, carrying a long candle, which you couldn't hold straight."

"Well, BETSY," he said, "we were the Fiddles. I saw it in the printed hand-bill, where it said, 'After the clergy, will come the Fiddles.' Missis was a Fiddle, and I was a Fiddle; though why they give candles to the Fiddles I can't think. A little rosin would be more useful."

"Fiddlestick, JOHN!" I said, for I began to see what he meant. "You shouldn't say 'Fiddles,' you should say 'lay Feedale,' which means 'the Faithful'; and how, after all that's come and gone, you could try to pass yourself off as one of the Faithful, I can't think." And I tossed my head; but JOHN only grinned like a great stupid, and went on with his counting, while I stood and talked to JEWEL.

Presently, JOHN left off counting, and said, "My hour's up now, BETSY, and I've got the tally right for old BLATHERWICK, but I've another job to do for him down in the market, and you'd better come along with me, and get under shelter, for we're going to have some plewey, as they call it."

"Don't say 'plewey,' JOHN," I said; "say 'plwee;'"

"All right, BETSY," he said; "perlee let it be; but I'll tell you what I'm going to do. There's a little stamminy in the market where they sell tripe allymoderkong, and Normandy cider, and old BLATHERWICK wants the stisticks of it. I've had to go there three times this week, at the same time of day, to count the number of people as had tripe allymoderkong in one hour, and I've had to keep a separate tot of them as took cider with their tripe, and another tot of them as didn't. BLATHERWICK always allows me something to get tripe for myself, and, if you'll go with me, I'll stand treat to you and the little feller. Poor little feller! he looks as if a morsel of tripe would do him good, and fill him out a bit."

"For the sake of old times, JOHN," I said, "I'll go with you; and I daresay this young officer will go with me." And I gave JEWEL a pleading look. "But you mustn't say 'little feller'; you must say 'petit homme;'"

"As you please, BETSY," said JOHN. "If his name is Petty Tom, I'll call him so; so shoulder your basket, Mr. Petty Tom, and come along, and you shall have a tenpenny tightener as will make your face shine again."

JEWEL didn't know what JOHN meant, of course; but when he saw me and JOHN beginning to move on, he didn't like to be left alone with the basket; so he took it up, and marched along on one side of me, while JOHN walked on the other.

When we got to the market, it was *surprised* to see how JOHN winked at the "portoses," as he called them, and how they all seemed to know him. The weather had turned much colder than it was when we were there first, and the market-women had got on bright-coloured hoods fitting close to their faces. JOHN looked at them,



UNCONSCIONABLE.

Head of the Firm. "WANT A HOLIDAY!! WHY, YOU'VE JUST BEEN AT HOME ILL FOR A MONTH!"

and said, "Monstrous pretty things they wear on their heads, BETSY! Sensible things, too! Much better than the little bits of lace and flowers that you call 'bonnets,' which are only fit to throw in the hedges for the birds to line their nests with."

I really thought I should have liked to bite him. I wonder he didn't expect his words to bring a judgment on him.

The dining-room in the *estaminet* was filled with short tables, except near the middle, where there was a large stove covered with stew-pans full of tripe, that smelt very nice. Most of the tables were full, and most of the people were eating tripe; but some were playing dominoes, and making so much noise that I thought they were quarrelling. We sat down at a side-table; JOHN and me on one side with our backs to the wall, and JEWEL on the other side facing us. The waiter seemed to know JOHN very well—as well he might, JOHN having been there so often; and when JOHN ordered "Three tripes," and held up three fingers, the plates were brought directly.

"BETSY," said JOHN, "what will Mr. Petty Tom take to drink? I should like to humour the little feller. I daresay he don't often get a drink."

I didn't feel quite so sure about that, but I said that cider, which was the drink of the place, would do very well for us. So the cider was brought, and then JOHN ordered cigarettes for himself and JEWEL.

"Precious snug this is, BETSY," said JOHN; "it's just like old times." And he glided his arm round my waist.

I didn't like to take my waist away, though of course I felt very angry; but I'd always heard Aunt JEMIMA say that "A wilful waist makes woful want," and I didn't wish to bring JOHN to want on my account. JEWEL said nothing, but his eyes looked quite stern at me through the smoke of his cigarette.

After we had sat there for about an hour, JOHN said, "Now, BETSY, it's time for us to go. Mr. Petty Tom will take you and the basket home, and I shall have a quarter of an hour with the little porticoes as I go back to old BLATHERWICK."

"O, JOHN!" I said, "how can you talk so?" And I felt fit to cry.

As JEWEL and I walked home together he never spoke a word. I

THE LAST OF SIR ROGER.

THERE comes a message from the sea
To tell how ROGER TICHBORNE—he
Who, by his waste of early years,
Taught perjurers' hopes to outweigh fears—
Far in the South Pacific died,
And sleeps the lonely wave beside.

It may be false, it may be true,
It carries but a doubtful hue;
But this is clear—the artful dodger,
Whose vulgarisms were "just like ROGER,"
Had ne'er found knaves, or misled fools,
OSBORNE and WHALLEY made his tools,
But for the fact that ROGER went
Away in moody discontent,
Broke ties of duty, hearth and home,
In wild, unsettled lands to roam,
Went, Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows why,
In some far wilderness to die.

This is the lesson of the case:
Young men of our strong English race,
Destined to hold ancestral land,
Rule yourselves if you'd learn command;
Rush not to savage rudeness, weary
Of polish by excess made dreary,
From too luxurious life's routine,
Seek Himalayan change of scene;
Turn from the traps of Hurlingham
To veldt's or prairie's wilder game,
For dull battue and tedious drive
Seek lions to keep sport alive,
And try if bisons can restore
A warmth that foxes wake no more.
Nor if some high-heeled, chignon'd girl,
Of Prince's paragon and pearl,
Snub you, or with cold shoulder freeze,
Seek squaw at the Antipodes.

Noblesse oblige: this lesson take,
Ye gilded youth, for England's sake:
All time ill-spent revenge will wreak;
In life's stern law, they pay that break;
In person oftener you make payment,
Sometimes SIR ROGER breeds the Claimant.

tried hard to get him to talk, but he would keep on humming a song with a chorus like this:—

"Ma Frétilton,
Cette fille
Qui frétille
Mourra sans un cotillon;"

by which, I believe, he meant to tell me that a girl who flirted would get "the crooked stick" at last.

When we got to our front gate he set down the basket, made me a very low bow, and walked away without saying a word.

When I got in, Cook said, "Lor', ELIZABETH, how white you look! Haven't you heard the good news?"

"What news, Cook?" I said, as I sank into a chair.

"Why, the news as Miss EDITH have brought home: that we are all going back to London, and the BLATHERWICKS too, as soon as old BLATHERWICK has settled some business he has got in the Fair and the Market. For my part, I'm glad of it. Kitchen-stuff fetches a better price in London than it does here; and there's more of it, too. Waste isn't allowed here, and 'waste' means 'kitchen-stuff.'"

"Ah! Cook!" said I, "what is the waste you talk about compared to wasted hearts? That's what they waste here?"

"Well, my dear," said Cook in her prosy way, "I never sold a wasted heart, but I should think the difference can't be much—not above a halfpenny a pound, I should say." And she went on dressing her dinner.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Lunar Rays.

It is stated that the apprehension of the supposed NANA SAHIB was occasioned by a letter written at his dictation to the MAHARAJAH SCINDIAH by a certain "moonshi." There seems reason to believe that "moonshi," regarded as an abbreviation, is a term less applicable to the amanensis than to the letter, of which the contents, if they were really dictated under the influence of "bhang," are, it is presumable, mere moonshine.



HELPING HIM ON.

Oldest Inhabitant (to Nervous New Curate). "Now, you may sit down and read a bit to me, and then you may give me a shilling, and then you may go."

ROUGH ROADS.

"VERY CULPABLE HOMICIDE.—At the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Monday, the LORD JUSTICE CLERK and LORD ARDMILLAN on the bench, ANDREW WALLACE, a young man, a collier, was placed at the bar on a charge of murder. The indictment set forth that on the 30th of August last, in his house in Boyd Street, Kilmarnock, he lifted up his child, JESSIE WALLACE, aged two years and seven months, and dashed her head against some pieces of furniture, and also on the floor, in consequence of which the child's skull was fractured, and she died shortly afterwards. The prisoner tendered a plea of 'Guilty of culpable homicide.' The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said that, after considerable hesitation, he had come to the conclusion that there were circumstances in the case which warranted him in accepting this plea, whereupon the LORD JUSTICE CLERK passed a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude."

WHAT, penal servitude for twenty years!
(It moves the kind philanthropist to tears)
For merely dashing out his infant's brains
In a slight fit of passion? Justice reigns,
No doubt, in sober Scotland, yet sometimes,
Surely, goes too far in avenging crimes!

Consider, ANDREW WALLACE, young and bright,
Offshoot, perhaps, of that famed WALLACE wight
Who chased from Falkirk's field the English foe,
Now very near six hundred years ago,
Torn from his drink, his friends, his home, his wife,
For twenty years must lead a prisoner's life,
From hard stone-quarrying in Portland Bay
Return, ere fifty, prematurely grey,
And all because, though usually mild,
He one day crushed the cranium of his child!

Do not our punishments grow too severe?
Hear those harsh martinets, who hold it clear
The brute who his own innocent could brain,
While there's a gallows best deserves its pain.

For shame! Is our humanity a dream?
No: put all crime on rose-water régime:
Treat those who brain their babes, their wives who smash,
With loving kindness, not with brutal lash;
Deal with your murderer as an erring child;
Advice, with beef and beer, makes most men mild.

When the brute beats his drunken sluttish wife,
Out of time knocks her, almost out of life,
See rival *doctrinaires* at once agog,
One with his "Teach!" the other with his "Flog!"

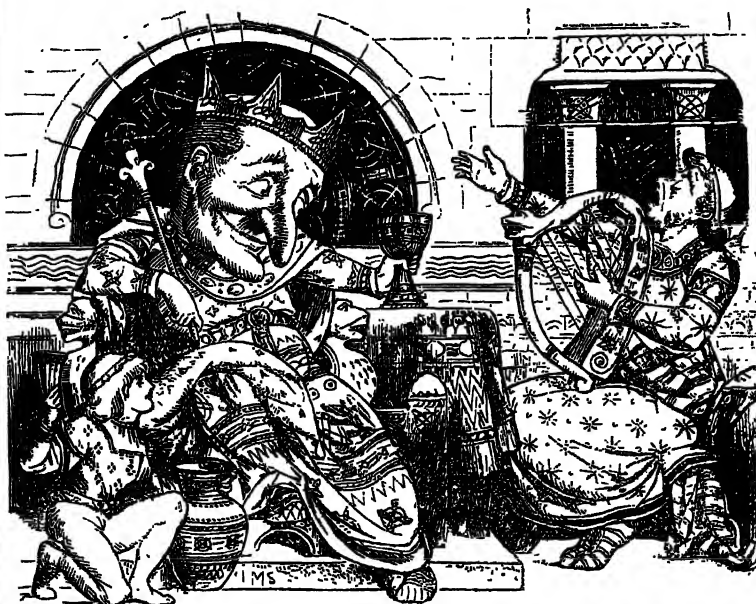
What if both nostrums be too often vain?
If the Rough's hide off prove hard as his brain?
While brutes are brutes, how should brute's doings cease,
In spite of schools, gaols, gallows, and police?

Would we cut off the springs of brutal crime,
We must attack the brute-germ ere its prime:
Lift gutter children from their low estate,
Catch them, and school, and Christianise, and wait,
Content to "find our bread cast"—not away—
"Upon the waters, after many a day!"

While our residuum, proletarian, spreads,
Untaught, untended, *hands*—not hearts or heads—
If they drink, beat, brain, murder, now and then,
'Tis brute toil, brute life, that make brutes of men.

If the great leaders of our party strife,
The classes blest in schooled and guarded life,
Can catch the rough-child ere rough-man he grow,
And tame, and train, and teach, good fruit will show.
Low living and high thinking may unite,
And hands with heads and hearts new union plight,
Till England purged of brutal shame shall stand,
And Roughs and rough crimes perish from the land.

PUNCH ON HAMLET.



SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*, wonderful in so many ways, is in none more wonderful than for its power of every now and then galvanising the town, awaking even our *Sir Charles Coldstreams* for a moment to a languid interest in the theatre and its doings, and giving drawing-rooms and dining-tables periodical fits of quite lively criticism.

After more than two hundred and fifty years it is still the stock play oftenest acted—taking the year round—wherever English is spoken. Physicians, metaphysicians, and psychologists are still discussing its problems, as actors are still pondering its points. The most subtle and recondite of all dramatic poems for the closet, it is the drama which the galleries know best, and follow with the keenest sympathy. *Hamlet* is the part every aspiring novice first studies and dreams of making his *début* in; the one to which the accomplished actor looks forward as the test of his art, and the crown of his ambition. Nobody ever feels he has fathomed the play, but everybody heaves his lead in it.

Very commonplace critics can say something more or less plausible about *Hamlet*, just as very indifferent actors can play the *Prince of Denmark* with a certain creditableness. No player has ever been known to break down utterly in the part, as none has ever yet been generally admitted to have topped it.

The play is the greatest work of dramatic—if not of all imaginative—creation; and its interest for public, actors, and critics has the inexhaustibleness which belongs to life, and like life, carries in it the germs of perpetual renewal.

MR. IRVING deserves the credit of having worked one of those periodic *Hamlet*-galvanisms, which we have all seen recurring.

There has been no such strong and general sensation produced in the part since FECHTER. And IRVING has the advantage over FECHTER that he is an Englishman, and speaks as a native the tongue in which SHAKESPEARE wrote. It was a kind of tolerance, impossible to a critical public, which allowed the poetry of SHAKESPEARE to be declaimed on the stage to a French tune, and spoken with a French accent.

Think of an English actor, who should speak French as FECHTER spoke English, presuming to appear in *RACINE* and *MOLIERE* before a Parisian audience!

Let *Mr. Punch* begin not only by recording MR. IRVING'S great success with the public, but *Mr. P.*'s own feeling that the success is genuine and well-deserved. Remembering all the *Hamlets* of his time, from MACREADY to J. S. MACKAY—whose performance of the part in the Crystal Palace production of the play last year, unequal and marred by inexperience as it was, showed throughout rare originality, and in some scenes, even high excellence—*Mr. Punch* can recall none whose impersonation, as a whole, has displayed, to his thinking, more consistent conception, and more sustained intention, with more intelligent mastery of the utterance, demeanour, and action of this many-sided character.

So intelligent, indeed, is MR. IRVING'S performance, that *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to lay aside the condescending and omniscient tone appropriate to criticism, and to admit that MR. IRVING has earned the right to an opinion of his own; so that where he differs from *Mr. Punch* in his view of how a scene should be presented or played, it is possible that MR. IRVING may be right, and *Mr. Punch* wrong.

But there is a preliminary point on which *Mr. Punch* must take issue with MR. IRVING. That an actor or manager is free to alter and adapt a play so far

as abbreviating, condensing, and even altering the order of scenes, and omitting personages goes, will be admitted by all. But is he at liberty to alter the course of an action, as by changing an unhappy to a happy termination—or to modify an author's intention, as by changing the *tone* of a character by suppression of dialogue, or palpably to disregard indications of intention conveyed in parts of the dialogue which he retains?

Both these latter liberties MR. IRVING, or MR. BATTMAN, has taken, and I should think the actor had more to do with them than the manager.

I least liked, and least went along with MR. IRVING in his dealings with the *Ghost*. It seemed to me that he had not *realised*, as our American cousins would say, the effect of the sight of a real ghost on such a man.

I do not see how this is to be done, unless he can contrive to believe in the *Ghost*; and to do this, even in imagination, except for a Spiritualist, must be difficult in these days. As *Coleridge* used to say he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them: so may we all say in these times of spirit-hands, dark *séances*, the DAVENPORT Brothers, and MRS. GUPPY.

I say nothing of the utter sacrifice of the opening scene of the play. That is inevitable so long as the scene is played close on the foot-lights. In the Crystal Palace representation the whole stage was opened for it, at the cost of a brief closing of tableau-curtains, before the Great Hall was discovered. Only in this way can the effect be imparted to that wonderful opening which it deserves and requires, to give it its due importance in the action. But the scene being in the hands of "utility" people, what manager is likely to put himself out of the way for *Francisco* and *Bernardo*, and *Marcellus*, or even *Horatio*?

Passing by this blemish, as not immediately concerning *Hamlet*, I did not gather from MR. IRVING'S manner of interrogating *Horatio* and the Sentinels, when they bring him the first news of the *Ghost*, that his questions were meant to test their opportunities of identifying the *Ghost* with his father, till he has made up his mind that it is his duty to speak to the apparition they have seen. This is the key to all *Hamlet*'s questioning till he comes to "I will watch to-night." I failed to see, in MR. IRVING'S rendering of this scene, the indication of this motive for *Hamlet*'s question, till his doubt passes into the determination to see for himself. If he *does so* read it, and means to convey this meaning, I wish he would mark it more strongly.

I must vehemently protest against the strange innovation in the scenic arrangements, by which the *Ghost* is made to lead *Hamlet* out of the castle to a nook among cliffs with a blasted tree. To take the apparition out of the wintry hold on the sea-cliff, is to break the thread both of the imagination and the action. The alteration seems the more perverse as it is purely wanton, and looks like a change made for the sake of change. Perhaps it is a tub cleverly thrown out to divert those dangerous cetaceans, the critics, from crashing into something more vital to the performance.

But now comes my first serious question with MR. IRVING. Has he a right to leave out in his personation, as well as from his spoken text, all that SHAKESPEARE has indicated of the surging up of a wild, hysterical, half insane mirth, mingled with horror, which follows the disappearance of the *Ghost*?

I cannot think so. It seems to me that this is an element of the psychology of the part essential to a complete personation, and not to be sacrificed at will, nor without losing one of the key-notes of *Hamlet*'s character.

Throughout the play MR. IRVING aims at bringing out the pathetic and more gentle side of the Prince, and to win for him our sympathy and liking. In this he is quite justified, seeing that the gentler elements have been so lavishly wrought into the character by its creator. But with these is intertwined a warp of latent insanity, developed by sensibility overstrained, nerves overtaxed, suspicious set working, affections blighted, outraged and resisted to the death. And this oversensibility overflows in *Hamlet* raving, in four passages of the play, at least where he swears *Horatio* and *Marcellus* to secrecy after the disappearance of the *Ghost*, where he vents on *Ophelia* his wrath for all the sins of her sex, where he rises to the top tide of passion in the scene with his Mother, and where he outtraves *Laertes* at the grave of *Ophelia*. His assumption of insanity

as a cloak of his designs, is itself evidence of latent brain-sickness; and so is his passionate disclaimer of madness to his Mother.

This unsound strain in the character of *Hamlet* Mr. IRVING keeps in the background throughout—unduly as I should contend—suppressing it altogether wherever he can, softening it where he cannot quite suppress.

In this respect the performance seems, according to the best judgment I can form, incomplete and unsatisfactory. But Mr. IRVING is consistent in his reading, though, as I cannot but think, at the expense of his text, sometimes.

But his boldest departure from his author's lines, in quest either of novelty or effect, is the suppression of the pictures in the Closet Scene, thus reducing SHAKESPEARE'S

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,"

to a request that his Mother will conjure up with him brain-pictures of the King that was and the King that is. It seems to me that the words will not fairly carry such an interpretation, and that this is as wilful a departure from the guidance of the text as the carrying the *Ghost* out of the Castle of Elsinore. Probably Mr. IRVING will say he gains freedom and picturesqueness of action by the change. If the pictures are woven in the arras or painted on the wall, I do not see why *Hamlet*'s apostrophe may not be made just as effective, and the picture as striking, as in the present arrangement of the Scene.

Another departure from the guidance of the text, which seemed to me equally wilful, was when, on the disappearance of the *Ghost*, *Hamlet* sinks in a heap at the foot of the blasted tree, and remains so for awhile, where SHAKESPEARE has put into his mouth words, which, to have their full effect, should evidently, as it seems to me, be spoken after a brief pause of terrible struggle for utterance, but in which *Hamlet* succeeds in mastering his emotion sufficiently to stand erect as well as speak—

"O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!"

I cannot but think that the effect of such words is strangely weakened when spoken by a *Hamlet* who has just picked himself up from a state of abject collapse, in which he has fallen physically, as well as mentally, prostrate. I read in them a fight, but a victorious fight, of will with tottering limbs and reeling brain, in which the will steals the nerves to bear up the body, and the brain retains command of speech, though shaken to its centre.

Mr. *Punch* would earnestly commend reconsideration of this point to Mr. IRVING.

He has nothing but praise for Mr. IRVING'S soliloquies, one and all; for his tender agony of separation from *Ophelia*, and his piteous passion of remonstrance with his Mother; for the kindly courtesy and ease of his scenes with the players: his wild and whirling storm of frenzied emotion after the play; and his scornful dealings with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. All these scenes of Mr. IRVING'S seem to me as truthful in conception, and as complete in execution as the most exacting of critics could wish to have them.

The Play Scene itself I disliked, because of another of those wilful departures from the guidance of the text, which seem to me, at the same time, sacrifices of effect and probability, of which I have already complained. I mean the unaccountable arrangement by which the play is made to take place in a hall, or rather corridor, open to the external air, so that the "murder of *Gonzago*" is enacted in the moonlight, outside the palace, over the body of *Hamlet* who lies with his back to the players.

I can only say to Mr. BATEMAN of this scene as *Hamlet* says to the players, "Reform it altogether."

I thought I had seen the Graveyard Scene much better played. Notably Mr. MACKAYE, at the Crystal Palace, was very much easier and more natural in his conversation with the Gravedigger; and this was increased by an arrangement of the Scene, which allowed *Hamlet* to sit on the base of a great monumental cross while talking. Nor was I satisfied with the passion of Mr. IRVING, which follows the discovery that it is *Ophelia* they are burying with such maimed rites. Here he seemed to me below the passion of the part; and his indication of the rising tide of emotion, which should begin at "This is *Laertes*," when the thought of who lies there first crosses his brain, to culminate in the frantic confrontation of *Ophelia*'s brother, struck me, in comparison with most passages of the performance, as tame and colourless.

But, all cavil and question apart, let Mr. *Punch*'s estimation of Mr. IRVING'S performance be measured by the space he has given to it, and the fulness and freedom with which he has pointed out the things in it to which he takes most exception.

He may add that the *Ghost*'s delivery is duly solemn, sonorous, and impressive; that the *Ophelia* of Mrs. BATEMAN is graceful and tender, though it loses much from the recitation substituted for singing in some of her pathetic snatches of old melody.

But the interest of *Hamlet* must always centre in the Prince.

Nor is there anything really to divide the interest in the Lyceum performance of the Play, careful as it is throughout, though to our mind, requiring more allowance than *Punch* is prepared to give, for its wilful and wanton deviations from the verbal and scenic indications of the immortal text.

A "COUNT-OUT."



COUNT ARNIM "has received permission to walk out for an hour daily, accompanied by a policeman." I imagine Mr. DISRAELI, in similar circumstances, as he might have been after his Mansion House speech, if FIGARO BISMARCK ruled in England. We should read how "MR. DISRAELI, accompanied by Policeman A, went out for an airey-ing from eleven to twelve. The constable graciously introduced the ex-Right Honourable Gentleman to Miss ELIZA DRIPPING, of Buckley Square. After partaking of some refreshment, the two distinguished visitors returned to the

Tower." Again—"MR. DISRAELI has received permission to play double dummy in the evening with any member of the A Division who may be off duty. The cards will be previously inspected by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and stamped by the Governor of the Bank of England." Also—"MR. DISRAELI has been allowed the use of a spoon at meals. The other day he was permitted to go out on bail, but, on second thoughts, PRINCE BISMARCK telegraphed to say that he had changed his mind, and bail could not be accepted. MR. DISRAELI was consequently taken out of bed, and brought back to the Tower in custody." Let this be a warning.

NORTHWARDS HO!

To the North once again! to the islands of ice,
And the desolate seas few have sailed over twice,
And the great moving mountains, a fear to behold,
And the keen freezing touch of the Spirit of Cold!
Again 'tis decided our isle shall send forth
A flotilla to search the mysterious North,
Where Winter forbids the great Ocean to roll,
And terrors and wonders keep guard round the Pole.

"But why?" asks the cynic. "It can't give us traffic:
Is it worth while, to please the big wigs Geographic,
Who are tired of the Nile, where it's sadly too hot,
And want news from a land where it clearly is not,
That the Traveller, returned, as a Lion may nod at us,
And tell us a tale in the vein of HERODOTUS,
To F. R. G. S.-dom by Sweldom relieved,
And be after cold travel most warmly received?"

Ah, the Pole is magnetic in more ways than one—
To seek it is daring and desperate fun:
Such fun as our blue-jackets seek with a will,
All the more for the danger that tries pluck and skill.
If Science gained nothing—and Science must gain—
This good to our Navy will surely remain,
Though War's risks step by step with War's tools should

increase,
None will dread them who face this stern peril of peace.

So ADMIRAL PUNCH to the Minister sends
His good-speed: on this tack we shall always be friends.
There's one chill more depressing than North Polar cold,
Pluck and science brought down to their value in gold.
High Admiral PUNCH would himself volunteer,
But for duties immensely too onerous here.
Besides, he long since found his Pole—where he sits
At the centre magnetic of wisdoms and wits!



WOMEN AND THEIR GARMENTS ARTISTICALLY DESCRIBED.

STUDY OF A HORIZONTAL ARRANGEMENT IN TONED WHITE, PURPLE, AND BROWN, ACCOMPANIED BY A VERTICAL SYMPHONY IN ORANGE, BLUE, AND CRIMSON, MEETING A DIAGONAL DUETT IN BLACK AND YELLOW.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH has lately, with astonishment and indignation, beheld a fallen Statesman, and other wretches, come forward like vipers and deny his infallibility.

The infallibility of *Punch* was always a doctrine maintained by every rational person. It has now been formally added to the Articles of the British Faith.

Everybody, except outright heretics, had all along believed in the infallibility of the British Public, with *Punch* at the head of it, united in a General Meeting.

About four years ago, a General Meeting of the British Public, sitting at the *Punch* Office, under the direction of *Punch*, solemnly declared *Mr. Punch*, personally, *per se*, apart from all assessors, to be distinctly infallible on his own hook whenever he speaks out of his arm-chair.

Consequently *Punch* has only to get into his arm-chair and speak, in order to bind everybody to believe and do whatever he pleases.

For the infallibility of *Punch* extends over the whole domain of both faith and morals; and *Mr. Punch* would particularly like anybody to tell him what question of conduct or belief that does not include. Particularly as the prerogative of infallibility enables him to define his own, and renders him the only person who can.

Now, if *Punch* is not infallible, so neither is, nor ever was, a General Meeting; and infallibility is all humbug. There is an end to the idea of infallibility, and an end to everything.

But *Punch* is infallible, and whoever says he is not, let him look out!

One of these days *Mr. Punch* may think fit to declare his divine right to the temporal sovereignty of Fleet Street as a dogma. Then that dogma will also have been added to the British Faith. And of course all true Britons will, as in duty bound, obey *Punch* rather than the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Punch has been very much disgusted with the declaration, made by those who ought to know better, that if he were to promulgate from his own arm-chair any edict which mankind might

presume to think preposterous, it would be paid every respect, and no attention. The adders, cobras, cockatrices, and all the other venomous reptiles crying "No Punchery!" are answered by *Punch's* half-hearted apologists with the sneaking admission, "No Logic;" which *Punch* indignantly disclaims; for logic is his own hobby, which he never hesitates to ride from his own premises at any fence, or over any obstacle, and does not care a straw down what precipice it may carry him.

A Wonder in Wales.

THE *Times* thus briefly announces an—

"EARTHQUAKE.—Our Bangor Correspondent informs us that at two o'clock on Sunday morning a distinct shock of earthquake was felt in North Carnarvonshire."

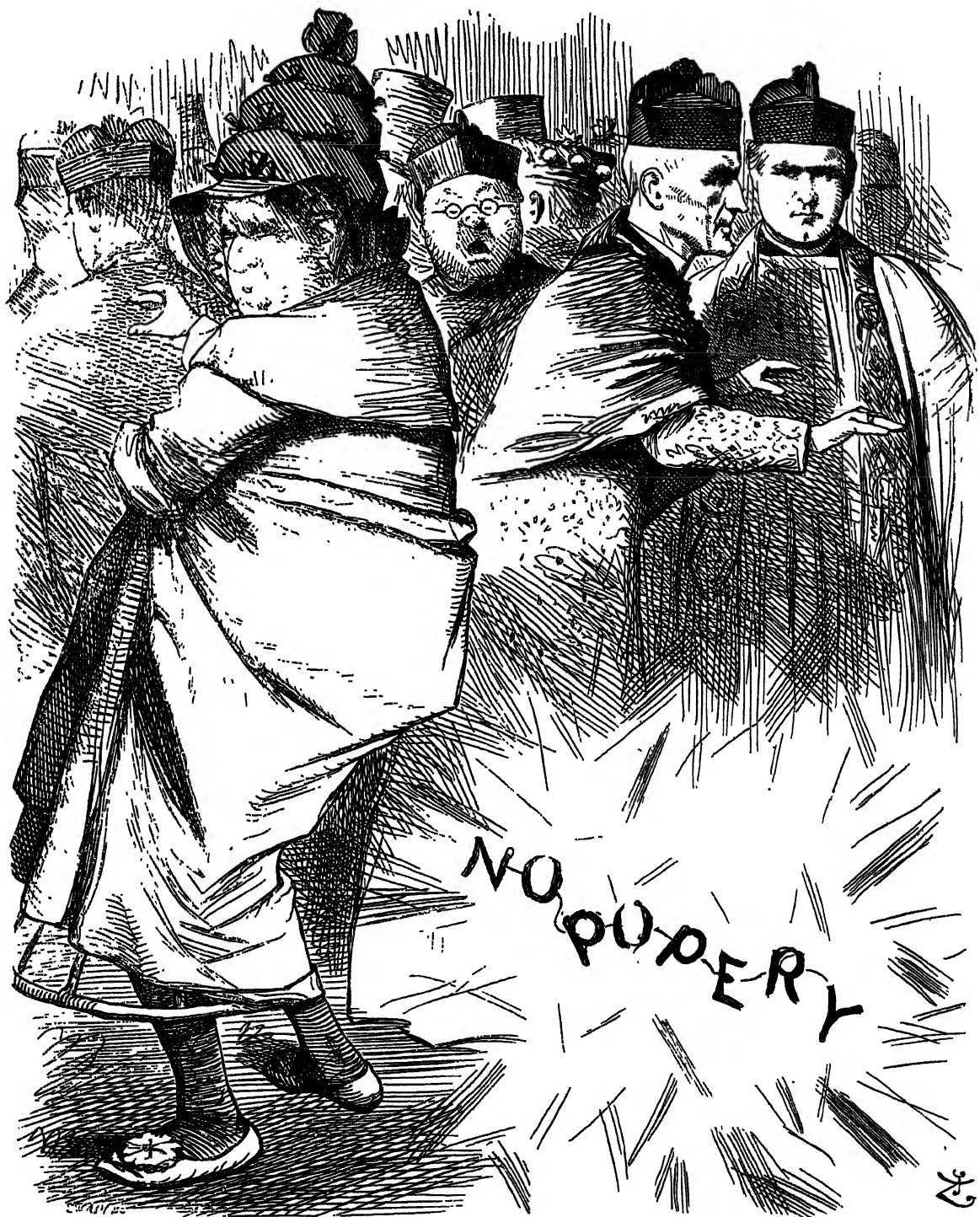
A Welsh earthquake is something portentous. Wales still prides herself on her famous Warlock, who, boasting his birth to have been attended with signs and wonders, especially insisted on a convulsion of the globe as one of them:—

"I say the earth did shake when I was born."

Has the Principality produced, or is it about to produce, another OWEN GLENDOWER?

Impressive Warning.

STATESMEN should be careful not to provoke the POPE by their speeches, or pamphlets, or measures, if they wish to escape being made the subject of the most confused comparisons. Even PRINCE BISMARCK might feel uneasy if he saw himself called in print a giddy cockatrice undermining the legs of St. Peter's Chair; or likened to a sanguinary vampire conspiring to shake the walls of the Vatican. We trust MR. DISRAELI will never do anything to incur the Papal displeasure, so as to be denounced as an adder in sheep's clothing scaling the fold of the Church.



A NOVEMBER CRACKER.

MRS. POPE. "THAT'S THAT YOUNG GLADSTONE WITH HIS DRATTED FIREWORKS!—A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE WIPER!—FRIGHTEENIN' OF AN INOFFENSIVE OLD PARTY LIKE ME!!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

All the difference between Buying and Selling—JELFER's Exchange no Robbery—A Fresh Trial of a New Horse—Result.



Week after the Sale of the Chestnut "Gazelle."—I have been waiting with some anxiety to hear how JELFER likes his new purchase. Honestly speaking, I have been waiting to hear if he arrived home safely on the day he bought him. The doubt on my mind just now is *has JELFER got home at all?* Sometimes

I picture to myself poor JELFER on the green-sward by the roadside gasping, and the Chestnut in a ditch, with both his knees damaged, supporting him self in a staggery manner against the bank.

I can imagine JELFER returning on foot to my house, with his head bound up, and saying, "Look here! You said he was sound! Why, he was as groggy as possible at the knees, and, after a few miles, down he came."

I can imagine (having once begun imagining) how I should plunge further into the mire of horse-dealing, and reply, "My dear JELFER, I never knew the horse stumble in my life; you must have been riding carelessly, with a loose rein, and thrown him down."

MURGLE would swear that the knees were all right (or, at all events, not like they are now), when JELFER took the Chestnut away.

However, these are only the magic-lantern slides presented by a conscience, which has not yet got acclimatised to the atmosphere of horse-dealing.

The Postman comes with a letter.

JELFER's handwriting.

I tremble! I open it! It does *not* begin. "Confound you, you swindling rascal!" but, in his old style, "Dear old boy!"—Good fellow, JELFER!

Happy Thought.—I begin to think the Chestnut must have been all right. Hope so sincerely. Only oughtn't I to have got more for her—I mean him?

Note.—Sometimes "Gazelle" is called "she;" sometimes "he." This is my Aunt's fault. Directly my Aunt saw the animal, she christened it "Gazelle" on the spot, and settled its sex as feminine. I had no objections to make. All oats are called "she;" and all pretty-looking horses, in my Aunt's opinion, are feminine nominally.

Thus it happens that *Gazelle* has been sometimes "she," sometimes "he." To avoid controversy, and not to have any subsequent dispute with JELFER as to my having sold it under false pretences, I always spoke to him (or tried to) of the horse as "it," or as "*Gazelle*."

JELFER's letter informs me that he is perfectly satisfied with "*Gazelle*," which is already quite a favourite with his family—(never knew JELFER had a family—hope he won't be such an idiot as to trust one of his children on *Gazelle's* back)—"and," he adds, "I have driven and ridden her, and she suits me down to the ground."

"Down to the ground" is an unfortunate phrase. O JELFER, if you only knew how nearly I had been shot over that Chestnut's head, right between its ears, with only the crown of my hat between me and the hard road! But no matter—

Happy Thought.—After this note of praise, JELFER *can't* bring an action against me. If he did, I remember having heard a Barrister say that there's nothing in law so difficult to prove as *mala fides* in horse-dealing; only I'm sure I should *look* so guilty, that the Judge would give it against me out of hand. However, that danger is past. JELFER's letter continues—"It'll just do for my wife to drive about Tunbridge Wells in a low basket chaise."

Heavens! If there is one sort of vehicle more certain to bring out *Gazelle's* failings it is a low basket-chaise. In such a trap you have no purchase over the animal, and *Gazelle* wants as much holding up as a fantoccini doll. In fact, if I dared say so, she is not unlike the "magic donkey" which we used to see in toy-shops at Christmas-time. I think I shall take in the Tunbridge Wells local paper, to see if anything happens to Mrs. JELFER.

Jelfer's Letter.—"You will have the Grey in the course of this

afternoon. He's been doing nothing for some time, and he's a bit too fat and wheezy; but your work'll soon get him into condition again."

There is something in this I don't like. What does "fat and wheezy" mean? It's artfully thrown in.

Jelfer's Letter.—"He's not fast, but you don't want to ride trotting matches or drive sixteen miles an hour."

No, I don't absolutely *want* to. But if I had a horse which could *certainly* beat every other horse trotting, and could easily go sixteen miles an hour, why I should do it, even if I had to wear a white hat with a black band, tight trousers, and be compelled to attend suburban race-meetings.

JELFER's Grey arrives.

It's a heavy-looking, sleepy-eyed animal, with white eyelashes. No doubt about its being a Grey. I should describe it as a moulting Grey. I have seen something like him in Flemish pictures.

I at once inspect his knees. No—there is no sign of his having been down. So far, JELFER is honest.

MURGLE, behind his hand, gives it as his opinion, "As he's a niceish sort of 'orse."

"Strong?" I observe.

"Yes, Sir," returns MURGLE, as if he was keeping his real opinion to himself, and was putting his hand to his mouth either to prevent its coming out, or to hide a smile—"Yes, Sir, he is strong."

The man who has brought him says nothing. But I notice that his eyes and MURGLE's meet occasionally, and that they both seem troubled with a short cough.

The man (after a glass of beer and a shilling for himself) says, as he "don't know nothink about the 'oss—honly brought 'im hover. Walked 'im a'most hall the way. Quite quiet; no wice: no tricks o' no sort."

All this sounds well. After all, I think JELFER, having given me a cheque and a horse, *must* have got the worst of the bargain.

Happy Thought.—Try him in the trap.

He allows himself to be harnessed. He is quiet. I mount the box—MURGLE behind. I don't ask my Aunt to accompany me this time, because she made me so nervous before.

I square my elbows, take up the reins, and say "Tehk!" encouragingly.

The horse pays no sort of attention.

I pull the reins a trifle tighter, and repeat "Tehk!" less encouragingly, and in a tone of command.

The horse stands quite still, with rather a hang-dog expression about the head.

With some diffidence, I use the whip. Just once tickle, with one "Tehk!"

Happy Thought.—Always use whip with diffidence on a new horse, because, however quiet he may have been up to that moment, you don't know what he might suddenly do on feeling the whip. He might send up his heels through the splash-board, kick at me, dash off into the road, overturn the trap, leave me senseless—and perhaps never sensible again—in the ditch. In this case JELFER would decidedly have had the best of it.

The Grey does nothing of the sort. He takes less notice of the whip than I should do of a fly on somebody else's nose.

Double the dose. Two flicks of the whip and two imperious "tehks." No effect.

Treble it. Three flicks, sharp 'uns, and one aimed at his ear. He rouses himself, shakes his head,—is he going to be vicious—if so, I am prepared. No—he shakes himself again with such a shiver as makes his harness rattle, and then stands "as he was."

This is puzzling.

Happy Thought.—MURGLE shall lead him out. MURGLE does so. We are in the lane. The horse is walking. MURGLE mounts behind. We have gained one point. We are in motion. The horse walks along lazily, very much as if he was looking out for some convenient place by the road-side where to lie down and doze.

Tehk! flick!—Flick, tehk, tehk!—Get up! Get along then—Get on then!—Come up! Tehk, flick, flick, flick—Swish, swish, Schwack!

Schwack is meant to convey the temper I put into the last lash.

The Grey awakes with a "hallo-anybody-speaking-to-me" sort of manner, and goes into a trot. Such a trot. A jog. Exactly what has been named a "jog-trot." He is the very picture of conventionality and Conservatism. Jog-trot—jog-trot—jog-trot—as if there were no such thing as a train to catch—as if there were no telegraphs, and that *he*, the Grey, had the monopoly of taking messages at his own pace.

Schwack!—Schwack!—Schwack!!!

"He don't seem to mind the whip much, do 'ee, sir?" observes MURGLE.

No: he *do* not. JELFER has the best of it. At this moment I should hardly be sorry to hear of the Chestnut having come madly down hill with JELFER anywhere.

Schwack!—Schwack!—Schwack!!!—and CRACK. The whip breaks.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Friend. "BY-THE-BYE, OLD MAN, BEFORE I GO LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE FIRST VOLUME OF A DUCHESS'S DEVOTION!"

Young Author. "A— THANKS! BUT WHY THE FIRST VOLUME IN PARTICULAR?"

Friend. "WELL—I'VE SEEN IT ON EVERY DRAWING-ROOM TABLE, I KNOW. CAN'T SAY I EVER SAW THE SECOND, YOU KNOW! TA-TA!"

We have managed to get one mile from home. Without a whip it is no use trying to go any farther. My patience is exhausted. My arm aches. I pull his left rein, and he comes round in a lurching way—just as a heavy old tub answers its rudder.

Happy Thought.—He will know he is going back home, and will trot fast.

Not a bit. There being no longer any whip he takes his own time and pace.

Happy Thought.—Adaptation of a line in *Mazepa*.

"Again he urges on a mild career."

By MURGLE's advice, I prod the Grey with the stump of the whip. No use; he only shrugs his shoulders, and walks on quietly. MURGLE proposes to get out and hit him, in, what MURGLE considers, "tender points," such as the ribs. MURGLE (being *au fond* of a savage nature—(*Happy Thought*—*proverb*—Scratch out his livery and you'll find the brute) wants to kick him. No. I won't hear of it.

Happy Thought.—"If I had an animal what wouldn't go, wouldn't I wallop him," if I hadn't broken my whip. But we are at his mercy. I can only guide him. His drowsiness becomes almost infectious. If there were before us six miles of it instead of barely one, I feel sure we should all three be fast asleep; I mean the horse, MURGLE, and myself. He doesn't attempt to lie down. He walks on—and on—and on—like a ghost. Or—he is fast asleep.

Happy Thought.—The Somnambulist horse.

Murgle's Happy Thought.—"He's a slug, that's what he is."

MURGLE is right. The Grey is a slug. I want a horse, not a slug. Got lots of slugs in the garden. They go if you give them salt. No amount of salt on his tail would make this Grey go. Home

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

WHO was responsible for the happily false report about the alleged illness of HER MAJESTY?

WHAT did MR. DISRAELI really mean by his allusion to Foreign Affairs in his speech at the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet?

WHEN are we going to protect the desecrated graves of our Soldiers in the Crimea?

WHY are our Officers-Elect to be flogged when the Cat has been abolished in the Army and the Navy?

WHY has the War Office called in all the Martini-Henry ammunition?

WHAT is the truth about the recruiting question?

WHAT has been done to prevent the carriage of explosives through our streets and under our houses?

WHAT will become of the Battersea Burial Board?

WHO orders our streets to be covered with loose stones?

WHAT has become of the Steam Roller?

WHAT constitutes fraud in the City?

WHEN is Temple Bar to be removed?

WHO is decorating St. Paul's Cathedral?

WHAT is the present work of the Commissioners of the International Exhibition?

WHAT has been the result of the "Emigration to a Free Country" Correspondence?

WHEN are we to be able to travel from Dover to Calais without undergoing the miseries at present associated with a passage across the Channel?

WHY has an abundant grape-harvest made champagne so dear?

HOW are we to protect our oysters from extermination?

And, lastly, when will the dead season be over?

Desperate Offenders.

To the correspondence which has lately appeared in the papers concerning the origin of fever-germs, may be added various letters from various wags inquiring whether since the last war, the germs of scarlet-fever in particular do not come from Germany. Not content with that, many of them commit the further atrocity of suggesting that their asinine question is germane to the matter.

A Test of Faith.

THE peculiarity of the sect called the "Peculiar People," consists in invoking miracle for the cure of disease, instead of resorting to medical assistance. Does their rejection of Medicine extend to surgery? They rely wholly on prayers for the cure of a fever; would they trust the same means alone to reduce a dislocation?

once more. The man who brought the horse has not yet left, so I tell him that I want him to ride the Grey back to MR. JELFER, and give him this note:—

"DEAR JELFER,—I do not want to go sixteen miles an hour, or win a trotting match, but I do wish to go out of a walk sometimes—and I don't want to have to break four or five whips over a slug's back in the course of half a mile. I want something that can go—something that can catch a train. If you can't supply me with that, send me the difference in a cheque, Yours, &c."

The Grey leaves. I am horseless. JELFER will have two horses. I don't propose to JELFER to give me back my Arab steed (the Chestnut) because I should have to return his cheque. Perhaps JELFER will send me another horse. I don't think he'll send me another cheque. We shall see.

Food—For Reflection.

"We are authorised to state that the allusion made at the Mansion House Banquet by MR. DISRAELI did not mean, &c."—*Daily Paper*.

OUR clever PREMIER's palate, hard to please,
From civic dainties turns, plain fare to seek;
Enjoys its turtle with apparent ease;
Then waits a day,—and calmly eats its leak!

PAPAL DEFINITION.—*The Sea-Serpent*.—MR. GLADSTONE coming forward like a Viper, and assailing St. Peter's barge.



ALLOPATHY.

Paddy (he has brought a Prescription to the Chemist, who is carefully weighing a very minute portion of Calomel). "OI BIG YER PARDON, SOB, BUT Y'ARE MIGHTY NARE WID THAT MID'CINE! AND—(coaxingly)—I MAY TILL YE—'TIS FOR A POOR MOTHERLESS CHILD!"

BUMPING AND BUMPERS.

At the trial of an action for assault the other day at the Windsor County Court, it came out that upon the perambulation on the 17th of September, of the Boundaries of Maidenhead, a practice, called "bumping" is customary in that borough. The plaintiff, a farmer fifty-nine years old, coming in the way of some men who were beating the bounds, they seized him, and "swung him, and bumped him against a post,"—an outrage by which he was laid up for a week. They also bumped some other persons, including the Mayor of Maidenhead. On the part of the defendant, the ringleader of these ruffians, an excuse for their brutality was offered worth transcribing:—

"MR. GREENE, for the defence, urged that if Mayors and Churchwardens were to have actions brought against them for such things, the Court about Ascension Day would be choked with claims; that plaintiff let them quietly bump him without complaining; that all the respectable people of the party, even the Mayor and the Town Clerk, were bumped."

His Honour, the Judge, however, said that such horseplay was detestable, and how the Mayor of Maidenhead should tolerate such things he could not understand. It was a disgrace to English gentlemen. The judicial remark about horseplay will be recognised by some readers, especially our Scotch friends, as a good hit at the Mayor. But a still better joke was that made at the expense of the defendant by the Jury in returning a verdict for the full amount claimed of £10 and costs. The custom of bumping at Maidenhead is one to which the remark of *Hamlet* on that of drinking at Elsinore might be properly applied. It need not be quoted; if you want to hear it, go and see MR. IRVING—and in the meantime read *Punch's* Poet.

A BUMPER TO MAIDENHEAD.

THE Mayor and Council of Maidenhead
Went forth to beat the bounds;
A merry affair no doubt it was
As they gaily went their rounds.

Wherever they stopped the Mayor was
bumped.

And the Town Clerk also:
If they liked such contact with a post,
They might please themselves, you know.

To be swung against wood by leg and arm
Till the "seat of honour" aches,
May delight such dignified gentlemen—
But they should not make mistakes.

Be bumped, Mr. Mayor, whene'er you will,
If you like such elegant sport,
But don't treat others in that same way,
For fear of the County Court.

But if bumping suits municipal folk,
Punch sees no reason why
Ratepayers should not bump their Mayors
Whenever the rates grow high.

Whenever the fever-spreading stench
Of drainage haunts the air,
Take a hint from the people of Maidenhead
And instantly bump the Mayor.

When the gas won't burn in the public
lamps,

When the police are rare,
When there's water neither to wash nor
drink,

Then bump his Worship the Mayor.

So here's a bumper to Maidenhead,
And a health to its sturdy Mayor,
Who seems to hold, in every way,
The seat of honour there!

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

"A Dublin Correspondent writes that a movement will be immediately commenced for a sweeping change in the nomenclature of all the English-named streets in that city."—*Echo*.

MR. PUNCH ventures to suggest a few new and appropriate names in substitution for the old ones, which he trusts will not be unacceptable to the leaders of the movement—

Repeal Rents,
Patrick's Green,
Shamrock Side,
Shillelagh Row,
Shindy Alley,
Pope Street,
Priest Place,
Blarney Bridge,
Cullen Crescent,
O'Connell Square,
Ultramontane Walk,
Home-Rule Villas,
Bugaboo Park.

LADIES V. LORDS OF CREATION.

(A Page from the Parliamentary History of the Future.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 1st, 1884.



THE House met at four o'clock.

Petitions were presented by several Female Members, praying for the abolition of Latch Keys, and suggesting that the Lodger Franchise should be extended to Pet Cats and Dogs.

In answer to a question from MISS CECILIA CONCERTINA, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR announced that the proposition (emanating from some of the Female Members) that pianofortes, harmoniums, and guitars should be supplied in future to all Cavalry Bands in Her Majesty's Service, was still under consideration at the War Office.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in answer to a question from MISS YACHTINGTON, said that he had no objection to laying upon

the table of the House, the correspondence that had passed between the Lords of the Admiralty, and the Admirals of Her Majesty's Fleets, relative to the advisability of serving out Curaçoa in lieu of Rum to the Sailors of Her Majesty's Fleets.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER then rose amidst much excitement, to make his Annual Financial Statement. The Right Honourable Gentleman said that the past year had been one of unusual anxiety on account of the general depression of Trade in all its branches.

MISS ROSE DARLING (Member for Flirtington) was quite sure that the Right Honourable Gentleman would forgive her for interrupting him for a minute, for just one little minute. Now would he not? She was sure he would. The fact was she had quite forgotten that she had given notice to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. She took this opportunity of congratulating that Right Honourable Gentleman upon his evident recovery from his recent cold—he looked quite himself again. (*Hear! hear! from the Female Benches.*) She repeated that she had quite forgotten that she had given notice to her Right Honourable Friend (she used the term in the Parliamentary sense)—to her Right Honourable Friend, that she would ask him a question. She had promised some people to go with them to the Royal Albert Hall, and she had only remembered the matter a few minutes since. She knew that she was dreadfully irregular, but might she ask that question now? It would be so nice of the SPEAKER if he would consent to her request.

The SPEAKER was forced to admit that the Honourable Member for Flirtington was out of order. (*Hear! hear!*) Still, under the circumstances of the case, he would allow the question to be put. The Male Members of that House must show some courtesy to their fair colleagues—the Ladies who had been sent to Westminster to take part in the government of this great country. (*Cheers.*)

MR. ROUGHMAN did not agree with the SPEAKER. (*Oh! oh!*) Since the introduction of Persons into Parliament, that House had not got through a fair day's work on any one occasion. It was nonsense to make any difference between men and women in that House. (*Cries of "Divide!"*) Of course the SPEAKER would not agree with him, but then everybody knew that the SPEAKER (for whom personally he had the highest respect) had been elected to the chair he filled by the Female Interest in that House, on account of the reputation he enjoyed of being quite a ladies' man. (*Order! order!*)

MISS KATE FLITTERLEY expressed her opinion that the Honourable Member for Plainborough (MR. ROUGHMAN) was a bear. (*Cheers from the Female Benches.*)

MR. LOVERLEY shared the opinion that had just been expressed by his Honourable friend the Member for Hymenville.

MR. ROUGHMAN was not surprised to hear the Honourable Member say so. If rumour was to be believed, the Honourable Member was prepared to share his name as well as his opinions with the fair and Honourable Member for Hymenville. (*Oh! oh!*)

MR. LOVERLEY would be glad to know what the Honourable Member for Plainborough meant by that assertion.

MISS ROSE DARLING was more distressed than she could say, that she should have been the cause of a quarrel. She did hope that the two gentlemen would make it up.

MISS FLITTERLEY said that the gentlemen were not quarrelling about the Honourable Member for Flirtington.

MISS DARLING was of an opinion that the Honourable Member for Hymenville was a spiteful creature. She (MISS DARLING) was sure that she never meant to cause any unpleasantness. After a few incoherent words, the Honourable Member burst into tears and resumed her seat in a fit of hysterics.

The business of the House was here suspended for some minutes, whilst the Male Members busied themselves in procuring restoratives.

On the resumption of business the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the House that his Annual Financial Statement had still to be made. (*Cheers from the Male Benches.*)

The SPEAKER said that he believed the Fair and Honourable Member for Flirtington wished to put a question to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. He had ruled that the question might be put.

MISS DARLING admitted that in her agitation she had entirely forgotten what it was she had intended to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman. She believed, however, it was something to do with the Paris Fashions. She gave notice that she would repeat her question to-morrow. (*Here! here! from the Female Benches.*)

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER again rose to make his Annual Financial Statement. The Right Honourable Gentleman said that the past year had been one of unusual anxiety on account of the general depression of trade in all its branches.

MISS PRINCILLA MANLEY would make no apology for interrupting the Right Honourable Gentleman. The Bill of which she had the honour to be the advocate, for permitting a majority of the ratepayers (male and female) to abolish the use of tobacco, in fact the measure known as the Permissive Smoking Bill, was of far greater importance to the public at large than the "Budget." (*Cheers from the Female Benches.*) Pipes were an abomination, and cigars were the curses of the country.

The SPEAKER courteously reminded the Honourable Member that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was then in possession of the ear of the House.

MISS MANLEY denied the assertion. (*Laughter.*)

The SPEAKER would be glad if the Honourable Member would kindly permit the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to continue his financial statement. (*Cheers from the Male Benches.*)

MISS MANLEY had no doubt about that. (*Cheers and laughter from the Female Benches.*) A Lady was not to be put down by clamour. (*Renewed cheers from the Female Benches.*) She (the Honourable Member) would like to see the man who could force a woman to be silent when that woman desired to speak. That man would be a curiosity, and should be added to the Natural History Collection at the British Museum. (*Renewed cheers and laughter from the Female Benches.*) The Honourable Member then made a long and elaborate speech about the abuses of tobacco.

After the Honourable Member had been speaking for more than three hours and a quarter, a large number of Male Members left their seats, and

At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the House was Counted Out.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N presents his Compliments to Mr. Punch, and will feel obliged by his suppressing the following correspondence:—

"From SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N to MR. DISRAELI.

Dear DIZZY, you leaped to your present control Of the country by means of a very high Poll; But, if to please all, you yet vain would aspire, We'll find you a Pole that's undoubtedly higher Than any you ever have heard of, by far. Yours faithfully, and to the purpose, H. R.

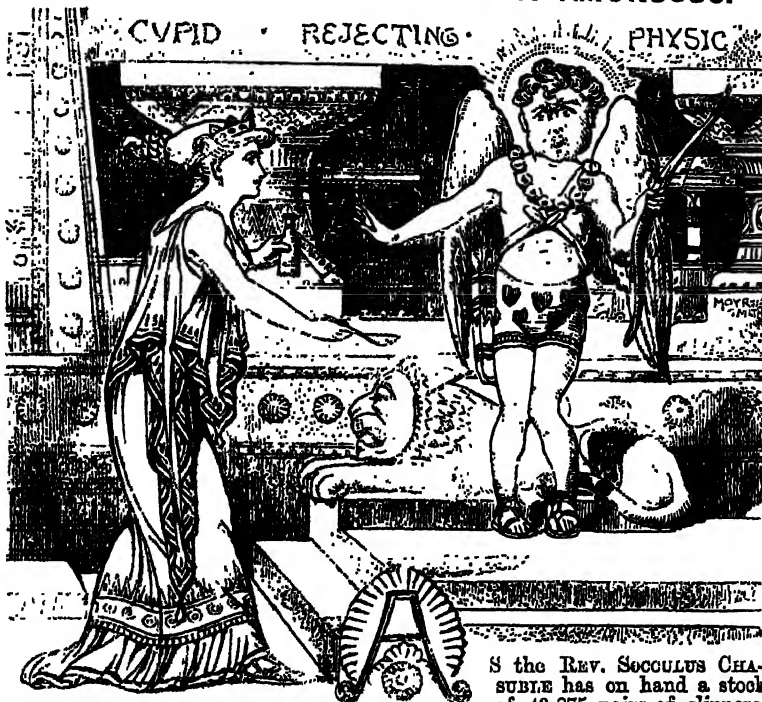
From MR. D—SRAELI to SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N.

DEAR R—WLINS—N, thanks for your letter and quip; I won't let a good opportunity slip Of doing what should have been done when the life Of a FRANKLIN might perhaps have been spared to his wife. The North Pole of more use is to you than to me, But, by Jingo, we'll find it!

Yours truly,

B. D.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF ST. AMOROSUS.



As the REV. SOCOULUS CHASUBLE has on hand a stock of 43,875 pairs of slippers, he begs leave to suggest that

some other form of acknowledgment for his religious service, eloquent teaching, and gentlemanly bearing, might occasionally be adopted by his devoted admirers. He is willing to receive—

1. Rump-steaks and accompanying oysters, especially on Saturday, to strengthen him for his Dominical duties.
2. Port wine: MR. CHASUBLE, who suffers from clerical sorethroat, will be happy to communicate the address of his favourite wine-merchant.
3. Cigars: MR. CHASUBLE finds the sodative weed of great value after his labours in the Confessional.
4. Rowlands' Macassar and Glenfield Starch for his hair and his surplices.
5. Perfumes: Frangipani for feasts, Patchouli for fasts, Attar of Roses for evening parties.
6. MR. CHASUBLE will be at home daily from eleven to one, to be attended by any young Lady of sartorial capacity, who wishes to measure him for coats, waistcoats, or continuations.

N.B.—To Hebrews only. Slippers on Sale—never yet worn, and very cheap.

MEN WE DON'T WANT TO MEET.

THE Man who grunts and gasps as he gobbles up his soup, and at every other mouthful seems threatened with a choking fit.

The Man who, having by an accident been thrown once in your company, makes bold to bawl your name out, and to shake your hand profusely when you pass him in the street.

The Man who, pleading old schoolfellowship, which you have quite forgotten, never meets you without trying to extort a fivepound note.

The Man who volunteers his criticism on your new play or picture, and points out its worst faults in presence of your wife.

The Man who artfully provokes you to play a game of billiards with him, and, though he feigns to be a novice, produces his own chalk.

The Man who can't sit at your table on any set occasion without getting on his legs to propose some stupid toast.

The Man who, thinking you are musical, bores you with his notions on the music of the future, of which you know as little as the music of the spheres.

The Man who wears a white hat in the winter, and smokes a pipe when walking, and accosts you as "old fellow" just as you are hoping to make a good impression on some well-dressed lady friends.

The Man who, knowing that your doctor faces him at table, turns the talk so as to set him talking doctor's shop.

The Man who, with a look of urgent business, when you are in a hurry, takes you by the button-hole to tell you a bad joke.

The Man who, sitting just behind you at the Opera, destroys half your enjoyment by humming all the airs.

The Man who makes remarks on your personal adornment, asks you where you buy your waistcoats, and what you paid for your dress-boots.

The Man who lards his talk with little scraps of French and German after his return from a continental tour.

The Man who spoils your pleasure in seeing a new play by applauding in wrong places, and muttering in stage-whispers his comments on the plot.

And, to finish with, the Man who, when you draw back slightly to appreciate a picture, coolly comes and stands in front of you, and then receding, also treads upon your toes.

PROTESTANT INVENTIONS.

"Q. Must not Catholics believe the Pope in himself to be infallible?"

"A. This is a Protestant invention."—*Catholic Catechism.*

Rome holds it worse than imbecility
About Infallibility

Broadcast to sow dissension;
In fact, the dogma, all must see
In sense of ACORN, PERRAN, SHERR,
Is Protestant invention.

"Quod semper, quod ubique, quod
Ab omnibus"—though priestly nod
Lay sinners now and then shun—
That priest was ever known to doubt
Or varying views thereof let out,
Is Protestant invention.

Rome never Heretic bonfire made,
Preached 'gainst Prince Protestant crusade,
To cause just apprehension;
Ne'er laid scourge on Low-Country back—
ALVA's block, TORQUEMADA's rack,
Are Protestant invention.

Rome, 'mong her means, ne'er used Confession
To worm out secret, veil transgression,
Or ease the piteous tension
Of conscience in poor PADDY sent
With slugs to settle for the rent—
All Protestant invention!

Rome wrests not next world's hopes and fears
Husband and wife to set by th' ears,
And in homes breed dissension;
Direction spiritual ne'er
To temporal ends doth overbear—
That's Protestant invention!

Rome ne'er was known ingenuous youth
By stealth from heresy to truth
To aid in his ascension:
Pastors and Parents kept i' the dark,
Till Priest to flame had fanned the spark,—
Mere Protestant invention!

Rome over noble millionaire
Ne'er dropped her Church-fly, light as air—
Your coarser baits such men abun;—
Till hooked, played, gaffed, the fine flat fish
Was dished as only Priests can dish—
All Protestant invention!

Romish Confessional within
No question e'er brought thoughts of sin
To maiden comprehension:
Her pure Confessors ne'er were known
On souls sans stain to stamp their own;
That's Protestant invention!

A saw has wide acceptance found
That Satan's favourite training-ground
Is paved with good intentions;
Now that Macadam's in disgrace,
And Old Nick paves his little place
With Protestant inventions.

CON. FOR COLONIALS.

WHICH modern Composer's name best describes most
Colonial Bishops?
OFFEN-BACH.



THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

The Marquis (in the Play). "AVEN'T I GIVE' YER THE EDGICATION OF A GEN'LEMAN?"

Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "YOU 'AVE!!!"

THE ASTRONOMER AT HOME.

I HOLD, whatever PROCTOR writes,
Or LOCKYER, or AIRY,
Out-door observing, these chill nights,
A snare to the unwary.

Long though you gaze into the sky
(Not quite, I hope, cigarless),
What chance of seeing meteors fly
Through a heaven that hangs starless?

A blazing fire in bright steel bars
Best observe, after dining;
And study—if you must have stars—
Those 'neath arched eyebrows shining.

Transit of Venus snugly watch,
With comforts that enhance it:
There is no place like home to catch
Your Venus in her transit.

Let who will, 'mid Kerguelen's snows,
Seek freezing-post and thawing-room,
My Venus one short transit knows—
From dining-room to drawing-room.

Let me observe her, by lamp-light,
In *chaise longue*, soft and lazy,
Her witch-face framed in hair-wreaths bright,
Enough to drive one crazy.

Sweet star of eve, whose beauties blend
With foam of vaporous laces,
That like a cloudy setting lend
A mystery to thy graces,

Heightening the charms they half enwrap—
Sweet star too of the morning,
In muslins fresh, and pretty cap
A prettier head adorning!

Yes, "*Vire l'Astronomie*," say I—
But what I add between us is—
While our Home-Heavens can still supply
Observers with their Venuses!

FEMININE ADULTERATION.

MY DEAR MENTOR PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH I am still quite a young man (at least, I'm not much over forty), my friends, and specially my fair friends, often wonder, in my hearing, why it is that I don't marry. If I ask them why they wonder, they in general reply, "O, because, you know, you can so well afford to marry!" And they say this with an emphasis which apparently implies that they have unanswerably settled the whole question.

Now, certainly to judge by the dresses that one sees, a wife must be now-a-days a rather costly luxury to add to a bachelor establishment. But although not quite a Croesus, I confess that the expense is not in my case a deterrent. What I chiefly fear is that, having gone through all the forms and ceremonies, civil, legal, and religious, which society imposes on the man who takes a wife, I may find myself the victim of a fashionable swindle.

Being by nature somewhat of a nervous disposition, I tremble lest my bride be discovered, after wedlock, to belong Not to the family of "beauties without paint." I shudder at the thought of finding, when too late, that her hair is not her own, excepting in so far as she may honestly have paid for it. I shiver at the prospect of detecting that the blooming roses on her cheeks, alas! are merely artificial flowers; that her cherry lips have rather the taste of Dead Sea fruit; and that the lustre of her eyes is a sham illumination. In short, I am afraid lest my better-half should prove not half so good as I had calculated; and in respect at least of personal advantages, should be found to be a terribly adulterated article.

I appeal then, Sir, to you as the best possible adviser to help me in the matter; and what I chiefly want to know is, whether do you think that, through your own benignant influence, an amendment might be made to the Adulteration Act, so as to extend it to persons who adulterate feminine attractions. Timid people like myself who can hardly dare to look a lady in the face, even while they are engaged in paying their addresses, are completely at the mercy of girls

who use cosmetics; and surely something should by law be done for our protection. A man who goes into the Money Market may easily employ a broker, who will warn him from a perilous investment; but if I were to venture on a spec. in the Matrimony Market, who is there to save me from a fraudulent transaction?

I have not a word to say of ladies colouring or be-chignonning their fair heads after marriage. They may do so if they like, and if their husbands like to let them. But I contend that any girl who in any way bedaubes herself, or even buys one single lock of hair to add to her capillary attractions, is guilty of endeavouring to obtain a husband under false pretences, and, under the penalties imposed by the new Feminine Adulteration Act, should be severely punished—say, prohibited from dancing for one entire season.

Of course if such a law were passed, great clamour would arise among hairdressers and others, who now gain their greatest profits by the sale of curls and pigments. But I own that I should have small pity for such sufferers; and, indeed, were I entrusted with the drawing of the Act, I would put their shops at once under the eye of the police, and would prevent, by heavy fines, their catch-penny advertisements.

Beseeching you, dear Mentor *Punch*, to exert your kindly influence in the manner I have hinted at, I subscribe myself

Yours reverently,

Aspen Court, near Quiverton.

TELEMACHUS TWITTER.

P.S.—I need hardly add that any breach of promise action should instantly be quashed, on proof that the fair plaintiff, during her courtship, has resorted to the rouge-pot, or painted her eyelids.

Might and Right.

BEHOLD in Rome how pertinent a sight
To controversy pending at this hour!
Where, if the Pope claims the deposing right,
The Nation still holds the deposing power.



CONVENIENCE OF A LIGHT-WEIGHT GROOM.

Miss Ethel. "NOW, SIT TIGHT THIS TIME, CHARLES. HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO LET HIM GO?"

ADVERTISING GEMS.

AN Advertisement in the *Kent and Sussex Courier*, on the part of a "Stud and Farm Company," of "Horses for Sale," recommends them as being "in hard condition," and further announces that—

"Gentlemen wishing to rest in Large Boxes, and Straw Yards, or turn out Superior Horses (not suffering or recovering from any illness), will find the accommodation at this Farm unsurpassed."

Ascetic Gentlemen wishing to rest in large boxes and straw yards may be imagined to prefer being in somewhat hard condition themselves. Possibly, like *Othello*—

"A natural and prompt alacrity
They 'find in hardness.'"

Accordingly, perhaps, a Gentleman of this hardy kind would rather rest in a horse-box than sleep in a "thrice-driven bed of down."

Under heading of "Professional" we are informed in the *Bradford Observer* that there is—

WANTED immediately, at Holme Lane Congregational Chapel, a competent Person to TAKE CHARGE of the SINGING and PLAYING of the HARMONIUM. For further particulars apply, &c., &c.

A Harmonium, so completely self-acting as to play itself and to sing, must be a wonder of musical mechanism far in advance of any automaton piping-bullfinch ever exhibited. What a pity this extraordinary instrument should abide in the obscurity of Holme Lane! Why is it not immediately brought up to South Kensington? The proceeds of its sale or its exhibition would pay all the expenses of the Congregational Chapel, in which the congregation could sing to the accompaniment of an ordinary Harmonium, played by a competent person, in the meanwhile.

The *Wisebeach Telegraph* also proclaims a singular want:—

WANTED, a Strong Boy, to live in the house, to milk and work a pair of Horses. Also a Boy to look after Cows and to groom. Good characters required.—Apply &c., &c.

It is possible that a Boy might milk as well as work a pair of

mares—but Horses, how? He might also milk two or more asses without being necessarily a very strong Boy. Asses' milk is a reality, horses' milk would be miraculous. The former is an article of diet, on which children are sometimes reared. Does it ever impart the nature of the animal whence it is derived; and can it be that the Gentleman who notifies that he wants a strong Boy to milk a pair of horses was brought up on asses' milk?

HIGH AND LOW ART.

AT an extraordinary Meeting of Crystal Palace Shareholders, held the other day, certain dissatisfied members of that body appear to have complained that their Board of Directors "showed a tendency to cultivate 'High Art' at their expense;" but the *Times*, pointing out the expediency of providing it as a special attraction, truly tells them that "the Directors of the Crystal Palace will surely not be blamed by the public for seeking to provide amusements of an elevated kind." That is to say, such amusements as a Burns Centenary, Schiller and Mendelssohn Celebrations, and Handel Festivals. These all come under the head of High Art, and in that sense may be said to be of an elevated kind; but there are others, of which the Art displayed is high only in the sense of physical altitude; and they, as given at the Crystal Palace, if certainly elevated, were perhaps the reverse of elevating. The performances of M. BLONDIN on the tight-rope, at a dangerous elevation, were exhibitions of High Art, calculated rather to gratify, than to elevate inferior minds. It may be hoped that this kind of High Art will no more be cultivated at the Crystal Palace.

Unseasonable Occurrence.

THE papers announce that, in Kensington Gardens, near the bridge over the Serpentine, a horse-chestnut tree, almost bare of leaves, has lately shown its confusion of Autumn with Spring by breaking out into bloom. A tree so stupid, McWUTTER observes, is not a horse but an ass-chestnut.

"MODERATE MEASURES."



O his parrot-tune, "Nothing like water,"
Out on tippling SIR WILLIAM still cries—
Brandy, whiskey, rum, gin,
ale, stout, porter,
Find in him foe more witty than wise.
All willown with him Temperance should rule,
But Temperance in talk, too, is best;
Punch holds "measure in all things" a good rule;
And in drink, 'mong the rest.

E'en JOHN BRIGHT's oratorical bellows
From cold water a fire scarce could light.
Good Templars may oft be good fellows,
In regalia's and mummery's despite.
Bands of Hope are amusements for babies,
Who seldom, I fancy, get "screwed."

And the good of them's one of the "may he's"
On which doubt will intrude.

At Manchester, Lawsonites sternest
May learn lesson, sore needed, I think,
That moderate men may be earnest,
Though the foe they assail is strong drink.
Defying severe MRS. GRUNDY,
Who was probably weaned upon gin.
Wine in measure, says Presbyter LUNDIE,
May be drunk without sin.

The grape by kind Heaven has been granted
To gladden the hearts of mankind:
If the poets its praises have chanted,
The statesmen are not far behind.
While Parties and Churches have perished,
By rows the reverse of divine,
Two gifts, the world o'er, are still cherished—
Cheap bread and cheap wine!

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE TENTH, AND LAST.

Ulysse se console du départ de Calypso.

ALL the rest of that day, and all through the night, I felt that I was a blighted being. I saw that JOHN didn't like me any better for seeing me with JEWEL, and that JEWEL didn't like me any better for seeing me with JOHN. "This comes of leaning on a broken reed like Aunt JEMIMA," I said to myself. "What she said about donkeys don't hold good of men, after all. But what should she know about men?" And I sobbed till I thought my heart would break. But when the morning came I took a little courage. "Perhaps," I said, "when JEWEL comes to know that his 'LISABESS' is going away from him across the billows, his heart will turn to her again."

As soon as I saw MADAME PICHOU, and told her that we were going away, she began to cry, and declare that she was *désolée*, and that she should never find any one else whom she should like so well as me.

"Well," I thought, "if you take it to heart so, there is some hope of JEWEL. So I said to her, 'I dare say JEWEL won't miss me so much, even if he misses me at all.'"

But I didn't get much comfort out of her, for all she said was, "Ah! Ne te romps plus la tête de Jules. Il se consolera. Oh, il a tant aimé! Oh, beaucoup! beaucoup! beaucoup! Il a tant aimé qu'il est endurci comme tout. Avec les femmes c'est différent. Vous devriez entendre les plaintes et doléances quand il se défait des petites sottises. Mon Dieu! quelles litanies!"

When she said this, I felt as if I could have scratched her, and I thought how Grandmother always used to say, "There is a friend that sticketh sharper than a sister." Still, I kept on hoping that if

I could only have one more meeting with JEWEL, I might find him more sensible than MADAME PICHOU.

Missis settled that Cook and I were each to have an afternoon out before we went home. She was a soft, weak thing, was Missis, and was always fussing and fidgeting about to see if she couldn't please us. Cook spent her afternoon in getting things for her two little boys, for I do believe they were never out of her mind; but I thought I should like to have a last walk with MADAME PICHOU, and so I told her. "This is our parting walk, dear," I said to her. "It may be for years, and it may be for ever," as the song says, so do come early."

Well, she did come early, and she brought JEWEL with her. He seemed to have quite got over his little fit of temper, and was just as he used to be. As we walked down the avenue together, we met JOHN coming in with a message to Master from the BLATHERWICKS. "How do, BERTY? How do, Mr. Petty Tom?" said he. "I haven't time to stop." And he went on to the house.

"C'est un bel homme, votre MONSIEUR JEAN," said MADAME PICHOU; for I had told her something about him: "Il vous consolera, peut-être." And she looked back knowingly at him.

JEWEL looked back, too, but all he said was, "Peste soit du grand Butor!" And I'm told that it wasn't a civil speech, but it made me a little hopeful.

We all three walked together for a little while, and then MADAME PICHOU stopped to speak to a friend in one of the cottages, and JEWEL and I walked on. JEWEL didn't talk. He kept on humming to himself,

"Allons, mon enfant,
Mon petit Fanfan,
Vite au pas,
Qu'on n'ait pas
Que tu trembles;
En avant!
Fanfan la Tulipe!
Oui, mille noms d'un pipe,
En avant!"

I saw that I must speak first. "JEWEL," I said, in the best French I could manage, after thinking of it all the day, "JEWEL, je rais partir! Vous vous souviendrez de votre bonne pâte de femme, JEWEL? N'est-ce pas?"

"A la mort, Mademoiselle!" said JEWEL, as calmly as if he had been going to charge the enemy.

I began to turn hot and cold, and to be afraid that I shouldn't be able to do anything with him, so I said, "J'espère que vous ne souffrirez pas, JEWEL."

He wasn't overcome even by this, but only said, "Rien n'est difficile pour un Voltigeur, Mademoiselle! La garde souffre, mais ne se rend pas." And he drew himself up proudly, like the hero of a hundred fights.

I gave it up in despair, and as we walked home along the same road which we had taken when we came back from the *Ducasse*, I recollected that, as we stood at the buffet that evening, he had said, "Je m'en fiche de Parfait Amour." I know I ought to have taken warning then, but never, from a child, could I keep from tasting sweets, even though I felt sure that Grandmother had put a powder in the bottom of the spoon.

We parted, where we first met, at our front gate. I don't think I'd have had him, if he had asked me, but it would have been nice to be asked. Even if I had refused him, it would have been nice to think, as I went back to England, that there was "something attempted, somebody done," as that sweet poem says which we used to learn at school.

At length the day came on which we were to go home. We had about twice as much luggage as we had brought; for, of course, Master, just like a man, had bought a heap of things he didn't want, and MISS EDITH had got two or three boxes of presents, and Missis had laid in a great stock of clothes for the children, and Cook and me had got a few things extra, so that the Baggages who came to fetch away the luggage, quite filled up the avenue with their trunks. The people from the neighbouring cottages gathered round the gate to see us off. Old PIERE POMPON, as we called him, who lived in the cottage at the back of our house to look after the kitchen garden, and who was leading the two cows out to their daily pasture, stopped them, and stood still to look at us. MERE POMPON, his wife, bustled about, and helped the Baggages with tears in her eyes. MADAME PICHOU was so sad that she couldn't do anything; and little OLIVIER, her daughter, who used to run errands for us, and who was dressed up in a frock that Miss EDITH had given her, howled at the top of her voice. When we moved off, they all set up a great shout, and I think we all felt as if we were parting from old friends.

When we got down to the Pier, the BLATHERWICKS were there, with their luggage, and you could hardly see JOHN for the cloaks and rugs which they had hung upon him. We had a job to get the things into the boat, I can tell you, but we had plenty of time, and everything was settled before the boat was ready to start. Cook went

down into the cabin with the children, and had no sooner got there than she said, "O, good gracious!" and laid down on the floor, and didn't move again until we got to the end of the voyage. Missis had wanted me to stay down below with the children, but I knew better than that; so I said, "No, Ma'am! my place is on deck, where I can be of use to you and poor Miss EDITH!" And on deck I stayed.

Missis, and Miss EDITH, and MRS. BLATHERWICK settled themselves in the seats on deck, which are reserved for ladies, and MRS. BLATHERWICK began to say that she had got two of the Fishwomen to take her, on the Sunday before, to the Chapel of the Blessed Saint Jossé of Brittany, who was a great Patron of sea-going people, and that she felt sure she shouldn't be sick. But Master and old BLATHERWICK were the best. They had both made up their minds that they were going to be very ill; so one lay down on the seat by the funnel, and the other just opposite to him on the seat by the side of the vessel, and then JOHN swathed 'em both up in rugs and waterproofs from head to foot, and the Steward put what was necessary close to each of 'em, and they lay there, looking like two mummies, and waiting for the worst.

Presently Master put his head out of his wraps, and called out, "I say, BLATHERWICK! we shan't have to pack up like this when the *Castalia* is ready!"

BLATHERWICK just uncovered the tip of his nose, and wheezed out, "Whew! the *Bessemer* is ready, you mean! The *Bessemer* is sure to cure the rolling, and the *Castalia* isn't!"

Master got excited, and put one arm out of his rugs. "I don't care about the rolling," he said, "it's the sinking that does the mischief, and the *Bessemer* won't cure that!"

"Well," said old BLATHERWICK, sitting half up, "if you come to that, how is the *Castalia* to cure the sinking?"

Just then the paddles began to turn, and the two old gentlemen tumbled down into their wraps, and didn't speak any more. As for JOHN, as soon as he had settled his Master and mine, he came up to me, and said, "Come along, BETSY, and stand under the bridge with me. It's the easiest and the driest place in the ship, and I'll take care of you, for the sake of old times." So we went a little way under the bridge, and leaned against the bulwark.

"O, JOHN," I said, "just hear how the wind howls! I'm sure we're going to have a hurricane, or one of those equally noxious gales."

"Never mind, BETSY," said he; "I'll see you through it!" which was so kind of him that I couldn't help getting a little closer to him.

The Pier was quite crowded with people as we passed along, and there, as he stood along with the Baggages, I caught my last glimpse of JEWEL. He saw us, and waved his cap. JOHN saw him, too, and cried out, "Why, confound the impudence of that little fellow! He's got his arm round one of them little porticoes."

"Well, JOHN," I said, looking up in his face, "why shouldn't he? Aren't they of one nation, and one language, and one way of thinking, JOHN?"

"Right you are, BETSY," said JOHN; "and if you'll forget JEWEL, I'll forget the porticoes."

As he spoke, I felt something coming round me, which might have been his arm, but I thought it might be only the roll of the ship; so I didn't move it, and there it stayed till we got into the harbour at Dover.

"O!" thought I, "what would Grandmother and Aunts say if they saw their BETSY now?"

Pigeons and Crows.

WHEN Apple-women in the street
Obstruct the public way,
The prompt Policeman from his beat
Clears off each stall and tray.

When betting Roughts the pavement crowd,
At Knightsbridge as they do,
Is Bobby too completely cowed
To bid them move on too?

The Force of Example.

A CONFERENCE of Ministers, sitting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, have resolved that if they and Members of their Churches could see their way to practise Teetotalism, "the cause of Temperance would thereby be greatly promoted." Clearly. If Total Abstinence is as advantageous as it is said to be, Teetotalers, in the mass, must present a spectacle of happiness which will allure everybody to share it. Example will be all-sufficient. Let them stick to that.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

(Not mentioned by the Post.)



PUTTING your name on a bill, "just for form's sake," to oblige a needy relative, and living in the hope that he will find the means to meet it.

Hiring a first-floor in a so-called quiet neighbourhood, in the hope that it will yield you opportunities of study, and finding that there is a squalling baby in the house, and a howling dog hard by, and a piano in full play both upon the ground-floor and the second storey.

Getting a big mud-splash on your shirt-front while hurrying in a Hansom to dine with

punctual people, and indulging in the hope that, when dry, the stain will not be noticed.

Breaking down just in the middle of your favourite comic-song, and beginning it afresh in the vain hope of recollecting it.

Squeezing, by hard pressure, a loan out of a Jew, and hoping against hope that he may forget to charge his usual interest.

Nursing the fond hope that you will have the luck to take Miss SWEETLIPPES down to dinner, and finding, to your horror, you are paired with LADY HUMGRUFFYN.

Taking the trouble to compose and learn by heart your maiden speech, in the vain hope that your memory may not be affected by your nervousness.

Calling very dutifully upon your slightly cross, and as well as vastly deaf old Aunt, in the hope that you may find your pretty cousin CLARA sitting in attendance on her; and then seeing that young person monopolised completely by that odious fellow BROWN, who happens also to drop in, and somehow manages to let you entertain the elder lady.

Passing by the *entrées*, in the hope of a good joint on which to wreak the vengeance of your appetite; and then discovering, to your horror, that a feeble leg of lamb is carved in thin, transparent slices for the plates of sixteen people.

Going to the Theatre on the first night of a new comedy, in the hope of seeing something to amuse you, and finding that the plot is cribbed from a French play, which you saw last year in Paris.

Treading by ill luck upon your Uncle's gouty toe, just when you are hoping to persuade him, by a novel course of argument, to let you be his debtor for another fifty pounds or so.

Lastly, lending an umbrella to a friend who has been dining with you, and cherishing the hope that you will live to see it back again.

A Prelate on Pedigrees.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in a letter addressed to the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation on the New Lectionary, objects to that revised Table of Lessons that "it has a strong repugnance to genealogies." DR. WORDSWORTH, perhaps, does not consider that there are a genealogy and a genealogy to which he might remove some critical repugnance by showing how to reconcile them. Apart from these genealogies may be mentioned the genealogy of MR. DARWIN, beginning with the Marine Ascidian and descending through the monkeys—but that is another affair.

New Books.

In Calf Half Bound. By the Author of *In Honour Bound*.
Merry as a Grig. By J. R. PERKIN. Companion Novel to *Innocent as a Baby*, by J. R. POTTS.
Feeding the Horse. By the Author of *Baiting the Trap*.
Aunt Sally. By the Author of *Uncle John*.
Young Missuses. By the Compiler of *Old Masters*.



ART IN EXCELSIS.

THE MONTGOMERY SPIFFINESSE HAVE JUST HAD THEIR DRAWING-ROOM CEILING ELABORATELY DECORATED BY ARTISTIC HANDS. THEY ARE MUCH GRATIFIED BY THE SENSATION PRODUCED UPON THEIR FRIENDS.

METHINKS!

METHINKS the Streets and Roads might be kept a little cleaner.
 Methinks they will be when London is properly governed.
 Methinks MR. GLADSTONE will be relieved in future from much inquisitive correspondence on the subject of his religious opinions.
 Methinks ARCHBISHOP MANNING will not officiate in Westminster Abbey—at all events, for the present.
 Methinks the POPE will not send his blessing (favoured by the Archbishop) to Lords ACTON and CAMOYS, &c.
 Methinks MR. DISRAELI must regret a certain passage in his Guildhall speech.
 Methinks Ministers must be very reluctant to come back to London, and hold Cabinet Councils.
 Methinks their first duty is to deliberate how best to protect the Oyster.
 Methinks the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES must be enjoying their holiday at Sandringham, safe from all addresses and presentations.
 Methinks Spain must be a highly uncomfortable country to live in.
 Methinks MR. IRVING's performance of *Hamlet* will induce a great many persons to read that play—for the first time in their lives.
 Methinks the number of people who understand anything about the Transit of Venus must be very limited.
 Methinks we want a good novel or two.
 Methinks rising in the morning becomes daily more and more difficult.
 Methinks the Ladies are wearing their kicking-straps more than a little too large.
 Methinks this is an odd time of year to announce a new Polar expedition.
 Methinks the season is rapidly approaching for Christmas books, Christmas bills, Christmas cards, Christmas cheer, Christmas hampers, and Christmas boxes.
 Methinks November is not such a very bad month after all for people with wine, good dinners to eat, good liquor to drink, and good houses to live in.

"PROHIBITIONIST" PREACHING.

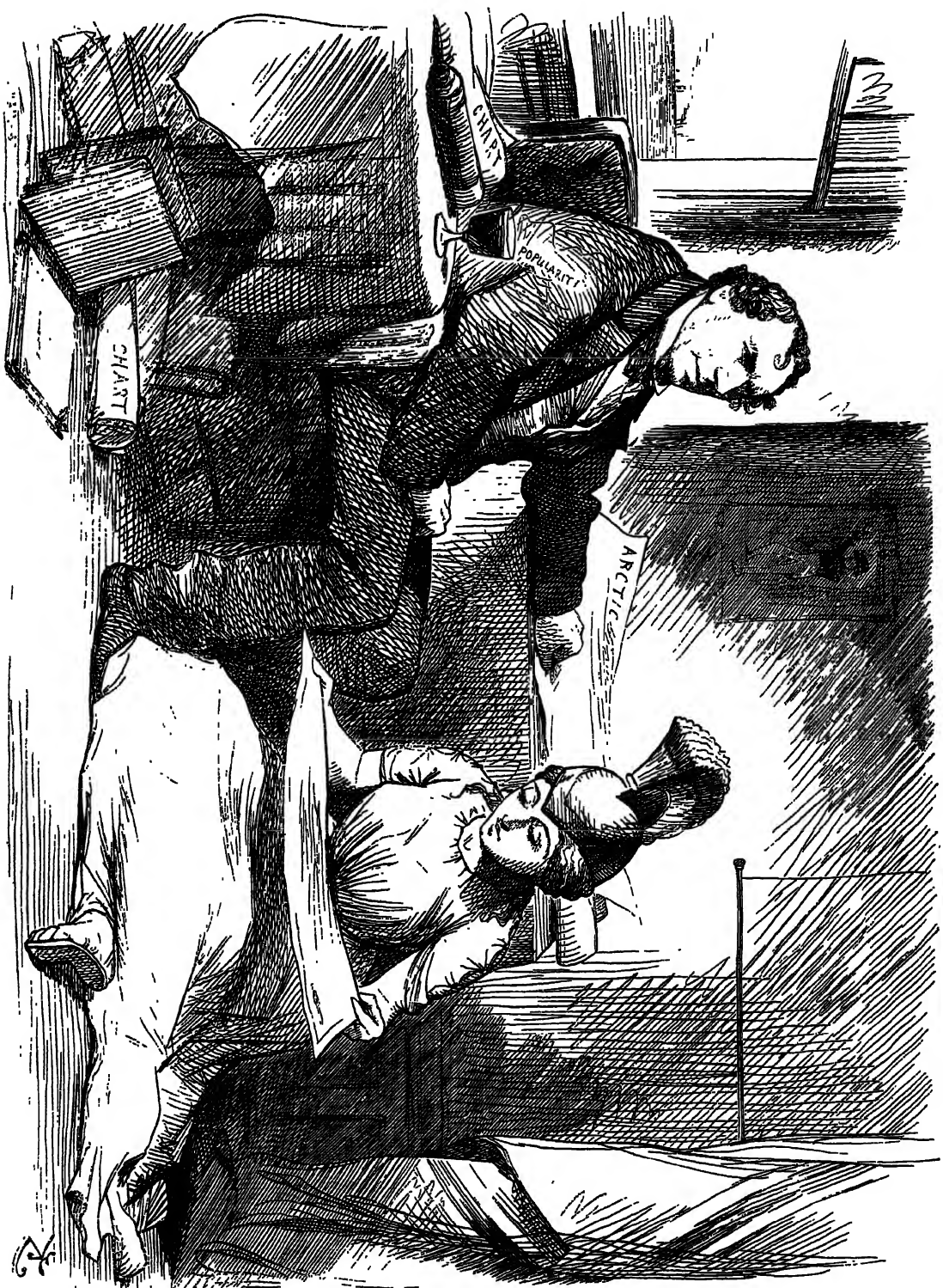
In a letter to the *Times*, protesting, in a tone of imperious fanaticism, against the suggestion of "a compromise between Abstainers and Prohibitionists, on the one side, and those who have hitherto stood aloof from them on the other side," MR. DAWSON BURNS dogmatizes as follows:—

"The assumed analogy between corn and wine cannot be maintained, unless the wine be the wine of the cluster. The constituents and properties of natural produce are not to be confounded with the qualities of liquors flowing from the fermenting vat and the still. Every test applied by chemistry and common sense indicates a remarkable difference."

Does it? What sort of liquor was that new wine which was not to be put into old bottles? What was that new wine for whose effects the manifestations of certain persons, once upon a time imagined to be full of it, was mistaken? What was the quality of those wines of which every man who gave a banquet was wont to set forth the better at the beginning, and when his guests had well drunk, then that which was worse? The wine of the cluster, doubtless; but was it not also the product of fermentation, and for those who took too much of it an "intoxicating liquor"? MR. DAWSON BURNS is reputed to be a Dissenting Minister. Who can tell to what length his Dissent extends?

Australian Gold Measures.

GLORIOUS news has been telegraphed to Melbourne from the Gold Diggings at Carisbrook. Gold has been found there in quartz; the former in such quantity as to hold the latter together. Thus the gold in the quartz appears to be as solid and substantial as any pewter. Four dishfuls of quartz produced as much as two pounds weight of gold; and "are reported to be more gold and quartz than quartz and gold." We are further informed that "a rush of speculators has set in" to the auriferous quartz. Of course, they must expect to take, and doubtless hope to be satisfied with pot-luck.

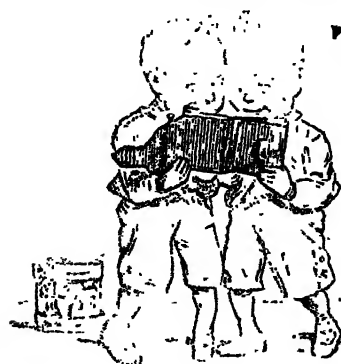


“THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.”

“IT CAN BE DONE AND ENGLAND MEANS TO DO IT.”

Illustrated by J. E. Mills, R.A., with Mr. Punch's Apologies for an effort of Memory.

RULE BRITANNIA!



THE Committee appointed to inquire into the condition of the *Britannia* training-ship have just issued their Report. That the public may thoroughly understand the facts of the case, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in publishing a little additional evidence, that would certainly have been added as an appendix to the document in question, had not the Committee considered it superfluous, having adopted part of it at least in their Report.

ADMIRAL HECTOR MARTINER *examined*.—He did not know much about books, and therefore believed himself to be the better qualified for offering an opinion upon Naval Education. A Cat was the best thing that could be served out to a set of lazy young dogs. He did not intend any play upon words in that assertion. He had never seen a burlesque; he had never read the play of *Black Eyed Susan*. Now that he had been told what it was all about, he thought that CAPTAIN CROMSTREE must have been an excellent officer. He had done his duty in arresting Able-bodied Seaman WILLIAM. He (the witness) would have hanged Able-bodied Seaman WILLIAM straight off, without waiting for a reprieve to arrive from the Lords of the Admiralty. He thought that the Lords of the Admiralty frequently deserved the Cat. Here the witness entered into a narrative of a personal grievance, which (as irrelevant to the inquiry) was immediately suppressed.

MASTER PETER SIMPLE *examined*.—Was a Naval Student. Had been working very hard for the last two years. Knew nothing about Navigation. Could not take an observation. Could make one—that he had had too much to do. Did not know the difference between Latitude and Longitude. Thought the former had something to do with Broad Church opinions. Could give the date of the Birth of SHAKESPEARE. Could not give the names of SHAKESPEARE'S plays. Had seen *Hamlet* before he went to school, but did not know by whom it was written. Could give the dates of the Norman conquest, the creation of the world, and the earthquake of Lisbon. Believed he knew something about Magna Charta. Thought it was the name of a ship that went down with a lot of people on board. Could give the dates, weights, and surnames of all the English Sovereigns—if he might repeat them in their consecutive order. He could not say what relationship existed between WILLIAM THE THIRD and WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Thought that WILLIAM THE THIRD was the son of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Thought that WILLIAM THE THIRD was the son of WILLIAM THE SECOND, but could not be sure of it, unless he was allowed to repeat the list of sovereigns from "WILLIAM THE FIRST, surnamed the Conqueror, 1066," down to "VICTORIA, 1837, our present Gracious QUEEN." Could repeat the greater portion of PALER'S *Evidences of Christianity* by heart, but was unable to give the meaning of the word "Doctrine." Had learned a good deal of Geography. Could not say what was the capital of Turkey in Europe, but could give the names of the principal inland towns in the island of Borneo. Had been right through the books of *Euclid*, and was now learning to spell words of two syllables. Thought he knew the Articles of War, although he had never been taught them. The Articles of War were cannons, swords, and gunpowder. Had never heard of any other Articles of War. Believed he knew his duties as a Naval officer. He would have to wear a dirk, would have no more lessons to learn, except how to sail a ship, and would have authority given to him to treat the men put under him as he himself had been treated. The witness expressed his surprise at learning that the Cat was not permitted to be used in the Navy, and then retired.

MR. COACHINGTON GRAM *examined*.—He prepared young gentlemen to pass the necessary examinations for the Army, Navy, and the Civil Service. He thought the educational course pursued on board the *Britannia* admirable in every respect. That educational course could not be better. It appeared to him to be founded on the system already in force in his own establishment. He guaranteed to teach a pupil enough in three weeks to pass an examination lasting three days. It was absurd to ask him how long the boy would remember the fruits of his studies. He had heard that a pupil of his had forgotten everything he had learned in three years

in less than three months. If the report were true (and he confessed he had reason for doubting its authenticity), he considered the matter unimportant, as the pupil in question had passed the necessary examinations. He would not wish to sail in a ship commanded by officers who had received instruction in navigation on his system. That was merely a matter of common sense, and he wished it to be clearly understood that he attended that Committee merely as a professional man giving his opinions upon a professional matter. The Government Examinations had nothing whatever to do with common sense. So he must beg respectfully to decline answering any further questions of a character similar to the last that had been put to him.

MR. PUNCH *examined*.—Was the wisest man in the world. He was a universal authority upon everything. He had inquired into the subject of the *Britannia* training-ship, because it was a matter that affected the future greatness of England. What would England do without her ships? and what would the ships do without good officers? He was of opinion that the number of subjects studied by the cadets was far too great to allow of any being properly mastered, and that the knowledge acquired—especially in the English subjects, history, Scripture history, geography, grammar, and literature—was of the kind which taxed the memory rather than the reason. Moreover, he believed that the midshipman on board the *Britannia*, instead of learning seamanship and the duties of an officer, and having a reasonable amount of leisure, had to devote his time to elementary studies which ought to have been firmly fixed in his mind years before. He thought that many a lad thus acquired a dislike for a profession which appeared to him rather that of a schoolboy than of an officer. He (the witness) was convinced that a man-of-war, to whatever excellence she may be brought as a place of residence, is not, and cannot be made, a desirable place of education. The necessary presence of naval discipline was, in his opinion, antagonistic to the work of the schoolmaster.

The opinion of the last witness was received with much enthusiasm by the Committee, who immediately embodied the wise words he had spoken in the Report they had to deliver to the Admiralty. In that Report those words of wisdom will be found by those who search for them.

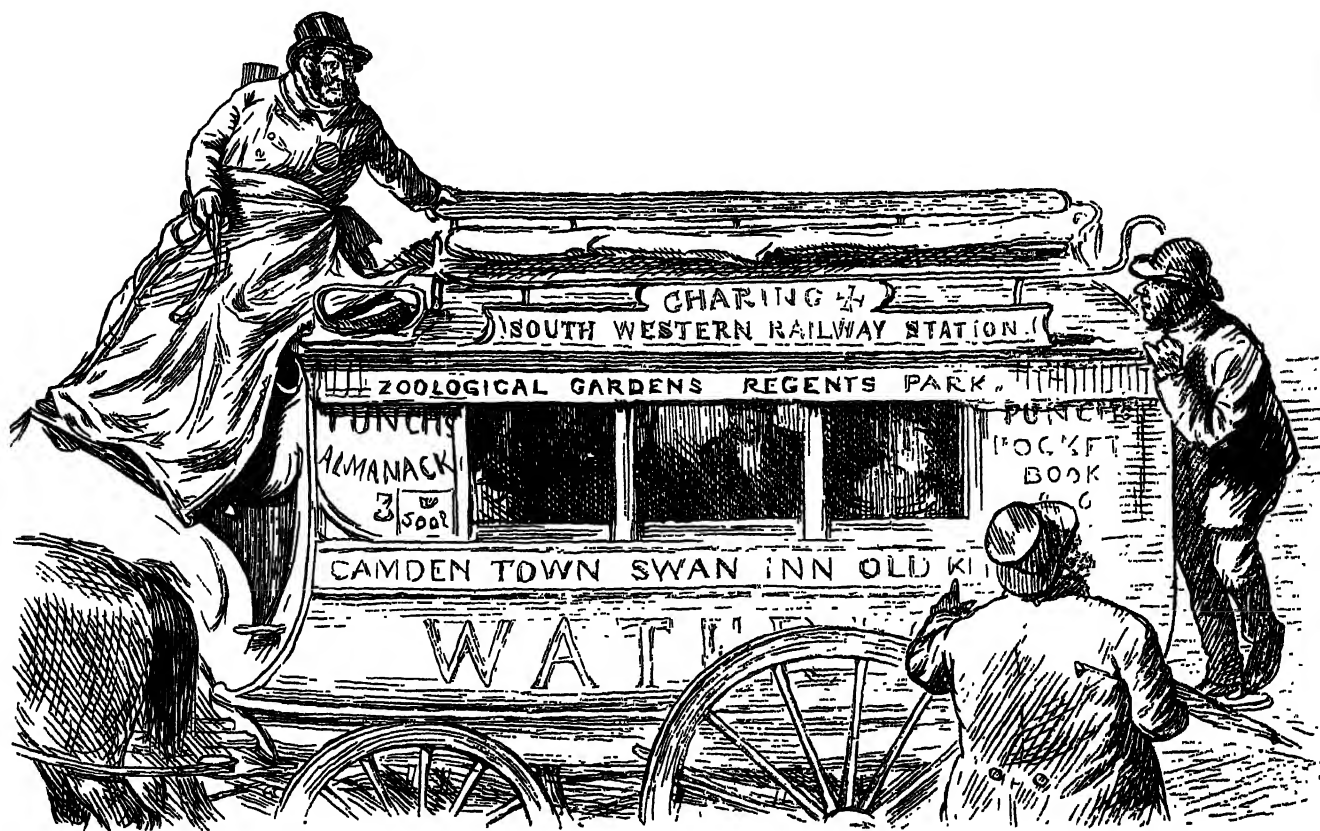
In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* wishes to say that the command, "England expects every man this day to do his duty," is still in force. On this occasion the order is addressed to the Members of Parliament in general and the Lords of the Admiralty in particular.

THE SERVICE OF THE GREAT SEAL.



MR. FRANÇOIS LE-COMPTÉ, of the Zoological Gardens, the intelligent custodian of the Sea Bear, appears to enjoy a sinecure, compared to the duties of the Porter to the Great Seal. The consumption of wax

supplied to his charge is stated by this official to amount to four hundred-weight a month. The Porter has charge of the Great Seal during the day, but delivers it up to the LORD CHANCELLOR the last thing at night; so that he is not obliged to sit up with it, after having been, as he generally is, in attendance nine hours a day. If he were, the fatigue would be more than human nature could sustain; especially, if his attendance has exceeded nine hours, as it does at times during the Parliamentary Session, when he has to remain in the House of Lords till the House rises, in order to go to bed. He has then to carry the Great Seal all the way to the Lord Chancellor's house. Besides all this, the Porter of the Great



PRECISE.

Driver (impatient). "Now, BILL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

Conductor. "GETLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT NO. 20 A IN CLARINGTON SQUARE, FUST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

Driver. "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GETLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IM BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK?"

Seal tells the Legal Department Commissioners that he never has more than a week's holiday in the year. The *Times* remarks that a large amount of work seems to be got out of the Great Seal. It appears that the Great Seal rather takes a great deal of work out of his Porter.

THE TROUBLESOME TRIO.

(A Seasonable Entertainment.)

Enter MONSIGNOR CAPEL, meeting LORD CAMOYS, MR. PETRE, and MR. SHEE.

Monsignor. Ah! you three Gentlemen! coming from Rome! How far have you got on your road?

Lord Camoys. O, a long way! We've reached Acton.

Monsignor. Ah! in that direction! Acton—if you'll pardon my omitting the aspirate—is past 'ealing; and not very far from Hanwell.

Mr. Petre. But I protest—

Monsignor. Of course you do: *en effet* you are a Protestant. Excuse the *jeu de mot*, but the only thing Catholic about you is your present tone, which I should call the bark of PETRE.

Mr. Shee. This is not a matter—

Monsignor. To be treated lightly? Certainly not. There never was any mischief without a woman being at the bottom of it, so I am not surprised to see a Shee come forward in this matter. Farewell, Gentlemen! *Ite ad astra*—you can imagine what I mean.

[Exit MONSIGNOR on his road to Rome. Exit the Troublesome Trio, on their roads—whither?

NEW DEFINITION.—"Pot-wallopers." Drunkards who thrash their Wives.

THE WISE MEN OF THE NORTH.

THE following report of the Barony Parochial Board appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of November 24th:—

"A discussion took place as to whether the new Chaplain should be provided with the usual clerical pulpit vestments.

"MR. DOUGALL objected, on the ground that the vestments were just Popish garments, and nothing else.

"MR. MARSHALL was astonished to hear such sentiments.

"MR. RUSSELL thought the garments would be required by the Chaplain to keep him warm, as there was a great draught in the place; and it should be also recollected that a great smell came from the kitchen. (Laughter.)"

Mr. Punch hopes that after the close reasoning displayed in the speech of MR. RUSSELL, which is reported above, that very clever gentleman will consent to publish a new Handbook of Recipes. To encourage MR. RUSSELL to commence this task, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in presenting him with a few specimens of the sort of Recipes that the Public would be sure to expect at his hands.

How to Play on the Piano.—Wear an Ulster coat and go out for a ride.

How to Order a Good Dinner.—Get a nice young Lady for a partner, and make up a set for the Lancers.

How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.—Play a game of Whist with your Wife, the Vicar, and the Doctor.

How to Remember your Umbrella.—Purchase a small toy for your godson, and send it to him anonymously from the toy-shop.

How to Make a Lobster Salad.—Play a tune on the flute and subscribe to MUDIE'S Circulating Library.

But there, the list might be extended *ad infinitum*. *Mr. Punch* feels sure that the proposed work would receive a hearty welcome in Ireland.

OLD GRUMPY'S DEFINITION.—Perpetual Motion—a Lady's Tongue.



PHYSICS.

"NOW, GEORGE, BEFORE YOU GO AND PLAY, ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU KNOW THE LESSON PROFESSOR BORAX GAVE YOU TO LEARN?"

"O, YES, MAMMA!"

"WELL, NOW, WHAT CAUSES HEAT WITHOUT LIGHT?"

"PICKLES!"

WINTER ALMSGIVING.

ALREADY we have had a touch of cold weather, and may expect winter to set in at any moment with its occasional severity. A few days of frost will suffice to incrust the ornamental waters in the Parks with ice, on which the British public will congregate in their thousands with their usual promptitude and prudence. It is, however, only the comparatively wealthier portion of them who can afford skating, at the expense of buying or hiring the needful appliances, and even the more humble amusement of sliding is denied to the poorer class of boys detained at school, or in service. The only opportunity school-boys and errand-boys have for enjoying a seasonable recreation is that which they take as they run to-and-fro, and strike out slides on the pavement. This practice is one deserving to be particularly encouraged on account of the great extent to which it promotes that of surgery, in providing its practitioners with remunerative cases of fracture and dislocation, besides those which it affords the Hospitals for the professional instruction of medical students.

Regarding it in this light, many whose means allow them little to spare, may yet feel called upon to devote a portion of that little to the benevolent object of promoting the formation of street-slides by our metropolitan youth. The police, under whose superintendence these slippery surfaces are created on the pavement, would, no doubt, readily undertake the duty of distributing, as almoners, among the more active of the lads they see producing them, pecuniary rewards in little sums of a few pence each, sufficient for the purchase of moderate quantities of toffee and cocoa-nut. As Christmas approaches, Christmas-boxes of that kind will, in the view of all genial minds, become peculiarly seasonable, and it is only churlish natures that would propose to substitute boxes on the ear.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE KICKING-STRAP.—Over the Kicker's back.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

SAYS MARTIN ARCHER SHEE,
"The Vatican Degree,
Which New Dogma you call,
Is no Dogma at all.
'Tisn't ratified yet," says he.

With MANNING he doesn't agree;
With CAPEL to differ makes free.
The doctrine they twain
For *de fide* maintain
He declares to be fiddle-de-dee.

Why can't the infallible P.,
In the plural who writes himself "We,"
For his own part speak out,
And explain all about
The Vatican's questioned decree?

His Infallibility he
Might handsel by that means, you see.
So much to begin;
Then his hand, being in,
Other matters applied to might be.

O Science! thus Faith with thee
Perhaps he can square to a T.,
Now he sits, bound to make
'Bout all truth no mistake
By the Vatican Council's decree.

Established Dissenters.

WE are told that it is no longer the Dissenters of the Liberation Society alone who compass and imagine the Disestablishment of the National Church. Many of the Ritualist Clergy also are said to contemplate it, in case the laws are enforced against their mimeries of Roman Catholicism. Thus disestablishment is contemplated not only by Dissenters without the Church, but also by Dissenters within. In the meantime might not these established Dissenters as well disestablish themselves?

NICE AND COOL.

WE notice an Advertisement of a "Refrigerating Wagon" Company. Seasonable weather for such an announcement.

HEALTH QUESTION AT HAMPSTEAD.

THE Vestry, Board of Guardians, and Permanent Committee of Residents at Hampstead, have resolved to memorialise the Local Government Board with a view to prevent the contemplated erection of an Hospital for Contagious and Infectious Diseases on the site of the present Imbecile Asylum. A thinking inhabitant of Hampstead would think twice, if not oftener, before he signed a memorial for that purpose. He would think it a question whether Hampstead is not already more than populous enough. Then he would consider whether the horror of an hospital for such diseases as scarlatina, typhus, small-pox, and the *nemo me impune lacesset*, or *Fidicula Scotorum*, would not tend, at least, to check population by putting a stop to all building in the neighbourhood. Would not an hospital which had the effect of arresting the spread of bricks-and-mortar in a pleasant suburb, abate an evil far greater than any which it could possibly cause by the diffusion of communicable complaints? Would it not be almost certain to diminish the former evil greatly, and very unlikely to cause the latter at all? If so, would not the asylum for innoxious Imbeciles be advantageously replaced by an institution which, perhaps equally harmless, would inspire a wholesome terror? Having come to this conclusion, the Hampstead thinker would then probably think that the only further question to be thought on concerning the Hospital for Contagious and Infectious Diseases was whether, instead of being erected on the site of the Imbecile Asylum, it had not better be established in the Vale of Health.

A Word to the Unwise.

"WHATEVER is, is right," the Poet said:
But to vain Penmen, whom he holds in dread,
Who plague him sore to print what they indite,
Punch would say this, "Whatever 'tis, don't write!"

"PAS ENCORE!"



THE German Government have decided upon the suppression for the future of all *encores* or "calls before the curtain" of the *employés* in the theatres under their paternal supervision. The mode to be adopted to carry out this novel regulation has yet to be divulged; but it may be expected in the event of the law finding a home in England, that the following Police Report would soon make its appearance in the columns of our London newspapers.

JOHN SMITH was charged with exclaiming in a loud tone of voice, "*Encore!*" at the termination of MISS THREESTARS celebrated song at the Athenæum Theatre.

The prisoner was defended by MR. BUSKIN, instructed by MESSRS. FLOAT and FOOTLIGHTS.

Constable X (who represented the Authorities of Scotland Yard, proved

that on Friday evening last, after MISS THREESTARS had finished her song, a number of persons in the pit struck their hands together, and stamped upon the floor with their feet. The prisoner was one of those who joined in the demonstration. He held an umbrella in his hand, and added to the din by bringing the point of the umbrella in contact with the seat in front of him. This manoeuvre he repeated several times. Having done this, he loudly exclaimed, "*Encore!*"

Cross-examined by MR. BUSKIN:—He was quite sure that the prisoner did not strike his hands together with a view to warming them. It was a very cold night, but the theatre was crowded to suffocation. He was quite sure the prisoner exclaimed, "*Encore!*" The prisoner (who was very excited) refused to move from his seat until the end of the song. The witness here refused for some time to give the reason why he had complied with the prisoner's request to permit him to remain in the theatre until after the *encore*. After much pressure he at last admitted that he (the witness) was anxious to hear the song himself a second time. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate. Well, MR. BUSKIN, the facts seem to be proved. Have you any evidence to offer? I shall give you the utmost latitude in the defence of your client, as the penalties of the Act are, in my humble opinion, excessively and unduly severe.

MR. BUSKIN said that he must throw himself upon the mercy of the Court. His defence would be that his unhappy client, for the time being, was suffering from temporary insanity. From the evidence of the Constable, it would be seen that MISS THREESTARS was able to influence even the guardians of the law—to make them forget for a moment the calls of duty. Policeman X had been proved to have waited for the *encore*. If that was the case with the Police themselves, how would the Public escape from the influence of the siren's singing? He would call

DR. TWISTER, who proved that the brain was frequently affected by external influences. He had seen the prisoner, and was of opinion that he was a monomaniac on the subject of the singing of MISS THREESTARS. He (the prisoner) raved about that young lady's voice in the most extravagant manner. He (the witness) did not consider it would be safe to permit the prisoner to be present in a theatre at which MISS THREESTARS was engaged. He felt sure that the prisoner would exclaim "*Encore!*" after every one of her songs.

Mlle. DE TROISÉTOILES (through an interpreter) said that she was an Opera Singer by profession. She had heard MISS THREESTARS try to sing. It was absurd, ridiculous. MISS THREESTARS had no notion of time or tune. Any one who applauded her must be mad.

MR. BUSKIN said that was his case.

The Magistrate suggested to the prisoner that the plea of insanity was a serious matter—one that might entail years of the gloomiest confinement. However, as this was the first case under the new Act,

he would allow the prisoner to decide for himself. The offence had been proved, and the penalty, according to the Act, was that he (the prisoner) should be kept to seven days' penal servitude reading the plays sent in hourly to London Managers by would-be dramatists. It was certainly a very heavy sentence, but perhaps it might be better than a visit of many years' duration to a lunatic asylum. Which fate would the prisoner prefer?

The prisoner at once pleaded that he was mad. He explained to the worthy Magistrate that now his mind was but slightly affected, but that the reading of the plays in question would be sure to cause incurable insanity.

The prisoner was then removed to Broadmoor.

THE GIRL-MARKET (AFRICAN AND ENGLISH).

"SIR SAMUEL BAKER found that in a certain region of Africa a girl could be bought for thirteen needles."—See *Lancet*.

PUNCH knows not why "thirteen,"

Unless there's luck in odd numbers;

But 'neath tropical sky serene,

Where the slightest dress encumbers,

The supple and dusky maiden,

With unctuous unguents laden,

Her nude adorer wheedles

With a baker's dozen of needles,

Thus with your black African horde,

"Needlewoman" is no rude word,

The lady it's hung at to nettle meant,

But means merely "a girl with a settlement."

And in races extra-colonial,

For the selling stakes matrimonial,

No girl can by marrying win money,

With thirteen needles for pin-money.

But in our civilised London,

'Tis a much more serious affair,

Where a West-End woman is undone

Without her close carriage and pair

For wet, and Victoria for dry days,

And her *trousseau* and things for Court high days:

And her country-house toilettes, and town ones,

Magenta, mauve, blue, black, and brown ones,

And those new *demi-tintes* so delicious,

And those *chapeaux*, so dear and capricious,

And her diamonds and Opera-box too,

And the chignons she adds her own locks to;

And her yachtings, her tours, and her travels,

And those sundries no fellow unravels,

But which yearly sum up to a tottle,

The biggest Bank balance to throttle—

One finds English girls run more dear—

Say, in round terms, Ten thousand a year!

INFALLIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WHALLEY is expected to spend Christmas in a visit at the Vatican, in company with MR. NEWDEGATE and the REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON will preside at the next banquet of the Publicans' Trade Protection Society.

PRINCE BISMARCK has arrived at Claridge's Hotel, on a mission to LORD DERBY for the purchase of Heligoland.

A book of poems, written in the manner of *Proverbial Philosophy*, may shortly be expected from the Poet Laureate.

A baronetcy will be offered to the LORD MAYOR in the Spring, on the reception in the City of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

It is reported at Madrid that the Carlists are preparing to lay siege to Gibraltar.

One of the Judges appointed for the Cattle Show has been for the last six years a rigid Vegetarian.

A rumour has been gaining credence at the Clubs that, on the opening of Parliament, the Government will resign in favour of MR. GLADSTONE.

The birdcatchers of Iceland are doing a rare trade, owing to the arrival of a flight of wild Canaries.

Thanks to the liberality of His Holiness the POPE, all the pence which he receives under the title of "St. Peter's" will be given henceforth to the fund for the decoration of St. Paul's.

A CHANGE OF READING.

MR. GLADSTONE now varies his Homeric studies with the works of POPE.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AN, WELL, MOTHER 'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST 'COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATES!"

A RITE REVISED.

"Our marriage service is too refined. . . . We should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many."—DR. JOHNSON.

We have private information that the Committee for the Revision of the Prayer Book has suggested a new form of Marriage Ceremony for certain kinds of marriages, such as may be called *à la mode* and *de convenance*. The substitute is as follows:—

Minister. Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?
Father and Mother. We do.

Then shall the Bridegroom take the Bride by the right hand, and say:

"I [SIR BARNABY BAREACRES] do take thee [ANNA MARIA GUBBINS] with all thy fortune (*here the amount to be specified, with such legal details as may be necessary*) to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold all the aforesaid property for myself and my heirs, with free and unrestricted disposition of the same" (or under certain restrictions, as the case may be).

And then the Bride shall say:

"I [ANNA MARIA GUBBINS] do consent to be given to thee [SIR BARNABY BAREACRES], with all the aforesaid (*here to follow the full declaration of property*) for thy wedded wife, that is, in consideration of making over the above property to thee [SIR B. B.], it be understood that I am to bear the title of LADY BARNABY BAREACRES, thy lawful wife."

Minister. Do you consider the title cheap at the price?

Bride, Father, and Mother. We do.

Minister (to Bridegroom). Do you consider the price an equivalent for the title?

Bridegroom and Poor Relations. We do.

Minister. Forasmuch then as ye have agreed to be joined together in such a state of marriage as seemeth to all convenient, I do now

declare you both to be man and wife, and no more need be said about it.

It would certainly save an unnecessary amount of false swearing and subsequent recrimination were DR. JOHNSON'S suggestion in 1769 acted upon in 1874.

HEINOUS ATROCITY.

FROM a statement in the *Times* it appears that poachers and pot-hunters are actually in the habit of using salmon roe for bait, inasmuch as to have created so great a demand for it that it fetches from five to six shillings a pound—truly "a most demoralising premium for cutting off the river supplies at the fountain head, and killing the Salmon heavy with spawn." Atrocious! "Yet the preponderance of Border opinion is in favour of repealing the clause" in the Fisheries Act relative to salmon-spawn, "which forbids its employment." This is one phase of the demoralisation prevalent in the North, of which that manifest in the Lancashire kicking and wife-beating is another. Something must be done to check it; and at any rate there can be no doubt as to the preventive that ought to be resorted to for putting a stop to the abuse and destruction of salmon roe. It is obviously the Lash.

All One.

THE following correction appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"THE VATICAN DECREE.—In Canon OAKLEY'S letter in the *Times* of Saturday, for 'according to the recent theology of the Church,' read 'received theology of the Church.'"

Received and recent, if we are to accept the admissions of Canon OAKLEY and the declarations of DR. MANNING, come to the same thing.

PROPHETIC NURSERY RHYMES.

MR. PUNCH, greatest of all discoverers, has proved to his own, and, therefore, to the world's, satisfaction, that the classical poetry of infancy is full of prophetic meaning. The *vates sacer* of the nursery was really a seer. A few examples will show this. We need not quote in full the simple, yet profound, verses which nobody ever forgets.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

MR. GLADSTONE.

"Little JACK HORNER
Sat in a corner . . ."

MR. DISRAELI.

"Who killed Cook Robin?"

PRINCE BISMARCK.

"Old Father Longlegs
Wouldn't say his prayers."

LORD ACTON.

"There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She had so many children
She couldn't sit still."

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

"There was a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea."

The Arctic Expedition.

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye."

The Budget.

"There was a little man,
And he had a little gun."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

"See-saw! MARGERY DAW—
JOHNNY shall have a new Master. . . ."

France.

"Hush-a-by, Baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock . . ."

EX-KING AMADEUS OF SPAIN.

"MISTRESS MARY,
Quite contrary . . ."

The Church of Rome.

"Three children, sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day . . ."

Prince's Skating Club.

SAVE HIM FROM HIS FRIENDS!



NOW that the Dean of St. Paul's has received a letter from MR. GEORGE CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P., on the subject of the completion of the Metropolitan Cathedral, it may be expected that within a few days the following communications will also be sent to that Very Reverend Gentleman:—

DEAR MR. DEAN,

The Feast of Saint Birinus, 1874.

THE deep interest which every educated Englishman must feel in the fortunes of the noblest architectural work which the genius of a fellow-countryman has invented, induces me to address to you, before it is too late, some practical remarks upon the proposed mutilation of your Cathedral.

Let me urge upon you the necessity of making St. Paul's worthy of its site, and its mission. The splendid building should be national in the fullest sense—it should appeal to the sympathies of visitors from every clime. The plan I would propose is simple; nay, more, I would say it is *very* simple.

A portion of the interior should be a mass of unpolished Istrian stone, devoid of gilding, but exquisitely finished and ornamented. The panels should be of polished marble, of high quality, and there should be constructed a wooden roof, designed in the most imposing and best style of the Sixteenth Century, richly gilt, to receive the Masterpieces of our National Gallery, and these pictures should form the climax of the decorations. This part of St. Paul's should prove a worthy rival to the Scuola St. Rocco in its splendour and originality.

A second portion should be purely Gothic, and the pillars should be so altered that the Abbey of St. Alban's, with its many periods of Church architecture, should be reproduced in miniature.

A third portion should be arranged for Spanish visitors; and the masses of ivory, marble, and gorgeous colouring of the Alhambra should live again within pistol-shot of Blackfriars Bridge.

Having made these concessions to the tastes of others, the rest of the Cathedral should, in my opinion, be decorated after the fashion of All Saints, Marguerite Street, or St. Alban's, Holborn. Let there be pictures, banners, altars, lights, and Chapels. Let there be clouds of incense, throngs of choristers, and magnificent voluntaries on the splendid organ, and then, Mr. Dean—yes, I say and then—I shall be delighted to tender you my poor services as an humble celebrant.

I am, my dear Mr. Dean,

Yours most sincerely,

AN ANGLICAN PRIEST.

The Man's Retreat.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

5th December, 1874.

THE deep interest which every educated Englishman must feel in the fortunes of the noblest architectural work which the genius of a fellow-countryman has invented, induces me to address to you, before it is too late, some practical remarks upon the proposed mutilation of your Cathedral.

I must protest against the really disgraceful innovations that have been made during the present century in the interior of St. Paul's. Why has the choir been gilded? Why has stained glass been put up in some of the windows? Why has a new organ been purchased? What did SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN know about any of these things? Did he order the gilding, the stained glass, or the organ?

No, Mr. Dean, let the Cathedral return to its old condition. Remove the fine new pulpit, and set up a deal reading desk in its stead, and then, Very Reverend Sir, but not until then, will I consent to preach a Charity Sermon in aid of the Restoration Fund.

I am, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very sincerely,

Plainway Parsonage, Blankshire. A CLEVERMAN.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

It appears that St. Paul's depends entirely upon the light. Fog and London smoke, it is admitted, will destroy the finest gilding and the most gorgeous colours.

Now, Very Reverend Sir, my brother has discovered a new sort of glass, that may be applied in a liquid state without damage to the costliest decorations; and my own invaluable adaptation of the lime-light to domestic purposes is admirably suited to the illumination of large public buildings, both by day and by night.

My brother's terms, like my own, are cash on delivery.

Believe me, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very faithfully,

A DISINTERESTED PATRIOT.

The Manufactory, Lower Tooting.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

December 5th, 1874.

WE have the honour to suggest that the cupola of St. Paul's should be hung with the best red rep curtains, similar in material to those supplied by our Firm to the Coffee-rooms of some of our leading Hotels. It is admitted by the *Times* newspaper that a great deal of colour might be thrown into the articles resting on the floor of the Cathedral. We cannot help feeling that the restoration of the Family Pew System would afford an excellent opportunity for the introduction of some very gorgeous drawing-room suites that happen now to be displayed in the Furniture Department of our extensive Establishment.

We might further mention that we have a good showy "flock," that would do nicely for papering the bare walls of St. Paul's, and that our Brussels carpets (suitable for Cathedral floors) are now in prime condition.

We are, Very Reverend Sir,

Your most humble obedient servants,

WORSTED & SILK (Upholsterers).

The Grand Emporium, E.C.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

USE St. Paul's as a grand national Pantheon, not as a Church, and all will be well. Let the walls be whitewashed, and set up all the London statues in the nave. This would greatly improve the appearance of all the metropolitan thoroughfares.

As, doubtless, this unique collection of statues would prove a powerful rival to the Chamber of Horrors, compensation should, of course, be offered to the proprietors of MADAME TUSSAUD'S Wax-Work Exhibition in Baker Street.

I am, Dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very truly,

AN ADMIRER OF ENGLAND'S HEROES.

The Hermitage.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

THE address from which this letter is dated will account fully for my assumed signature.

I write merely to advise you strongly to adopt the plans submitted to you by MR. BURGESS for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral.

I am, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours on the watch,

A VICTIM TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

MY VERY DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

My words shall be few, but to the point. Pray remember that too many cooks spoil the broth.

At present St. Paul's Cathedral is the finest Protestant Church in the world; and as SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN will never find a successor, my advice to you is, *leave WREN alone.*

Believe me, my very dear Mr. Dean,

Yours sincerely and sensibly,

St. Fleet Street, E.C.

PUNCH.

THE FINE OLD ATOM-MOLECULE.

AIR—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

(To be sung at all gatherings of advanced Scientists and "Scientists.")



I'll sing you a grand new song, evolved from a 'cute young pate.

Of a fine old Atom-Molecule of pre-historic date, in size infinitesimal, in potencies though great, And self-formed for developing at a prodigious rate—

Like a fine old Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

In it slept all the forces in our cosmos that run rife, To stir Creation's giants or its microscopic life; Harmonious in discord, and coöperant in strife, To this small cell committed, the World lived with his Wife—

In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
Of the young World's proto-prime!

In this autoplasmic archetype of Protean protein lay All the humans Space has room for, or for whom Time makes a day, From the Sage whose words of wisdom Prince or Parliament obey, To the Parrots who but prattle, and the Asses who but bray—
So full was this Atom-Molecule,
Of the young World's proto-prime!

All brute-life, from Lamb to Lion, from the Serpent to the Dove, All that pains the sense or pleases, all the heart can loathe or love, All instincts that drag downwards, all desires that upwards move,
Were caged, a "happy family," cheek-by-jowl and hand-in-glove,
In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
Of the young World's proto-prime!

In it Order grew from Chaos, Light out of Darkness shined, Design sprang up by Accident, Law's rule from Hazard blind, The Soul-less Soul evolving—against, not after, kind—
As the Life-less Life developed, and the Mind-less ripened Mind,
In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
Of the young World's proto-prime!

Then bow down, Mind, to Matter; from brain-fibre, Will, withdraw;
Fall Man's heart to eel Ascidian, sink Man's hand to Monkey's paw;
And bend the knee to Protoplast in philosophic awe—
Both Creator and Created, at once work and source of Law,
And our Lord be the Atom-Molecule,
Of the young World's proto-prime!

SEASONABLE REMEDY.

THE surest cure for a Wife in London, who is in a fever to go to Brighton, is to order her to pack up.

POLITESSE DE BISMARCK.

SCENE—The German Premier's Bureau. Enter a Deputation from the Inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine.

Deputation. Your Petitioners humbly pray your Royal Highness's Excellency that they may be allowed the use of umbrellas during wet weather.

Prince Bismarck. Umbrellas! Himmel! Ach Gott! Make the people weak, luxurious, effeminate! No. Not another word. Brrr—

[Rushes at them. Exeunt Deputies precipitately.]

Enter by another door a Deputation from the Old Rhenish Noblesse.

Second Deputation. Your Highness, we, your Petitioners, pray, on behalf chiefly of the poor peasantry, our tenants, that they may be allowed to bring up their children—

Prince Bismarck (furiously). No. I know what you're going to say. I won't have it. They shall go to my schools. Get out!

Second Deputation. But Your Highness will remember—

Prince Bismarck. No, I won't. You're all against me. I know. Hang your old Rhenish Nobility. I can make better noblemen than you any day. Boo!

[Exeunt Deputies silently.]

Enter a Young Gentleman in Deep Mourning, and very Pale.

Young Gentleman. Your Highness, my poor father has just been imprisoned by your Highness's order. His offence has not been mentioned. Will you allow him, during his imprisonment—

Prince Bismarck (angrily). Nothing. Go!

Young Gentleman (imploringly). But—

Prince Bismarck. Go!!! [Stamps his foot.] Go! will you?

[Young Man staggers from his presence. Not your Highness think—

Prince Bismarck (savagely). Not when you're talking. Here, pull off my boots. Give me my slippers. My pipe. Potstausend! Himmel!

[Sits and thinks about Schleswig-Holstein, the Sea-Board, Russia, Ultramontanism, &c., and finally goes off to sleep with his left eye, keeping his right fixed on the Secretary. Secretary trembles. Scene closes.]

IGNORANCE v. IRONY.

MR. PUNCH recently printed some lines on one WALLACE, who at Kilmarnock dashed out his wretched baby's brains, and was let off with twenty years' penal servitude. These lines contained an allusion to the WALLACE wight,

"Who chased from Falkirk's field the English foe."

A well-informed and sapient reader sends Mr. Punch the lines, annotated in the margin, "What wretched ignorance! The English beat the Scotch at Falkirk."

So did the English beat the French at Waterloo. But some Frenchmen take the liberty to doubt the fact, and still describe the Prussians as coming up to save the English from defeat and destruction. Let us assure our kind critic that if there be such a thing as ignorance, there is also such a thing as irony, as when we apply the epithet, "well-informed" to an ass, or "sapient" to a numskull.

SIR WILFRID AT HOME.

ON Tuesday last week, SIR WILFRID LAWSON gave an entertainment to the Whitehaven branch of the West Cumberland Liberal Association by the delivery of an address in support of a resolution, with a digression, as usual, on the subject of his fixed idea. According to report:—

"He said it had been stated that the present Government was a Government of three F's. They had passed a measure lowering the standard of education of poor children; they had passed a Factory Bill professing to benefit female hands, but really to oblige certain men who thought they would get increased wages; and they had passed a measure for increasing the hours of sale in public-houses. They were, therefore, a Government devoted to ignorance, idleness, and intemperance."

These, though spoken, of course, in fun, are the words of truth and soberness. What a contrast between the intemperance which MR. DISRAELI and his colleagues are devoted to and the temperance of SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

LAWCASHIER LADS.

First Lad. Oi say, TOM, what's come o' BILL? Heard he was dead.

Second Lad. Na, na, lad; BILL's alive and kickin'.



BROTHERS IN ART.

Playful R.A. (to his Model, who has been expatiating on the dignity of the Working Man). "I AM PLEASED TO PERCEIVE, JAKES, THAT YOU ARE CONTENT WITH YOUR HUMBLE CONDITION, AND DO NOT ENVY THE LOT OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES!"

Jakes. "HENVY 'EM! WHY, BLESS YER, THEM AS BELONGS TO THEM CLASSES AS YOU ALLUDES TO AIN'T 'ALF SO MUCH TO BE HENVIED AS THEM AS BELONGS TO THE CLASS AS ME AND YOU BELONGS TO."

SALMO AND OSTREA.

An Eclogue in an Estuary.

A MIGHTY Salmon, on his upstream way,
Paused where in bed a pensive Oyster lay
Plump in her shell, and, ere he onward flew,
Said, "Bivalve Maiden, how I envy you!"

OSTREA.

Wherefore, O knightly wanderer of the Sea,
Lord of all rivers, should you envy me?
Here as I lie, each day I lonelier grow,
My sisters taken by the human foe,
And well I guess, their fate must soon be mine,
To whet the appetite of men who dine.

SALMO.

Even so our race have suffered: every river
Had dangers dire that made our boldest quiver.
To reach the stream, how cautious must we move
To 'scape the perils of stake-net, and orlive:
Once in the stream, there were fair rods to fear,
Besides the poacher's pocket-purse, and spear:
While, if the leister we escaped, we met,
A little farther on, the casting net.
Now we're *preserved*—a care we did not crave,
Since peril is a pleasure to the brave.

OSTREA.

Ah, yours I know to be a daring race:
I like my bed, a pleasant resting-place.
Things will be altered soon; the flying mews
Drop, as they pass, some scraps of earthly news.
We shan't be underspatted, 'tis alleged,
And, even better, sha'n't be overdredged.

They'll try to give me, in this still retreat,
Two things I love—tranquillity and heat.

SALMO.

Man means you mischief, Lady of the Shell!
He would reduce the price at which you sell.
I am degraded—'tis a sad come down;
Sold at a shilling through the greedy town.
You and your sisters, cheap enough of old,
Will soon be worth almost your weight in gold.
Have you no proper pride, and are you willing
To be hawked about, two dozen for a shilling?
Perish the notion! In her happiest mood,
Nature made oysters for a regal food:
Sold for a halfpenny! If you feel with me,
You'll say, "No; rather let us cease to be!"

Up through the bright stream silver Salmo sped,
While pensive Ostrea turned upon her bed,
Doubtful between two evils, which the worst,
To be dredged out, or by preserving curst.
"Self-preservation," she at length began,
"Is the first law of oyster, as of man;
But what man calls *preserving* fish or game,
Is but destruction by another name.
He raves of the delight to us he owes,
As our soft *sapor* o'er his palate flows;
Thanks us, because, when other viands bore,
We whet the edge of appetite once more;
In short, declares, of all months in the year,
We make the months with R.'s in them most dear.
Then, un-preserved, their beds let natives keep—
If we're so dear—why would man have us cheap?"

NATIVE RACES.—The Oyster Fisheries.



THE DAMP ROMAN CANDLE.

PAPA PIUS. "BUT IT WON'T GO OFF!"

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.



tomers practice moderation; which is discouraged by the Prohibitionists. Probably nothing would annoy them so much as a decrease of drunkenness coextensive with a moderate use of drink. This would deprive them of the plea for power to impose restrictions on other people. It would destroy the reason of the United Kingdom Alliance's existence, which all truly sober people would like to see destroyed; but of course that would annoy the United Kingdom Alliance.

A SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

For the Month of the Transit of Venus—December, 1874.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

TUTOR (MR. BARLOW, JUN.). SAMMY. CAROLINE (SAMMY'S Sister).

Tutor. How do you do, MISS CAROLINE? How do you do, MASTER SAMUEL? Your excellent parents having entrusted you to my care, in order that you may acquire the rudiments of Science, I have determined, the present month being the appointed time for the Transit of Venus, to devote our attention principally to the study of astronomy. Have you not a pocket-handkerchief with you, MASTER SAMUEL?

Master Sammy (indicating his Sister). She's got mine.

Caroline. No, I ain't.

Sammy. O you—

Tutor. Hush, hush, I pray you. "Your little hands were never made," and so forth. Here is my pocket-handkerchief—a silk, of rare manufacture. I shall charge for its use at so much per hour, under the head of "sundries." But this is a detail. By the way, can you tell me what silk is?

Caroline. Yes, Sir; it is made of worms and mulberry leaves.

Tutor (considering). Well, I will not insist upon a more definite answer at present, as the subject does not bear directly upon Astronomy, and I have not my Natural History and other references at hand.

Sammy. Please, Sir, Papa told us to ask you to give us some reason for this earth being in the form of a globe.

Tutor. Suppose you were standing by the sea-shore—

Caroline. Yes; near a bathing-machine.

Sammy (to Tutor). Can you swim? I can.

Tutor (sweetly). I will show you what I can do, if there are any further interruptions on your part. Now, suppose you were standing on the shore, and saw a ship coming towards you—

Caroline. I know!—and it had three masts and ten guns and five decks. What would be the name of the Captain?

Sammy. I know it too. The Captain's name would be SMITH.

Caroline. No, it wouldn't. O, don't! Please, Sir, SAMMY'S pinching me.

Sammy. No, Sir; she pinched me first.

Tutor. And you would retaliate on the weaker sex!! O, fie!

Sammy. O, Sir! please don't. O!! O!!!

Tutor. Now, having demonstrated plainly that the earth is round—*(they laugh)*—it is fortunate for you that you laugh in the right

place—we will now proceed to the study of Astronomy. MISS CAROLINE, I think that behind your pocket-handkerchief I detect you sucking an oblate spheroid *(takes an orange from her)*. Now, MASTER SAMMY, tell me what you know of the planet Mercury?

Sammy. Nothing.

Caroline. I do. Mercury's in our barometer.

Tutor. That is not the planet which is very near the Sun, and is probably inhabited.

Sammy. But not by such fellows as you.

Tutor. No, indeed; but by beings capable of bearing a great amount of heat. I will now try to ascertain whether you, MASTER SAMMY, are of a mercurial temperament. I will begin by warming you gently.

Sammy. O!!

Caroline. I will tell Papa what a bad boy he was when we got home.

Tutor. Do so. Now, with a diagram, I will show you exactly what Venus is going to do.

Sammy. O, please, Sir, will you tell her not to throw ink at me.

Tutor. I will request her not to throw any more ink at you: what your Sister has done is, up to the present moment, in the interests of Astronomical Science. It will save my drawing a diagram: for there is a little black spot on the Son's face.

Carol. O, Sir! how nice! is that the Transit of Venus?

Tutor. It is: and it happens twice in about one hundred and twenty years.

Caroline. O, I can do it every minute. There—and there—and—

Sammy. O, you nasty—

Tutor. What! Master Spiteful! Your Sister has shown herself a very promising pupil: she will one day sit in Parliament. MISS CAROLINE, you have obtained ten marks for good conduct. Your servant is waiting for you: you may retire.

[Exit MISS CAROLINE, attended.]

Sammy. Please, Sir, ain't I to have any good marks?

Tutor. Certainly; now we are alone.

[Gives him several good marks, and leaves him to think over the Transit of Venus.]

NO END OF CONTROVERSY.

"THE End of Controversy," MILLNER wrote;

End to be reached within the one true fold;
Instead of which, on board Rome's pastoral boat,
No end of controversy we behold,
And some that of the crew thought fit to be,
Now find themselves, mayhap, too much at sea.

No doubt they fancied Faith had swallowed all
At which the gorge of Reason could revolt.
But now they're summoned, with imperious call,
On penalty of malison, to bolt
Another dogma of enormous size,
And all the other dogmas that implies.

They thought the Church Faith's limits had defined
Within fixed bounds whereof they knew the scope,
When lo, those eyes are opened that were blind;
The Church resolves itself into the Pope!
Thus in the future must their faith lie hid;
To hold and do whatever Popes shall bid.

Hard are the lines of that unhappy 'vert
Who, 'verting, 'verted yet on Reason's side.
Anathema he must be, or else eat dirt
With Bishops, who the opinion once denied,
Which now, by a majority of votes,
Their peers have thrust, a dogma, down their throats.

See those who boast themselves sole doctors true,
In the world's sight, split into hostile bands;
The Old to wrath devoted by the New.
It is a pretty quarrel as it stands.
Thank goodness, we are living in the days
When such disputes can make no faggots blaze.

Paris Tranquil.

THE following telegram arrived the other day from Paris:—

"The School of Medicine was opened yesterday.
"No disturbances occurred."

What a wonder! Order must indeed reign in Paris if any event of even the slightest importance has passed off quietly.



IRISH HUNTING TIPPLE.

Englishman (having partaken of his Friend's Flask, feels as if he had swallowed melted lead). "TERRIBLY STRONG! PURE WHISKEY, IS IT NOT?"
Irishman. "FAITH! NOT AT ALL! IT'S GREATLY DILUTED WITH GIN!"

ORTHODOX CHURCH MUSIC.

On Monday last week, being St. Andrew's Day, a "dedication festival" was celebrated at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. In the course of the eleven o'clock service performed on this occasion:—

"The Athanasian Creed was monotoned with organ accompaniment, all the congregation joining very earnestly."

It is difficult to imagine a Creed or anything else earnestly monotoned; except an incantation. The Athanasian Creed, to be capable of being sung with earnestness, ought to be so set to music as the Nicene Creed has been, by composers for the Church, such as HAYDN, MOZART, and BEETHOVEN. The fittest man of all to do it was, evidently, WEBER. Fancy what an impressive effect would have been given to the minatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed by the Master who composed *Der Freischütz*!

Injustice to Ireland.

SIR,

I HAVE jist come into contact (accidintally) wid a big lump av silver called a Crown-piece of VICTORIA; and what do I find on the face av it? Why, av coorse, an insult and an injustice to mee unhappy country! The glorious harp of Ould Ireland is stuck away down in the lift-hand corner—like a dirty gossoon that has misbehaved himself, wid the Lion of Scotland put over its head. As the descendant of a race of Kings, I'd scorn to be put below the best Scotchman that ever walked, and I protist agin' the insult. When we git Home Rule we'll put Saxon and Scot both in their proper places, for it's sorra a cross of either we'll show on our Crown-pieces—at all, at all.

I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours as you use him,
 AN INJURED IRISHMAN.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You are quite right in your supposition that executions in ancient Babylon took place in its famous "Hanging" Gardens.

SOME NEW ENTRIES.

It seems that some very strange animals must have been admitted this year into the Birmingham Dog Show, for we read in the newspapers that "a tortoiseshell dog, belonging to Mr. HODGE, was highly commended." This, evidently, is merely the thin end of the wedge, and next season, doubtless, the Prize List will contain the following interesting curiosities:—

Class 23. A Mechanical Piping Bullfinch. Head and wings richly jewelled. Whistles the overture to *Zampa*, and nods its head in four distinctly different directions. Requires winding up once in four-and-twenty-hours. Prize, five guineas.

Class 194. A Wooden Clothes-Horse. Stands five hands high. Warranted by its owner to remain steady (with or without clothes) before the fiercest kitchen fire. Prize, five shillings.

Class 20,744. A Clock-Work Mouse. Tail five inches long. "Real cloth. Suitable for an Infant School. Highly Commended.

By a Glasgow Book-Maker (after Burns).

(Dedicated to G. ANDERSON, M.P.)

GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO., GEORGE, before you did invent
 That Bill of yours, I made a book on ev'ry big event;
 But now my book is blank, GEORGE, and now my purse is low,
 So cusses on your Betting Bill, GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO.!

GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO., GEORGE, my clerk and I together,
 With lists in hand, would brave it out, in fine or rainy weather;
 Now we must take them down, GEORGE (for lists we must not
 show),
 And shout the prices out instead, GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO.!

VENUS AND VESTMENTS.

A LARGE party of Ritualists are going out to see the Transit of Venus. They will on this occasion be vested in Teles-copes.



PRECAUTIONS.

Farmer Lavender (starting for London with Mrs. L. for the Cattle-Show Week).
 "MY DEAR" (solemnly), "I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE INSECTICIDE!!"

HAMLET'S RIGHT HAIR.

SOME argue that, since *Hamlet* is a Dane,
 And Danes are of the Scandinavian race,
 And Scandinavians for the most part fair,
 The Player that *Hamlet* would perform aright
 Ought to present him in a flaxen wig.
 But race admits exceptions; there are some
 Dark Danes, and *Hamlet's* sire was one of them,
 At least dark-haired, if his hair matched his beard,
 For that had been pure sable which became
 A sable silvered. 'Tis most probable
 That *Hamlet*, in respect of hair, did turn
 After his father; all the more for that
 He was, as he avows himself, possessed
 With melancholy, and his rapt moods bespeak
 The melancholic-nervous temperament,
 Whereof the chiefest token is dark hair,
 To be the very leaven of his mind.

But what the thatch of *Hamlet's* upper storey,
 Whether a raven or a whitey-brown,
 Is of less moment than the quality
 O' the furniture within. It is a brain
 Fitting the part, that's asked to play the Dane.

HANDSOME ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WHAT shall we say of the four magnificent volumes of "National
 homage to England," presented the other day at Windsor, on behalf
 of France, by M. D'ARBOIS and the COMTE DE SERBURIER, to the QUEEN?
 That we are delighted to find ourselves, for once, in the French good
 books.

A BAKER'S DOZEN.—The thirteen rolls made by the *Devastation*
 last week at Portsmouth.—*Vide "Times" of 1st inst.*

"IN SUCH A NIGHT."

(*Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene 1, adapted to the Times.*)

SCENE—A comfortable Drawing-room: fire burning
 frostily.

LORENZO and JESSICA tête-à-tête.

Lorenzo. The fire burns bright: in such a night as this,
 When the blue flame did gently kiss the coals
 And they did crumble slow, in such a night
 GLADSTONE, methinks, took poker in his hand,
 And swore, as then he smashed a lump of coal,
 To smash the Vatican.

Jessica. In such a night
 Did ROSALIE, my milliner, invent
 That winter bonnet with a plume of flame
 Which came home yesterday.

Lorenzo. In such a night
 DISRAELI, dreaming of the Arctic ice,
 Thought: "for the honour of the English fleet,
 We'll pierce a passage through."

Jessica. In such a night
 Papa, made generous with his choicest port,
 Said you and I might wed.

Lorenzo. In such a night
 I, overjoyed, rushed homeward in the snow,
 And with the smoke of numberless cigars
 Built castles in the air.

Jessica. In such a night
 I went to bed, and cried, and said my prayers,
 And never, never for a moment, dreamt
 That you were smoking, Sir.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
 He also smoking, did the giant *Punch*
 Think of his mighty enterprise, and see,
 Ruddy and radiant in the caves of flame,
 Vistas of wit and wisdom yet to be.

Jessica. I would out-night you; but I hear the knock
 Of TINTO, your eccentric painter-friend,
 Who likes to talk of art o'er a cigar,
 By a bright fire, in such a night as this.

MORE FREE THAN EASY.—The Proposed Library at
 Bethnal Green.

VENUS AT HOME.

It is simply a waste of time and a needless expense to go with
 costly and elaborate apparatus to Kerguelen Island, Mauritius, and
 other out-of-the-way places ten thousand miles or more distant from
 the General Post Office, to catch a glimpse of the Transit of Venus.
 In the Metropolis alone, the Transit of Venus may be comfortably,
 agreeably, and distinctly observed all day long, without the aid of
 any optical instrument whatever, except perhaps an ordinary eye-
 glass, in the Parks, in Piccadilly, in Oxford Street, in Westbourne
 Grove, in St. Paul's Churchyard, in Cheapside, at the Railway
 Stations, and in fifty other places, all easy of access, and within a
 radius of five miles from Charing Cross—in fact, wherever our
 wives and daughters and sisters are in the daily habit of walking,
 riding, and shopping.

Song for Schoolmasters.

SOME, by compulsory Education,
 Think scholars may be made of fools,
 And thus it is that flagellation
 Still holds its place in certain schools.

Behold the creature in yon sty,
 Ye men of discipline severe,
 Can you convert, howe'er you try,
 Into a silken purse her ear?

The European Peace Assurance Society.

President—PRINCE BISMARCK.

Secretary—RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

Offices of the Society—The Treasury, Whitehall.

N.B.—Arbitrations conducted on the most reasonable terms, from
 Ten to Four daily. No extra charge for telegraphing to Berlin.
 Ring the right-hand bell. No Irish need apply.

HEBREWS OF THE HEBREWS.

MR. EDWARD HINE has recently delivered a Lecture at Woolwich in which he has attempted to prove that the "so-called Anglo-Saxons" are in reality the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. According to the report of his very interesting discourse, it appears that he advanced a great number of identities in proof of his argument, and even referred to the structure of English Churches, and various phrases in the Book of Common Prayer, as evidence of our Israelitish descent.

Doubtless, Mr. HINE has exhausted the subject. Still, with that politeness which is "a further argument of his Jewish origin," Mr. Punch begs to advance a few more proofs, which he (Mr. Punch) may add are heartily at the worthy Lecturer's service.

If there be one of the lost tribes to which England is more closely related than the rest, it must be Issachar, for what is England if not "a strong ass crouching betwixt burdens?"

Englishmen are like Jews because they show hatred of pig's flesh by eating "pork sausages" made of everything but—pork!

Because, without doubt, the Hebrides were once spelt Hebrewdes.

Look at Mr. Punch's nose. Jewish all over. But is not Mr. P. a thorough Englishman?

Because one of the most primitive musical instruments in England is called the Jew's harp.

Because so many highborn young Englishmen (when thrown over by their friends) make a point of going straight to the Jews.

Because, like the Jews, Englishmen take such good care of their poor that a beggar is never seen in England!

Because in England there is, as in Judæa there was, a Temple; and many of the churches of England have still their high-priests.

Because, while many of our purveyors of liquor are positive Jews, to judge by their prices, all our male beer-makers are undoubtedly Hebrewers, and, therefore, Jews comparative, as well as positive.

Lastly, because, according to MR. DARWIN, both Jews and Christians have a common progenitor in one of the anthropoid apes.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

WHAT day your irritating friend SNARL said he would come to luncheon, that you may go into the country.

What was the name of the man you hadn't seen for an age, who made you promise to dine at his Club, and drink some of "the finest Claret in London, by Jove, Sir."

Where you left your new silk umbrella after that jolly Oyster Supper last night.

Who borrowed the most cherished book in your library, and seems to have forgotten to return it.

What the deuce it was your wife wants so particularly for dinner that you're not to come back without it.

Which of the many pockets of your two coats you put your railway ticket in, when the Guard wakes you suddenly about three in the morning, on your way to your grouse quarters, by the Scotch Express.

What your Uncle the Archdeacon's Sermon was about, with a view to the intelligent yet deferential criticism naturally expected of you when you dine with him in the course of the week.

What time the train starts, by which you are to travel to a certain ducal mansion.

Which corridor of that ducal mansion leads to your bedroom, as it might be awkward, after late billiards or smoke, to stumble into the chamber of one of those charming girls that beautified the drawing-room.

What day Mr. Punch publishes his Almanack, that you may win universal welcome at home by bringing an early copy for each member of your family.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY.

THE promulgation of Papal Infallibility may be expected to reduce the conversion-rate amongst young men at the Universities educated for the Church.

There are perhaps a few of these who, having signed the Thirty-nine Articles, would be ready to say, if they thought it advisable, "What is the next article?" But it is only the very few of those few who would ask this question seriously, and reiterate it like a shopman, that are likely henceforth to go the way which has been trodden by MANKING.



A NEW COMPOUND VERB.

Sudden Apparition. "PAPA, DEAR, YOU KNOW THAT MAMMA SAID THAT IF WE HAD BUTTER WITH OUR TOAST, WE WEREN'T TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE! WELL, GEORGE HAS NOT ONLY BUTTERED HIS TOAST, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN AND LIEBIG'S-EXTRACT-OF-BEEFED IT AS WELL!"

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.



NOT much new light was thrown upon the question of Women's Suffrage at a meeting held, SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER in the chair, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday last week. No doubt, as the Chairman observed, there is a feeling "in favour of the movement, dated," perhaps, "from the speech with which MR. J. S. MILL introduced the subject in the House of Commons." It may also be that,—

"Since that time the tone of the press had very greatly changed, and the old argument of woman's intellectual weakness had dwindled down into the much less formidable one of her physical weakness."

Whatever may be or not be the logic of the argument, that physical weakness disqualifies women for the suffrage, that, no doubt, is the reason why they have not got it. If women were able

to make menacing demonstrations of physical force, like the Hyde Park Reformers, would they not have extorted the franchise too?

Mrs. RHODA GARRETT having proposed a resolution affirming "that the exclusion of women, otherwise legally qualified from voting, was injurious to those excluded," thereupon, according to newspaper report:—

"MR. SERJEANT COX, in seconding the motion, said that all the arguments against the granting of the suffrage to women were based upon the important assumption that it was intended to enfranchise every wife and daughter, which was a monstrous fallacy."

But if every wife and daughter, otherwise legally qualified, are not to be qualified for voting, will not the exclusion of those thus still excluded be injurious to them? What wives and what daughters should be included among the enfranchised? Wives separated from their husbands, and daughters who have left their homes? There are estimable women, to be sure, in both of these classes; but does SERJEANT COX consider the majority of those independent wives and daughters precisely the particular kind of persons especially entitled by their peculiar position to be free and independent electresses?

MR. PUNCH'S OWN ORPHEONIC REVIEW.

VOCAL MUSIC (OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE).

"*The Perambulating Pieman.*" A dashing song descriptive of the joyous life of a rover. The last verse recalling a dream of the fairies is particularly rich in melody.

"*Last Thursday Three Weeks.*" Sentimental and graceful. Full of the genuine German *sehnsucht*.

"*O Feathered inmate of a Brazen Cage!* or, *The Maiden to her Canary.*" Easy and very effective.

"*O, Dear Me!*" Full of feeling. The accompaniment tender, gushing and full of colour.

"*Jimmy.*" A sequel to "*Molly*," by the composer of "*Molly*." Very coquettish and mournful.

"*The Rat-Catcher.*" A good bold melody, rather coarsely treated. The last verse descriptive of the death of the Rat-Catcher's Grandmother is full of movement.

"*Milking the Cowslips.*" A harvest song. Very fanciful and quaint. A good study for beginners.

"*Kiss in the Ring, or, The Fairy's Bridal.*" Pretty, but a little commonplace. The poetry is scarcely worthy of the subject, although the verse devoted to "the umbrellas of lilac buds" is certainly both original and clever.

"*Plucking the Holly Leaves.*" A thoroughly Christmas song which is sure to be highly popular at this season of the year: bright and glowing.

"*The Old Village Pump, or Rossey's Reason.*" A good example of a very bad school. Everything in this song is sacrificed to effect. The music descriptive of the death of the bill-discounter is tricky and theatrical.

"*In the Moonlight Catching Cold.*" Decidedly clever. The passage in the minor key is particularly pleasing. The words are worthy of the music, although perhaps exception may be taken to

some of the lines descriptive of the Village Postmaster. Perhaps a little more neutral tint might be welcome.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"*Half-hours with the Drum.*" Very intricate but not unpleasing.

"*To-day with the Trombone.*" Some of the movements in A flat are exceedingly beautiful.

"*To-morrow with the Triangle.*" Sound and scholarly—a good specimen of the use to which a melody in four sharps may be put by a thoroughly educated Musician.

"*Murmurings, arranged for the Double Bass.*" A very charming study.

"*Sighs on the Clarinet.*" Wanting in colour and insipid.

"*Whisperings from the Bassoon.*" Very pathetic and easy. A capital *morceau de salon* for amateurs.

FLOWERS OF THE FUTURE.

"*The Nepenthes, Cephalotus, Pinguicula, Dionaea*, and other carnivorous plants, can also be fed on raw beef, on morsels of which they close, digesting them with the greatest facility."—*Recent Scientific Announcement.*

To the hothouse I hied me excited

To cull a fresh bouquet for MAX.
There were "over a hundred invited."
She wanted "a beauty." Delighted,
I worked with my scissors away.

So I clipped off a fine *Dionaea*,
Took some fresh *Cephalotus* (it pricks),
A *Pinguicula*, then,—bright idea!
Some *Nepenthes*, a flower that MEDRA
Might have worn at a tea-fight on Styx!

And MAX, when she saw what I brought her,
Said, "O thanks! 'tis a beauty, indeed!"
We danced: just at supper I sought her,
And said, in the slang I had taught her,
"Suppose that we go down and feed?"

We went. She sat down: 'Tis no fable.
I left her, to fight for some fowl;
When her bouquet—MAX felt quite unable
To hold it—whisked on to the table,
And flew at the ham with a growl!

She screamed—when the fierce *Cephalotus*
Made a rush for the *foie-gras* hard by.
A flash of the fearful truth smote us!
The *Nepenthes*, not seeming to note us,
Took a plate and went in for game pie!

Dionaea, so harmless in seeming
In a fowl fixed its fangs like a vice,
While *Pinguicula* (we were not dreaming),
With a tumbler of Moe's "dry dreaming,"
Washed her *vol-au-vent* down in a trice;

Then went in at a *salmi* of rabbits;
When a *savant* (these things were his line)
Remarked, "How each rushes to grab its
Right nurture! But plants of these habits
Before they come out ought to dine."

So now, as a modest beginner—
To a passion for science I own—
Every day, though MAX calls me a sinner,
My new plants have a six o'clock dinner,
And when "out," let the supper alone!

Unconsidered Trifles.

"Consignee wanted for two Elephants, arrived in S.S. *Queen Anne*, from Calcutta."

It is incredibly reported that a few unclaimed rhinoceroses are also lying in the Docks; and an authority, whom we have no reason to believe, has offered to escort us to a warehouse, where a steam-launch, a lighthouse, a temporary iron church, and a pack of fox hounds, are all anxiously awaiting their owners.

VERY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—We look for the fullest accounts of the Transit of Venus in the *Sun* and *Observer*.



"FAHRENHEIT."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU 'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICELY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"

Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"

PINGUITUDE AND PAUPERISM.

REFLECTIVE MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I paid my usual yearly visit to the Cattle Show, and saw the usual fat people staring just as usual at the usual fat pigs.

The sight of so much fatness set me thinking about leanness; and this induced the thought that possibly a show of underfed poor people might prove as interesting as one of overfed fat beasts. With so many noble workhouses as there are to select from, it would be easy to assemble a number of competitors for any prize that might be offered for extreme emaciation, as opposed to the excessive pinguitude for which the Cattle Show is famous, and whereof so many Pig-breeders have reason to be proud.

Were such a Show established, a pleasant theme for meditation perhaps might be suggested to the reflective mind, in considering how far the victuals which are wasted in the foolish over-fattening of prize oxen, sheep, and porkers, might, if rightly used, alleviate the pangs of hunger suffered by the wretched ill-fed creatures, of whom our Parish Guardians are entrusted with the care.

From this the meditative mind might be led to the reflection that a Meat-maker ought not to be a Tallow-manufacturer; and that, in awarding the prizes at a Cattle Show, the judges should be careful to discourage over-feeding, by imposing heavy fines on the breeders of all animals esteemed to be too fat. This not merely would conduce to agricultural economy, but would save much needless suffering to poor creatures that are tortured by being over-stuffed. Any one of any feeling must hear with real pity the gasping of the pigs, as they lie helpless in their pens, and protest to their last grunt against the barbarous breeders who have laid on them the burden of their too, too solid flesh.

If our paupers could but share the surplus fatness of our porkers, what a comfort and a blessing were conferred upon them both! As a step to this good work, I would propose

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

THE Transit of Venus is over:

A spot on the Sun for four hours,
The radiant aerial-rover
Now sparkles the chief of star-flowers.
Home troop the astronomers various,
And bring their celestial log,
Some rendered by sunshine hilarious,
Some damped by inopportune fog.

They went forth in peaceful battalions,
The secrets of Science to clutch,
Americans, Germans, Italians,
With Frenchmen and English and Dutch:
Where the hardness of ice defies granite's,
Where lizards the noon-day warmth shun,
They watched the most brilliant of planets
Turn sable in crossing the Sun.

"Alma Venus," exclaimeth LUCRETIUS;
Fair Goddess, the player of many tricks,
Of doings fantastic, facetious,
The quite inexhaustible *genetrix*!
Now binding all nations together
In a scheme tele-plus-spectroscopic,
Star-goddess, you bring us fair weather,
And we hail you as most philanthropic.

When, braving sub-tropic malaria,
And noses and fingers that freeze,
From Kerguelen to dismal Siberia
Astronomers sail o'er the seas,
Fair Venus, our beautiful neighbour,
Throws down her distinguishing light,
'Twixt the armies for Science who labour,
And the armies for conquest who fight.

Punch with patience waits tidings of Science,
But waits, with a thirsty impatience,
For the time when all warlike defiance
Will cease among civilised nations.
From quarrelling canst thou not screen us,
O brightest and clearest of stars,
And let the last Transit of Venus
Be crowned by the Exit of Mars?

THE COMING EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT (EUROPEAN).—The "Woolwich Infant" school.

the yearly holding of a show of poor lean people, at the same time as the annual show of prize fat beasts. To facilitate the study of comparative anatomy, a pen of fine large Aldermen might be added to the Show, in order to demonstrate the prodigies of corpulence, which are humanly procurable by plentiful repasts.

Both Aldermen and Paupers are products of the civilising progress of the age; and by placing them in contrast, a fruitful theme for philosophic meditation might be furnished, and some remedial measures, perhaps, might be induced. It is possible, however, that after the bestowal of the most profound reflection, the philosopher might come to no more profitable conclusion than the not entirely novel thought that—Such is Life!

With an apology for the intrusion of this meditative letter, when people have of course so many other things to think about, I beg leave to subscribe myself yours, with mingled reverence and esteem,

A VEGETARIAN.

A Sign in the Sky.

THE following telegram respecting the Transit of Venus appeared in the *Times*:—

"Barker, Alexandria, to Wemyss Bay, Scotland. Clouds covering sun prevented ascertaining precise exit; looks like a black ball with red under lower circumference."

Let us hope that this appearance of a black ball will not prove to have been a bad omen for any of the observers who may have had their names down for election at the Travellers' Club.

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE Jesuits disloyal? Why they can challenge any community, however loyal its principle, to deny that their Society is founded upon LOYOLA!



BRIGANDES À LA MODE.

(WHAT THE HATS MUST COME TO.)

VIVISECTION AND SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH the prosecution instituted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against certain persons charged before the Norwich Magistrates with having been concerned in torturing certain dogs at the Masonic Hall, Norwich, one day last August, failed for want of evidence against the particular defendants, yet the Bench remarked that the proceedings taken were perfectly justified. In the interests of true medical science, for the promotion of which the dogs had been subjected to experiments attended with a little suffering, this observation is to be deplored.

The dogs alleged to have been tortured were but two. They had only been tied down to a table and muzzled with tapes, and, thus made fast, had, the one alcohol and the other absinthe injected, through an incision in the inside of the thigh, into their femoral veins. This little operation, of which the importance is obviously as great, as the pain is little, was performed by a French *savant*, M. EUGÈNE MAGNAN, of Paris. Its object, the magnitude of which no physiologist can over-estimate, was to prove that alcohol injected into a vein produces insensibility, and absinthe epilepsy.

That alcohol, when it renders the human subject insensible, does so by getting from the stomach into the blood, is clearly a fact of pathology which was by no means so well established as not to have needed further confirmation at the expense of any amount of pain which could be inflicted on dumb animals, such, of course, as dogs are when they are properly muzzled.

It is pretty well known that epilepsy may be occasioned by almost any irritation affecting the nerves, and nobody perhaps ever doubted that absinthe put in the blood would affect the nerves; nevertheless it was absolutely necessary to demonstrate these points by injecting absinthe into a dog's veins. The utility of this experiment is visibly all the greater that physicians already knew that epilepsy in man was one of the consequences of excess in absinthe.

Perhaps it is superfluous to add that from the effects of experiments by vivisection on the lower animals the inference that the same injuries would have the same effects on mankind in all cases, is most legitimate.

The scientific reader will gladly learn that M. MAGNAN's ingenious and valuable experiments on the two dogs he is accused of having tortured for no good, were thoroughly successful. One of the dogs became insensible and died; the other went into convulsions sure enough, whether he died or no. Now, what has the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got to say? In the meanwhile, let us hope the demonstrated effects of absinthe and alcohol on the creatures vivisected by M. MAGNAN, will prove to be the serious warning they ought to drunken dogs.

THE TOO BLUNT BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in the German Parliament, answering DR. JÖRG, who had rather needlessly referred to "the maniac KULLMANN," told the Ultramontanes that KULLMANN was perfectly sane, and stuck on to their skirts. This painfully direct and homely statement has, of course, very much shocked our sense of decorum. Well asks the *Times*:—"What should we think if MR. DISRAELI or MR. GLADSTONE were to tell LORD ROBERT MONTAGU or SIR GEORGE BOWYER that the murderers of CAPTAIN SCHMIDT belonged to the party of ARCH-BISHOP MANNING?" We should think the House of Commons would resound with cries of "Oh, oh!" if not of "Yah!" We should think that the Right Honourable Gentleman used most unreserved and unparliamentary language, which, slanderous if false, would be contemptuously condemned by all the organs of cultivated British opinion even if true.

Apart from the truth or incorrectness of one which is only one out of many of PRINCE BISMARCK's outspoken declarations, it may be respectfully suggested that BISMARCK does not perhaps devote all the time he profitably might to reading the British Parliamentary debates, wherein, from the speeches of leading statesmen on either side, he might derive the lessons, which he so sadly needs, in reticence and circumlocution.

England's Heart Disease.

LONDON is the heart of England. The bigness of London is the cause of the stoppages of the circulation on London Bridge. They thus arise from hypertrophy of the heart of England. London is getting bigger and bigger every day. England has got increasing hypertrophy of the heart. If that goes on, what must it end in? Could nothing be done to check the growing hypertrophy which England's heart is labouring under? Unless that is managed, it will be merely administering a temporary palliative to take any measure for doctoring London Bridge, in order to relieve it from stoppages of the circulation.

Transit of Venus.

(See MR. PROCTOR's last *Astronomical Treatise*.)

PHŒBUS, smit with Venus's charms,
Took the goddess to his arms;
Little thinking, till surprised,
That he should be "PROCTOR"-ised.

PUNCH'S NEW CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

(Specimen Sheet.)



HEREAS, *Mr. Punch*, remembering with hatred the *Lemprière* of his youth, finds that *Punch, junior*, now at a public school (not to be mentioned, lest all the aristocracy should at once send their boys thither), feels similarly about *Smith*, he

proposes to issue a new Classical Dictionary in *usum scholarum*. He appends a few examples.

A. ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORMIO. A gentleman who held office at the Court of KING CHRONONHOTONTOLOGOS. He was the most laborious literary character of his era, having had to sign his decasyllabic name to about two hundred documents a-year during his ministerial career of one hundred years. It is computed (*see BARRAGE, passim*) that it would have been less trouble to him to produce a sensation novel a week during that period.

ALSATIA. A district celebrated by SIR WALTER SCOTT and LORD MACAULAY, and conquered by *Mr. Punch*.

B. BARMECIDE. A family in Bagdad, stingy though opulent, who had a rascally habit of inviting you to dinner, serving you on gold plate, and giving you nothing to eat. *Mr. Punch* knows a few Barmecides in Belgravia, and does not dine with them twice.

C. CUTTLE, CAPTAIN. A friend of MR. DICKENS's, who was wont to say, "When found, make a note of." On his demise, he left a complete Series of *Punch* up to that date to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

D. DUNDREARY, LORD. The latest Editor, in conjunction with MR. TUPPER, of the Proverbs of SOLOMON.

EBONY. See *Blackwood*.

F. FRANKENSTEIN. The Monster which Youth creates and which Age cannot destroy.

G. GAMP. Monosyllabic synonym for an umbrella.

H. HUBBARD, MOTHER. The inventor of dog-shows, *tempore WILLIAM RUFUS*.

I. IXION. A fatuous wheelwright, whose inventions are still recognised in Long Acre.

J. JAMES. One of *Mr. Punch*'s most esteemed correspondents.

K. KNOW-NOTHINGS. A political party who boasted of their ignorance in America. Several such parties exist in England, but have not courage to admit their ignorance.

L. LADY OF SHALOTT. Any lady who knows how to make a salad, so that—

"Onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole."

M. MUMBO JUMBO. Affected name of reverence for the POPE.

N. NICK, OLD. A near relation of Old Bogy and Old Harry, *which see*.

O. OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET. Six per cent. this week.

P. PARTINGTON, MRS. An elderly lady who, being of High Tory principles, did her best to mop away the ocean, but was slightly unsuccessful.

Q. QUIXOTE. A lineal ancestor of *Mr. Punch*, from whom he hath inherited his love of the Ladies, and his inextinguishable hostility to all meanness, and fraud, and tyranny.

R. RAPHAEL. The "sociable spirit" and "affable archangel" of MILTON. Surely this prefigureth *Punch*.

S. SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE: SOLON, CHILO, PITTACUS, BIAS, PERIANDER, CLEOBULUS, THALES. Their maxims are not very striking: SOLON said, "Know thyself," as if you could help it; and BIAS, "Most men are bad," which is not true. *Mr. Punch*, the wisest man of the world, hath but one maxim, "READ ME."

T. TONY. See *Punch*. Always ready to snap at an intrusive visitor.

U. ULYSSES. The wisest of the Greeks. (The pupil may here be asked who is the wisest of the English.)

V. VANITY FAIR. London, Paris, any City: BUNYAN stern, and THACKERAY witty, Know the way to gather there All the humours of the fair.

W. WHITTINGTON, DICK. The founder of the Crystal Palace Cat Shows.

X. XANTIPPE. Everybody's wife when she hasn't got her own way.

Y. YOUNG ENGLAND. The present PRIME MINISTER and his friends, when they— Flung to the wind the old Crusader's banners, And loved the poetry of LORD JOHN MANNERS: But now that famous poet sorts our letters, And DIZZY's genius works in Statesman's fetters.

Z. ZADKIEL. An Almanack-maker. As, however, *Mr. Punch's Almanack* is the only one worth reading, this personage is simply brought in to exhaust the alphabet.

Astronomy at Home.

OUR young friend, FINCHLEY BUCKHURST, never for a moment thought of going to such distant spots as Nagasaki and Kerguelen's Land, to observe the Transit of Venus across the Sun. He was perfectly satisfied to stay in London, and watch the beautiful young person to whom he is engaged cross over Half Moon Street.

THE MEAN TEMPERATURE OF THE MONTH. —The temperature to which rooms are allowed to fall through a too severe economy of coals.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

No news from JELFER—Freemasonry in relation to Horse-dealing—An arrival.



WHILE I am waiting to hear some news of another horse, CAZELL calls on me.

I tell him of how JELFER took me in with the "slug," and how really I should never be surprised to hear of "Cazell" coming down, if Mrs. JELFER will drive him in a basket chaise.

"O," says CAZELL, regretfully, "if you and JELFER were Freemasons you wouldn't try to do one another."

I am indignant. I have not tried to "do" JELFER; and I do not suppose, I say, that JELFER really intended to take me in about the slug.

Again, if I can't trust a man as a man, why should I, as a Freemason?

"Ah," returns CAZELL mysteriously, "you don't understand. A brother is bound by a solemn oath not to deceive a brother of the craft, under certain serious pains and penalties."

"But," I say sceptically, "that sort of thing is not enforced now-a-days."

"O," exclaims CAZELL, nodding his head significantly, "isn't it?"

I think it over to myself. If there really are advantages, specially in horse-dealing, in being a Freemason, the sooner I'm a Freemason the better.

CAZELL puts cases, supposed to be historic. "Facts," he says. For instance (CAZELL'S first case for the advantage of being a Freemason). You meet a robber, he is just going to knock you down and take your money, or you are knocked down and he's just going to take your money, when suddenly it occurs to you to make the sign. The robber makes another; you reply, he returns: he grasps your hand. You his! You are brothers! and he doesn't rob you. Nay, more, perhaps, he gives you a free pass through his district.

I admit (to CAZELL) that he has shown a case when being a Mason would be decidedly an advantage.

"Of course," continues CAZELL, easily, "if that robber is taken up, and your evidence is wanted to convict him, you, as a Mason and a brother, cannot give it. Not even if that robber has committed the most outrageous crimes."

This seems to me to raise a difficulty. We argue the question as between the duty (under oath) of a Freemason to Masons, and of a man to his fellow-men. The result of the conversation is to make me feel more assured that Freemasonry would be decidedly of use in horse-dealing, if the horse-dealer and myself were both Masons.

Happy Thought.—In fact if the Horse-dealer were a cheat and a Mason, I as a Mason would certainly get the better of him. I can imagine the interview. Practically it would be the same as the supposed case between myself and the robber, suggested just now by CAZELL. The horse-dealer is just, as it were, going to put his hand in my pocket, to rob me of seventy pounds for a horse which is not worth thirty, when I grasp it, squeeze it, give him the sign, whatever it is, he starts back, and exclaims, "What! my Brother!" We embrace, and I say, "Now, how much for the horse?" "O," says he, making an extra sign perhaps, "Do not give me more than twenty-five, for I can't take thirty from you."

"Then," argues CAZELL, "Freemasonry's of use in battle; German Freemason meets a French Mason; they're just going to kill one another; one makes the sign, the other replies; they shake hands and pass on."

This sounds pleasant. But isn't it disloyal on both sides? Aren't they there to fight and kill one another? Because, argue this out, and suppose the German Freemasons, the Commanders-in-Chief on both sides Freemasons—why, they'd so lay out their plan of campaign as to avoid clashing with each other at all?

CAZELL says, warmly, "Nonsense! argue it right up to the top, if all Crowned Heads were Freemasons there'd be no fighting at all." I reply that if all men were spotless Christians the result would be the same, and that all Crowned Heads can be Christians, but all can not be Freemasons, as for instance Queens.

CAZELL here tells me a story how Countess Somebody hid herself behind a picture in a wall, overheard the Masonic secrets, and was forcibly taken out, and made a Mason on the spot.

The further advantages (beyond those in horse-dealing) of Masonry CAZELL continues to set forth:—That a Mason must help a Mason in distress; that a Mason must not reveal any secret told to him by a brother Mason, under the seal of the Masonic oath.

I suggest a case:—A Mason under the above seal tells me he has forged, swindled, &c. &c., and is now going out of the country; also, being in distress, he asks me for five pounds. I know that his flight will ruin a dear friend of mine. I know that when the police come to look for him in my house, I shall have to defeat the ends of justice, and tell a lie. Further, that the Brother Mason is positively dangerous to Society. I don't know him otherwise than as a Mason. As a man I have no duties towards him. I point out to CAZELL that in this case to be a true Mason I must be a bad citizen. CAZELL says, "You put an extreme case!" "I admit that," I return; "but it is a test case: exceptions prove the rule." CAZELL says, "My dear fellow, here common sense steps in; besides—" here he breaks off cheerfully, and with an air of assured victory—"you can't talk of what Freemasonry really is until you are a Freemason. And I can't tell you what it is, because I am under the vows of secrecy. You become a Mason, and you'll see."

"I've heard," I say in order to show I am not bigoted, "that Masonry is very useful in travelling."

"It is," answers CAZELL, decidedly.

"How?"

"How?" he returns. "O! lots of ways. He considers awhile, then he resumes, "Well, it's a passport to Society in some places. It's of great use if you get into a difficulty. You pick up companions; and—in fact—O, there are heaps of instances where Freemasonry has been of the greatest possible service. I recollect a man saying, how he was had up before a Magistrate in Naples, and the case was just going against him, when he made a sign to the bench, and the Magistrate returned it. I forget whether he got off or not; but I know that it benefited him—somehow. Why," he continues, hurrying on, as if to avoid being too closely questioned about this last interesting incident, "when I was on the Continent, I was all alone somewhere, and I didn't know what on earth to do with myself; and I found the landlord where I was stopping was a Mason, and so was another fellow staying there, and we got quite chummy, and we had a rubber with dummy in the evening."

"French, were they?" I inquire, working up an interest in the foregoing exciting story.

"No," he replies, carelessly, "they were English. Only, probably, I shouldn't have chummed with them if they hadn't been Masons. They played whist uncommonly well."

A tap at the door. Then MURGLE appears, cautiously. MURGLE always enters a room cautiously, and being innately polite, invariably acknowledges a stranger with a sort of encouraging nod before addressing me. Being also naturally suspicious, he coughs slightly behind his hand, glances from me to my visitor, and from my visitor to me, as though doubtful of my visitor's good faith, and as if uncertain whether he shall say what he has to say, out loud now, or ask me to step outside on to the rug. His usual formula is—

"Ahem!"—pause—then, bashfully, with one eye on the visitor looking at him towards me, "Could I speak to you a minute, Sir?"

"Yes," I answer boldly. "What is it?"

"Ahem!"—pause—a shuffle, then still bashfully, as though afraid lest what he has to say might bring a blush to my friend's cheek, "MR. CHAVEY is at the door, Sir, with a 'orse as he wants you to look at."

Good. I'd rather look at him without CAZELL, but it can't be helped.

We follow MURGLE.

An Apology.

MR. PUNCH has to apologise for having, with too much trust in the good faith of a Correspondent, accepted as original the subject of one of his last week's illustrations, which had already appeared in the columns of a contemporary. *Hobbes* sometimes sleeps, and even *Punch* cannot be always on his guard against such dishonest palming off of old jokes for new ones.

PROPER ACCOMPANIMENTS.

A *Book about the Table* is announced. May we dare to ask whether it has clean plates and good cuts?



A MAN'S REVENGE.

OUR GALLANT, THOUGH MIDDLE-AGED, FRIEND, HAS GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING HIS SECOND LOVE (WHOM HE IS GOING TO MARRY NEXT WEEK) TO HIS FIRST (WHO JILTED HIM JUST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO).

SIGNS OF RETURNING ANIMATION.

(In London.)

You may be tolerably certain that people are coming back to town—

When a Hansom doesn't hail you and ask you where you are going, and finally offer to drive you "anywhere you like and back for eightpence."

When the "dailies" do not, on the self-same morning, muster between them more than five leaders on Protoplasm, and the *Times* intimates that that spirited correspondence on the height of kitchen doors, with which you have been so agreeably beguiled, on and off, since the second week in August, "must now close."

When you come suddenly upon ROBINSON (whom you don't like), and greet him with a cordial, "O, you're back!" as if you had been anxiously on the look-out for his return, and that, now you're certain of it, you feel much easier.

When JONES (who has left Margate a month ago) comes suddenly upon you, and candidly admits that this time he is not "just running through to the North."

When BLAZER BROWN, having completed his month in the Moors, sends you that promised "brace of birds;" but which, he having, with more or less credit to himself as a sportsman, purchased on his arrival in town, reach you, labelled by some inadvertence, "Perishable goods. From MESSRS. PURVEY AND Co., 225, New Bond Street. W."

When your "well-connected neighbour," MRS. SNOBBINGTON SMITH, has her shutters opened, and leaving the back of the house, where she has been "recruiting herself after the fatigues of the season," gets her return from Biarritz announced in next week's *Court and Fashion*.

When your wife asks you just to look at the drawing-room carpet, and say whether you don't think it would be better to have that new one, *you talked of before you left town*, put down now, as she supposes you do not wish again to put off those six outstanding dinners (which you also talked of) till after Christmas.

When seated comfortably at the close of September at the head of your own table, and recalling those struggles you had in the Bernese Oberland—those rushes you made at the diligences—those fights you fought with the foreign officials—those bills you paid at the foreign hotels—those rows you had successively with every member of your family, you acknowledge to yourself that there may be worse things in the world than a cut off an English roast leg of mutton, with a cup of tea later, and perhaps slippers to follow.

"DE PROFUNDIS," A NEW VERSION;

Or, *A Voice from the Dungeon of Infallibility.*

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Close prisoner kept within the Vatican;
What if 'tis a fair palace, if I don't
Go free abroad—that is because I won't.
Dry bread and water, such the prison food;—
Unless I choose to order all that's good.
And then so poor—with PETER's pence in pocket,
And treasury with friends and foes to stock it.
Besides these felon's garments forced to wear,
Of softest silk and costliest mohair;
And forced to brook, by rulers harsh and proud,
Th' obsequious service of a servile crowd:
Crowding my halls, my cruel gaolers, see,
Waiting my orders upon bended knee!
And last, not least,—for the severest blow,—
My visitors are free to come and go,
To crave my blessing, and to kiss my toe!

As Easy as Lying.

THE *Times* asks if any man can pronounce the word "Eupion." On behalf of those concerned, *Punch* would reply "U" "P" on a large scale.



SWEEPING THE STAGE. ("NEW BROOMS.")

Box Book-keeper. "STALLS, MADAM? WELL,—REALLY,—THE FACT IS, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,—THAT IS,—AHM!—WE'RE JUST NOW *CLEANING THE STAGE*, MADAM, AND HOPE TO HAVE THE THEATRE QUITE FIT FOR LADIES BY CHRISTMAS."

SEASONABLE MUSIC.



WHY should concerts not have their seasonable character—appropriate to the time of year—Summery for Summer, Wintry for Winter? Here is an imaginary programme showing what we mean—an example of one of our concerts of the future,—

His Grace the DUKE OF TORNADO and her Grace the DUCHESS OF TORNADO, gave, last week, another concert at their residence, Blowaway Court, Ayrshire, on 'St. Boreas' Day. Among the guests were the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF WATERSPOUT, the RIGHT HON. MARQUIS OF WHIRLWIND, EARL and COUNTESS HURRICANE, VISCOUNT EQUINOX, SIR THOMAS TEMPEST, LADY GEORGINA GALE and MISS GUST, REAR-ADMIRAL TYPHOON and MRS. TYPHOON, COLONEL BLAST, SIGNORA SIROCCO, MISS ZEPHYRE, Provost, and MRS. SQUALL, and the MISSES SQUALL, MARMADUKE HAYLE, Esq., and several others.

A sumptuous repast was provided, and bagpipes were in attendance. In the course of the evening, the company repaired to the magnificent Gothic Hall, where a concert, vocal and instrumental, was given. The programme ran as follows:—

Quartette, A minor, "La Burrasque," T. S. BACH, for flute, flageolet, trumpet, and French Horn.

Grand Duo, for two harmoniums, "Sunndrift," by SIDNEY SLEET.

Duet, "The Wind and the Waves," sung with much taste by MISS GUST and COLONEL BLAST.

Solo, in F sharp, trombone, composed and performed by MR. M. HAYLE.

Symphony and variations, for the Eolian harp, by SIGNORA SIROCCO.

Aria, "Di Tanti Splushidi" (ROSSINI), sang by MR. GOLOSH FOGG.

Duet, "Rondo of the Storm," executed with immense effect by LADY GEORGINA GALE.

"O Breathe not her Name," words by REV. BARNABAS BREEZY, music by WINDY SLOPER, Esq., sung by MISS ZEPHYRE.

Trio, "The Frostbitten Heart" (MERRYWEATHER), sung by the MISSES SQUALL, with which the concert ended.

In a short address the REV. B. BREEZY thanked the distinguished performers, and stated that the proceeds of the performance would be devoted to the funds of the Society for the Promotion of Shipwrecks.

DIFFICULTIES OF DRAMATIC LICENSING.

SCENE—The Lord Chamberlain's Office. TIME—Midday. Dramatic Author discovered seated with the Licensor of Plays.

Licensor (pleasantly). Ah, MR. DUNNIPHOG, I'm delighted to see you. I wanted to have a chat with you (Author smiles gravely, and bows) about your forthcoming *Opéra-Bouffe*. When I heard you were going to do this, and had selected the classical tale of *Daphné*, for production at the Skolastikon Theatre, under the new management, I really wished I could have seen you beforehand. (Dramatic Author wonders whether the Licensor had intended to direct the choice or the dramatic treatment of the myth in question. Having nothing to answer or to ask, he bows and awaits further information. Enter a short stout gentleman. He comes up smiling. Licensor recognises him.)

Licensor. Ah, MR. BUMBLETOP, I wished to see you—(to Dramatic Author, politely), excuse me a minute. I wished to see you, MR. BUMBLETOP, about the dancing at your place. (MR. BUMBLETOP still smiles, but appears astonished.) I have every confidence in you as a manager, every possible confidence,—and respect for you personally—but it's going too far, you know. This sort of thing must be put down.

Mr. Bumbletop (as if in amazement lost). What sort of thing, Sir?

Licensor. Such a disgraceful exhibition as MADEMOISELLE KIKKUP's *Cancon*.

Mr. Bumbletop (still smiling, as though the Licensor must be joking). This is the first complaint I've ever heard of such a thing at my establishment. They have had strict orders not to do anything of the kind you describe, Sir, as *Cancon*.

Licensor (as a clincher). But I saw it myself the other night.

Mr. Bumbletop (still smiling). Then it must have been happily, quite exceptional, and I will see that it does not occur again. Good morning, Sir. (Returns.) By the way, Sir, in finding fault with MADEMOISELLE KIKKUP, it occurs to me that you have not seen the really disgusting antics—for I cannot dignify it by the name of dancing—of MISS FOPAR at the Gemini Theatre.

Licensor. I have seen it, and really it did not strike me as anything so very *outré*.

Mr. Bumbletop (smiling, with an appearance of intense surprise). Indeed! Well, if it didn't, she must have been told you were in front. Good morning, Sir. [Exit MR. BUMBLETOP.]

Licensor. And now, MR. DUNNIPHOG—*à propos*, I suppose you've seen MADEMOISELLE KIKKUP.

Dramatic Author. Yes, and I must say I should be inclined to consider such a fierce *Bacchante* style to be in the worst possible taste. All English imitation of what is peculiarly French is sure to be coarse and vulgar. However, the more patent the vulgarity, the less the harm. Still the public is the best judge ultimately. You yourself, Sir, see no danger to morals in the performance of MISS FOPAR at the Gemini. I differ from you. She may be superior in some respects to MADEMOISELLE KIKKUP, but they're all in the same boat. After all, it's a matter of taste, as JEREMY BENTHAM says. Some good people leave a theatre when the ballet commences, and others won't go to a theatre at all.

Enter a closely shaved, sallow person, dressed in black.

Licensor. Ah! MONSIEUR FLON. (To Dramatic Author. Excuse me a minute.)

Monsieur Flon. I come, Sir, to ask you what French plays will be licensed this year in London.

Licensor. Well, MONSIEUR FLON, I have every confidence in you as a manager, but I have looked over your *répertoire*, and I am rather afraid that most of the pieces you propose deal either seriously or comically with breaches of the Seventh Commandment, or with a state of society—I mean the *demi-monde*—which we in England think it more advisable to keep in the background.

Monsieur Flon (blankly). Then I can do nothing—can produce nothing!

Licensor (pleasantly). No, I do not say that; on the contrary, as the language is French—not English—and appeals to only a limited class; and as your actors are French—not English—I will make an exception, and you can play *Gavant Minard et Compagnie*, *Tue-la-Tricouche* et *Cucolet* (the scene in the house of *Fanny Bombance* is very funny as done by your people): and the others you've enumerated.

Monsieur Flon. Thank you much, Sir.

[Bows, and retires joyously.]

Licensor. I am sorry to keep you, MR. DUNNIPHOG; but—

Enter MR. CACKLE, of the Royal Vasto Theatre.

Ah, MR. CACKLE! you are bringing out a Pantomime. I have every confidence in you personally as a manager, but—you understand, I don't wish to interfere unnecessarily—but I think I had better come to your last Dress Rehearsal, as it is absolutely necessary I should hear what the men in the Large Heads say; and there must be some limit to the height to which the Flap Family kick their legs.

Mr. Cackle (sweetly). If you honour us, Sir, with your presence, you can make the mark yourself, Sir, in chalk on the proscenium. Prompt side.

Licensor. Very well. Remember I have the greatest confidence in you, MR. CACKLE, as a manager. Good morning, MR. CACKLE! (Exit MR. CACKLE.) And now, MR. DUNNIPHOG, as to this new *Opéra-Bouffe* of yours, at the Skolastikon Theatre. I have every possible respect for you as an author, you will understand that, but I find a direction about dancing the *Cancon*.

Dramatic Author (astounded). Really! Permit me. (They refer to Manuscript.) Excuse me. One of the characters has seen, for the first time, a dance at a Fancy Ball which he is trying to remember, but does not succeed.

Licensor. Ah, yes. (Inspects the passage.) Yes—true. But—you know what an actor might do with it.

Dramatic Author. I cannot see that that is good ground for refusing a licence to my piece, any more than it would be for refusing to license a theatre because a buffoon might misinterpret SHAKESPEARE. Who can say what improprieties might not be perpetrated by MISS SARAH KIKKUP as the delicate *Ariel*, by MR. GRINNER in *Cahban's* drunken song and dance, or by the Clowns in the wide field allowed for any amount of tomfooleries and buffooneries in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*. However, beyond the possibilities of liberties being taken by the actors, you have, as I understand, no further ground for withholding the licence.



THE SINEWS OF SPORT.

The Marquis (to Head Keeper). "NOW, GRANDISON, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE TIRED OF WAITING, WHY DON'T YOU SEND IN THE BEATERS!"

Head Keeper (sotto voce). "BEG PARDON, MY LORD, THE LONDON TRAIN'S LATE THIS MORNING WITH THE PHEASANTS—WE MUST HAVE HALF AN HOUR TO GET 'EM INTO THE COVERTS!"

Licensor. Well—no—except—yes—um—um. You will understand that I have every possible respect for you as an author, but you make one of your characters allude to the legend of *Apollo* and *Cyréné*.

Dramatic Author (smiling). My dear Sir, do the gods—I mean the gallery—study *LEMPRIERE* and the classical mythologies? Has the Pit, to a man, been to Eton, and been forced to read *OVID*, and do verses?

Licensor (shilly). But the Stalls.

Dramatic Author. Sir, you judge by your own classical erudition. The *habitués* of the Stalls have probably forgotten all the Latin and Greek they ever knew, and only a few among the public would recognise the allusion to *Cyréné*. You, Sir, would license certain French pieces, because, as you said to *MONSIEUR FLOX*, they only appeal to a small and select class, and are in a foreign language. Precisely the same reasoning would allow *Apollo's* allusion to *Cyréné* to remain in my piece. I trust my plays may always be, as they have been till now, free of offence.

Licensor (conciliatory). My dear Sir, I am sure of it. You know that, personally, I have every possible respect for you as an author, but—but—it's just as well to have things explained. However, as we both agree about the *Cuncan*, I must make it a *sine quâ non* that there be no mention of it, and no dancing it in your piece.

Dramatic Author. Sir, I am entirely of your opinion, and sincerely wish you success in the difficult task you have before you. But before I go—

Re-enter MR. CACKLE.

Cackle. O, beg pardon, I thought I'd just step back to ask, in order to prevent any difficulty—

Re-enter MR. BUMBLETOP.

Mr. Bumbletop. O! I thought that to obviate any misunderstanding, I would return to ask what—

Dramatic Author. } (*ensemble*). What is the *Cuncan*? is it this?
Cackle. }
Bumbletop. } [*All three dance.*]
Licensor. Dear me! No! it's more this.

[*Dances. They all join in.*]
All Three. O, thank you! Now we know what to avoid. Good morning. [*Exeunt dancing.*]

LINES BY A STROUD ELECTOR.

Wot wrong there is in bribery, for my life,
 I can't see nohow, no more can't my wife.
 I ain't got no opinions to decide,
 Wy I should poll on one or 'tother side.
 What reason, wen I don't care witch to wote,
 Can I 'ave better than a fi-pun note,
 Unless in case the flimsy's ten or more?
 Or else wot good 's a wote to 'im that 's poor?
 No wus a Member nobody can't be,
 Because as 'ow he buys my wote o' me.
 If I 've got any views about the State,
 It is that property should 'ave its weight.
 My candidate is 'im as buys 'is seat,
 And pays the 'ansomest, and stands best treat.
 That party is the Liberals, I suppose;
 The more advanced the more as they bestows.
 And so the Liberal cause, and mine's the same;
 Or Liberal, I don't know wot means the name.

DEPLORABLE.

AN imbecile Correspondent writes to express a hope that "the passage of Venus across the Sun was not a case of *sic transit*, considering the sea-sun of the year."



STALL-FED, BUT NOT STALL-CLAD.

Bar-Keeper (to Country Visitor, who, on removing his Overcoat, reveals the glories of his Vest). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR WAISTCOAT AIN'T QUITE THE THING FOR THE STALLS."

Country Visitor (with indignant surprise). "NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A THEATRE! DIANG YIE IMPUDENCE! WHY, I HAD THAT WAISTCOAT MADE O' PURPOSE FOR CATTLE SHOW WEEK!"

CHRISTMAS CERTAINTIES.

THAT the mythical regions of Fairyland will be discovered near the latitudes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

THAT many young Gentlemen (from school) will fall hopelessly in love with angels in robes of gold and silver tissue, and wings of muslin.

THAT a very large number of "Diabolical outrages upon the Police" will be perpetrated upon Boxing-night, without attracting the official attention of the Metropolitan Magistrates.

THAT much valuable property—fish, poultry, and vegetables—will be wastefully and recklessly thrown about in many of the London Theatres between the hours of nine and eleven.

THAT many tons of Holly and Mistletoe will travel townwards by the railways.

THAT Turkey, in England, if not in Europe, will be the victim of a widely-extended massacre.

THAT there will be a large number of tiffs and jars during the blessed family gatherings of Christmas-tide.

THAT several thousands of tradesmen will do themselves the honour of enclosing "their little accounts."

THAT some one will try to kill the Waits.

THAT some one else will attempt to slaughter the regular Dustman.

THAT the inmates of the Workhouses will have one good dinner, and one good smoke for once in the year.

THAT too many children will partake too freely of all "the Delicacies of the Season."

THAT the Doctors, Chemists, and Druggists will for the next fortnight have more work to do than they can well manage.

And, lastly, that *Mr. Punch*, with a view to inaugurating for the whole world a happy new year, will end the year with his *Almanack*, and begin the next with his Sixty-eighth Volume!

SONG OF THE GENIAL SCHOOLBOY.

O, THE Silver Birch is a bonny tree,
And the Sugar-cane is sweet,
And, as they both do grow for me,
May they flourish in cold or heat!

O, I like my bread both thick and stale,
My butter both salt and thin;
I'm uncommonly fond of watery ale,
And I love to be kept in.

What other fellows call beastly prog
Is the very stuff for me:
I like to look down on a man with his dog
When I'm robbing an apple-tree.

I like to be tunded twice a day,
And swished three times a week;
But, by Jove and Jingo, old fellow, I say,
Don't I hate Latin and Greek?

BISMARCK THE BATHMAN.

THE *Times*' Paris Correspondent states in a telegram respecting the Ultramontane representative whom BISMARCK chaffed in the Reichstag that—

"PRINCE BISMARCK's recommendation to him to use plenty of water has created much amusement, HERR GEORG being rather negligent as to his personal appearance."

THIS HERR GEORG, or JOERG, or JÖRG, whichever his name is, perhaps combines new-fangled Ultramontaniam with antique sanctity, of which he may be imagined to live, intending to die, in the odour. The typical ascetic saint appears to have entertained a peculiar objection to water. With the exception of holy water, he seems to have been accustomed hardly ever to make use of water, except for drinking purposes, and to have made a point of specially eschewing water in connection with soap. But though the above-named Ultramontane Deputy may never wash himself, the Chancellor has given him a good towelling.

THE GREAT TOPIC.

THE Transit of Venus was "beautifully observed" at Indore. Astronomers in future will place more reliance on Indoor observations.

AN EXAMPLE TO MINERS.

HERE is a pleasant little anecdote extracted from a local paper:—

"A disgusting story comes from Coniston of a miner, named HALL, who was discovered by a policeman worrying a dog with his teeth. The human brute has been fined ten shillings for his cruelty, and ten shillings for being drunk."

THIS beats BRUMMY. The alleged fight between BRUMMY and "PHYSIC" was after all reported as a remarkable, and not an ordinary, occurrence. There was nothing to show that fighting personally with dogs upon equal terms was MR. BRUMMY's habitual employment or recreation. His combat with the dog "PHYSIC" would seem to have been got up for the nonce, so that perhaps it was merely a casual episode in his career. But the account of MR. HALL is that he "was discovered" by a policeman worrying a dog with his teeth; just as the policeman might have discovered a burglar labouring in his vocation by forcing a door. This looks as if MR. HALL were in the habit of worrying dogs after their own manner, at least whenever he is the worse for liquor, which is probably very often. MR. HALL may be imagined in that state usually crawling about the streets on all-fours, biting all the dogs that come in his way, and having fights with them in the gutter. What an example to his associates of the debasing effects of drink! Miners should beware of taking too much champagne.

ROYAL AND LOYAL STOCK.

At the great Cattle Show the champion Short-horn Cow was the property of the PRINCE OF WALES. Another feather this in the Prince's cap!

SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENT.—Waits playing Scales.

THE LORD MAYOR IN PARIS.



AS the LORD MAYOR of London has been invited to visit Paris in State, accompanied by the officers of his Court, on the occasion of the opening of the new Opera House; it is certain that the Monarch of the City will be received with the respect which every Parisian believes to be so eminently his Lordship's due.

We understand that the following programme (which has been evidently drawn up by a Frenchman with an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the English) will be found to contain most of the entertainments to be organised in his Lordship's honour.

First Great Festival.—Grand Military Review at Longchamps in honour of Son Altesse Municipale le Lor-Maire de Londres.

The troops will be commanded as follows during the manoeuvres; MARSHAL MACMAHON will direct the infantry, the "Cité-Marshall" will charge with the cavalry, and S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be at the head of the artillery.

Second Great Festival.—A Grand "Auction-Sale" (as in London) will be held in the Champs Elysées in honour of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres. Wives will be sold as at "Smeethfeld." One of the "gentlemans" of the Court of S. A. M. le Lor Maire—M. le "Town-Crière"—will be invited to preside.

Third Great Festival.—A Grand Tournament in honour of S. A. M. le Lor-Maire de Londres will be held on the site of the Hippodrome. S. A. M. le Lor-Maire de Londres will be invited to wear his ancient armour, and to take an active part in the combats. The "Cité-Marshall" may also be expected to practise the "Boxe Anglaise" with MM. le "Porteur d'Epée" and le "Commone-Serjeant."

Fourth Great Festival.—A Grand Ball will be given at the Elysée in honour of S. A. M. le Lor-Maire de Londres. The programme will be composed entirely of English dances. The ball will be opened by S. A. M. le Lor-Maire de Londres, who will dance the celebrated "Hau-Fling," the national dance of the peasants of "the Province of Putné." During the evening the "Pas-de-Jig d'Irlande," and the "Reel des Montagnards Ecosais," will be danced by M. le "Cité-Marshall" assisted by M. le "Town-Crière." The entertainment will be brought to a conclusion by a grand performance of the world-famous "Englis-Naval-ornpipe" by the troupe "des Watermens du Lor-Maire."

Fifth Great Festival.—State visit to the Grand Opera House. On this occasion S. A. M. le Lor Maire and MM. le "Town-Crière" and le "Commone-Serjeant" will be invited to wear their *costumes de gala*. S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be seated on the right of MARSHAL MACMAHON, who will have M. le "Cité Marshall" on his left. The younger members of the Court of le Lor Maire de Londres will, after the performance, be invited to an *orgie foudroyante* given by the Committee of the Jockey Club, to the most distinguished members of the French theatrical profession, at the Café Anglais.

Sixth Great Festival.—Grand departure of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres and his Court from Paris. The younger members of the Court (MM. le Town-Crière" and le "Commone-Serjeant") will be accompanied to the Railway Station by the Jockey Club and their friends. After bidding them farewell, the Jockey Club will crown M. le "Town-Crière" and his illustrious colleague with wreaths of flowers. A special Guard of Honour will be mounted in the Court-yard of the Railway Station to receive M. le "Cité Marshall" with salves of artillery. S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will ride to the Railway Station on an unbroken "steeples-chaser," clearing several "fands" erected for the occasion on his line of route, and will thus have an opportunity of showing his national skill as a "gentlemans ridere." MARSHAL MACMAHON will meet his august guests at the Railway Station, and there will be a grand distribution of decorations. The President will accompany S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres to Calais. At every station en route the

train will stop (after the English fashion) that the travellers may partake of vins d'honneur of "wiskey-gins" and "raff-raff." At Calais there will be a grand banquet à l'Anglaise. Prominent among the *plats* will be the national *pièces de résistance*, "rosbif, sirloin," "gigots saignants," and the *entrées succés* of "émince-pie," and "plom-puddin." After this the President will conduct his distinguished guests on board the Calais steamboat and bid them farewell. As the vessel starts for Dover, there will be a grand display of fireworks, concluding with a set-piece displaying "Fire le Lor Maire!" in gigantic characters; and not till the steamboat is quite out of sight will the President, after the three "ips" de *rigueur*, retrace his course to Paris.

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR AGUE may be found in *Punch's Almanack*: for the jokes which are contained in it will set the ideas so shaking that the sufferer will not feel the tremors of his ailment.

A PALLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—If the Gentleman with handsome chestnut Whiskers, who was travelling from Wimbledon to Waterloo on Tuesday morning last, and by a most unlucky accident forgot to order *Punch's Almanack* at the bookstall before starting, will apply for it IMMEDIATELY at 85, Fleet Street, he will find himself most HANDSOMELY REWARDED for his pains.

GO, FORGET ME! and when sorrow O'er thy brow its shadow flings, Mind you buy, or beg, or borrow That which is the best of things: Namely, *Punch's Almanack*, for 'twill cure you in a crack!—*Toujours à toi, GAETNA GREEN.*

INFORMATION WANTED.—Persons of the Name of SMITH, BROWN, JONES, HOOKEY, WALKER, TOMKINS, ROBINSON, and others, who are in Want of Information upon things in general, are recommended forthwith to apply for *Punch's Almanack*, which will be found to answer every expectation, as well as all the most momentous questions of the day.

MISSING.—An Old Gentleman, dressed in spotting costume, and wearing a bland smile and a gold-rimmed double-spectacle, Left his Home, on Monday last (to enjoy a few days' phreasant shooting), and is reported by his Friends to have been MISSING ever since. If this should catch his eye, he is earnestly entreated to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which is one of the best nerve-tonics ever yet invented, and may be thoroughly relied on to improve defective sight.

NO MORE GAS MONOPOLY.—The best substitute for Gas is *Punch's* brilliant *Almanack*; every single page whereof is so intensely bright and sparkling, that it will suffice to light up a whole drawing-room, and illuminate a dinner-table more than half-a-dozen burners of wateen-candle gas.

THE BEETLE TO THE BUTTERFLY.—Come and meet me in the gloaming, while the green is in my eye: When the wild, wild waves are foaming, And the cows begin to cry! Rather a dull look-out, eh, darling? Then, please bring *Punch's Almanack*, and that will cheer us up a bit.

WIVES WHO BEAT THEIR HUSBANDS in Kindness and Indulgence, and all the nameless small attentions that tend to make home happy, will not forget, of course, to order *Punch's Almanack*, which, by promoting wholesome merriment, is certain to contribute to happiness and health.

JUMPING JEMIMA.—Go to Bath or Jericho, or Jerusalem, if you like. Only get a *Punch's Almanack* to amuse you on the way.—Yours, old girl, affectionately never, AUGUSTUS ARTHUR.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Lost, by a Young Lady, on Friday evening last, while dressing for a dinner-party, a remarkably Good Temper, because her maid was slightly clumsy in combing her back hair. Whoever will prescribe a better cure for a lost temper than *Punch's Almanack*, shall receive, on application, the above reward.

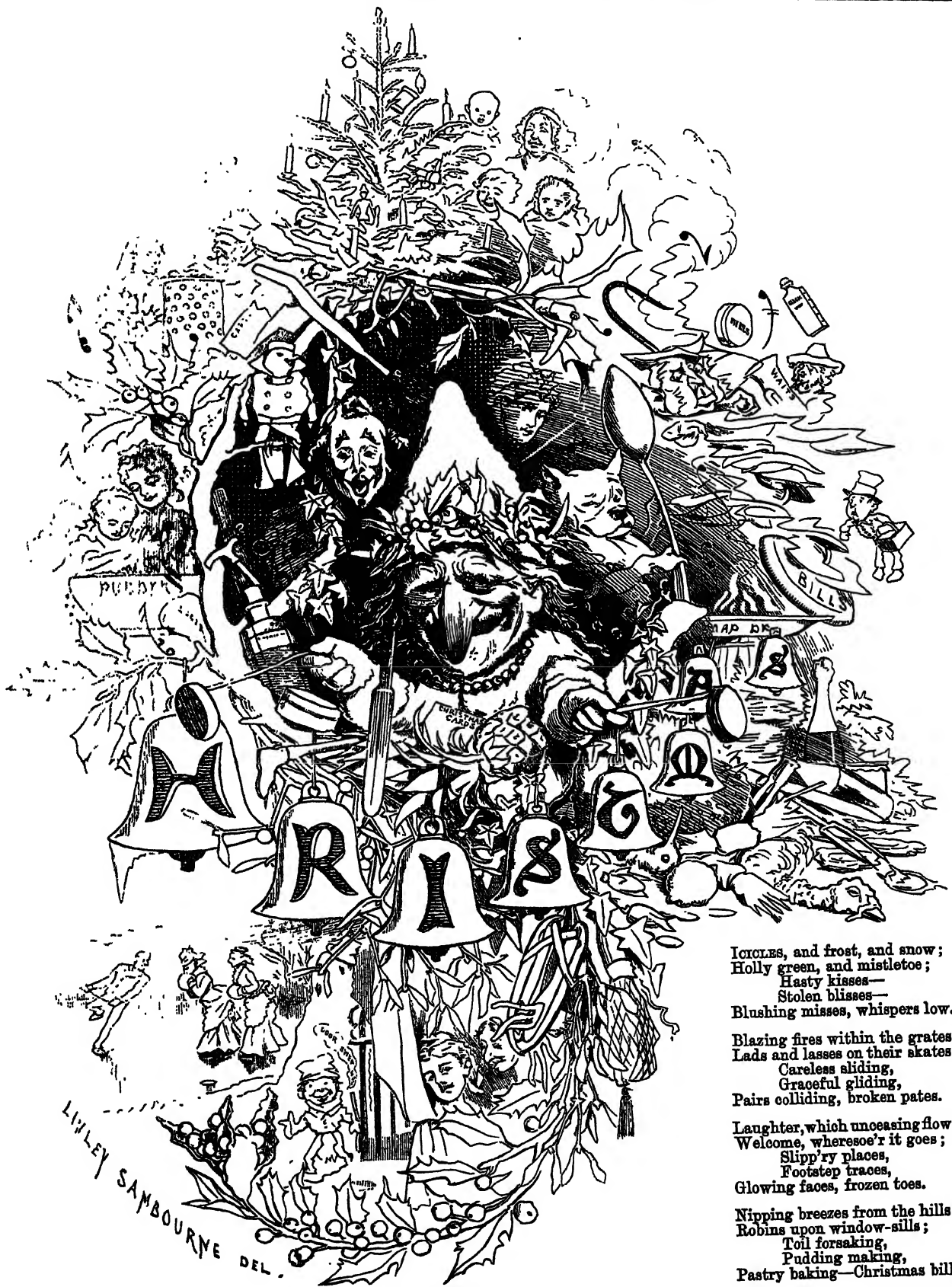
THE MODEL INSECTS.

The following information is extracted from the *Post*:—

"BEES, AND ANTS.—SIR JOHN LUNNOK, M.P., who devotes himself a good deal to Entomology, has been lecturing on Bees and Ants at the Mid-Kent Natural History Society. His details in regard to Bees, the result of prolonged watching, are rather unfavourable to the character of the favourite insects, which he charges especially with selfishness and lack of sympathy with one another. . . . He found that the warmth or coldness of his body had much to do with their friendliness towards him. As to Ants, his observations entirely confirm the common opinion of their steadiness, perseverance, and industry."

We are not, then, forced to give up all faith in both of the insect-models held up for our imitation by moralists. It appears that we can still believe in our Ants, although the Bee has been discovered to be all hum.

MOTTO FOR VENUS IN TRANSITU.—"The observed of all observers."



LINLEY SAMBOURNE DEL.

ICICLES, and frost, and snow;
Holly green, and mistletoe;
Hasty kisses—
Stolen blisses—
Blushing misses, whispers low.

Blazing fires within the grates;
Lads and lasses on their skates;
Careless sliding,
Graceful gliding,
Pairs colliding, broken pates.

Laughter, which unceasing flows;
Welcome, wheresoe'er it goes;
Slipp'ry places,
Footstep traces,
Glowing faces, frozen toes.

Nipping breezes from the hills;
Robins upon window-sills;
Toil forsaking,
Pudding making,
Pastry baking—Christmas bills.

Pantomimes on Boxing-night;
Princesses in dazzling white;
Goblins scheming,
Fairies dreaming,
In a wondrous blaze of light.

Children's parties, where the fun
Knows no end when once begun;
Childish fancies,
Timid glances,
Dainty dances—over-done.

Christmas trees all hung with gold;
Nuts and oranges untold;
Fond caresses,
Well combed tresses,
Thin white dresses—deaths of cold.

Joyful bells, that gaily ring,
And the gladsome tidings bring,
"Christmas morning,
Carol-borne in,
Heed the warning! Pray and sing!"

CANINE PROCLIVITY.



NE of the gentlemen, of whom, "Every one," says LORD BACON, generalising rather widely, "doth love a dog," and one who seems to love a dog rather overmuch, is MR. JAMES HOLDON, a pitman, of Rainton, near Durham. Would not HOLDON, by the way, be a somewhat apt name for a dog, particularly a bulldog?—and MR. HOLDON appears to have a good deal in common with the fiercer bulldogs. MR. HOLDON so loves his dog that he feeds him on mutton, which he refuses to his wife and children. He came home drunk the other night, and asked for the dog's supper. According to the *New-*

castle Daily Journal, in the report of an assault case, in which MR. HOLDON was the defendant and the complainant one ROBERT STOKOE, heard before the Houghton-le-Spring magistrates:—

"His wife told him that the mutton he had purchased for the dog had been cooked for the children and herself. Upon hearing this he knocked his wife down, and commenced kicking her, when the complainant, who was in bed, got up for the purpose of rescuing the poor woman from further injury, when the defendant struck at him with a chair, inflicting severe wounds. Afterwards he took the complainant's silver watch, to which was attached a silver guard, a half sovereign, and a gold lion, and threw them into the fire, in the absence of the complainant, and they were, with the exception of the silver, burnt."

The foregoing statement was attested by the defendant's wife; and it also appeared in evidence that MR. HOLDON was accustomed to buy the best of mutton for his dog, never letting his wife and children have any, but, whenever his wife asked for a piece, knocking her down, whence, then and there, before the Bench, MRS. HOLDON appeared with a black eye.

In justice to MR. HOLDON, it is fit to say that it further appeared that, while he gave his dog the meat he denied to his wife and family, he ate nothing of it himself except the offal. But perhaps HOLDON prefers paunch to leg of mutton. Then, too, his dog is described as a "racer." It may pay him to keep a winning dog in high condition with prime mutton; so that MR. HOLDON is a gentleman whose love for a dog may not be wholly disinterested. The Magistrates considered his partiality for his dog and his conduct towards his wife and family and fellow-lodger altogether to constitute "a most disgraceful case." They fined him two pounds ten shillings, and costs, or two months' imprisonment; and perhaps it is to be wished that MR. HOLDON may have been unable to pay the money, and is now in gaol.

A Wise Prelate.

THE genial Bishop who excused himself from coming up to Town to vote on the Public Worship Bill, because he had got "a garden party," should have said "a lawn party." Nobody then would have felt the least surprised.

"CHLORAL" CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,

I HAVE read in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* the delightful effect of a dose of Syrup of Chloral on any one about to take a sea-voyage. Soothing Syrup! It will be lovely of course at sea, but, O! how charming on land! for directly my wife— But no matter, I shall use it on myself: and I shall hear, see, say nothing, and feel nothing. How aggravated she will be!

Yours, in high spirits,

A MEAN-SPIRITED CREATURE.

The Birdcage, Henpeckham Rye.

WELCOME, Chloral! with all my heart. Now I can go to a Concert of the highest Art and most classical music, and "smile and smile, and be a villain"—I mean deceive my worthy relative, for whose opinion I have a pecuniary respect, into thinking that I am, what I am not,

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF BACH & CO.

DEAR SIR,

MY only reason for not going much to Church is on account of the Sermons to which I am compelled to listen. Now, however, away I'll go with my little bottle of Chloral and sleep snugly all through it. Aha! Glorious! With my little bottle of Chloral—sounds like an old-fashioned comic song chorus, doesn't it?

With my chloral loral, chloral loral,

Chlorallyloral
Ri tol chlorali do!

Yours ever,

A LOVER OF COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

SIR,

LET me recommend every householder to take a strong dose of Chloral on Boxing-Day. I shall, not being

A TIPPER.

SIR,

WILL the London Chatham and Dover and the Steamboat Companies generally supply "Chloral" regularly to the Passengers? They ought. If so, let 'em advertise at once, "A Full Chloral Service twice a day" between England and France. This will catch the Ritualists.

Yours sincerely,

(ONE OF THE SURPLUS POPULATION.)

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

(By a Groucher.)

THE Christmas Snow and Rain in the streets.
The Christmas Coals.
The Christmas Rates and Taxes.
The Christmas Boxes.
The Christmas Waits.
The Christmas Annals.
The Christmas Country Cousins.
The Christmas Amateur Theatricals.
The Christmas Children's Parties.
The Christmas Turkeys, Mince-pies, and Plum-puddings.
The Christmas Champagne of economic dinner-givers.
The Christmas Nightmare after.
The Christmas Doctor's visits.
The Christmas Family Quarrels, Buried Friendships, and Mournful Memories.

A CHALLENGE FOR £1000 BY MR. PUNCH.—Punch Office, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Mr. Punch had determined, after the success which had crowned his exertions during the last quarter of a century and more, to take a holiday for once and go out of town for a quiet day in the Country, but the pressing demands for his *Pocket Book* for 1875 being so enormous as to preclude all possibility of an idle hour, Mr. Punch has resolved to prove his gratitude and esteem for his liberal supporters and the public by offering them the very finest *Almanacks* and *Pocket Books* for 1875 ever seen, at the smallest possible percentage on the original enormous cost. In reality, these Works of Art and Genius are beyond price, are invaluable. They are adapted to the pockets of all. Hence the name so happily bestowed upon these Marvels of Literature. Mr. Punch's prices will appear so startling as compared with what the public have hitherto paid for works of treble the price and one-quarter of the intrinsic worth, that, to prevent any doubts as to the genuineness of the character of the goods sold by Mr. Punch, he offers to FORFEIT THE SUM OF £1,000 to any person who can prove that any of the *Pocket Books* or *Almanacks* sold at his establishment are otherwise than they are represented by him to be. A sample *Pocket Book*, beautifully bound and splendidly illustrated, will be sent free of charge to any part of the kingdom on receipt of Two-and-Sevenpence in stamps, at the Office, Fleet Street, E.C.



PLEASANT FOR HIS PA.

Anxious Parent. "WELL, ARTHUR, WERE THERE MANY FAULTS IN YOUR LATIN EXERCISE?"

Arthur (just out of School). "O! LOTS!"

Anxious Parent. "DID THE LATIN MASTER ASK IF I'D HELPED YOU?"

Arthur. "YES; AND I TOLD HIM THAT PAPA HAD!"

Anxious Parent. "WHY DID YOU SAY PAPA?"

Arthur. "WELL, YOU KNOW—I WASN'T GOING TO EXPOSE YOUR IGNORANCE, MAMMA DEAR!"

SMELFUNGUS ON SKATES.

Of all things, what Papa most hates
To buy his boys, must, sure, be skates.
The price of boots and shoes he pays
For trappings used perhaps three days.
A youth's foot grows; and that foot-gear
Will be too short for him next year,
Though it might be his junior's wear;
Then, like as not, the ice won't bear;
And thus, on small amount of play,
A sum of money's thrown away!
'Tis true that, should the ice be thin,
Your little boy may tumble in;
And, if perchance he should be drowned,
Skates will have saved you many a pound.
Still, that reflection will impart,
Perhaps, to the paternal heart,
Not all the solace which it might,
Viewed in a philosophic light.

DUE ELEVATION.

COMMENTING on the Dean of the Arches's judgment in the case of *Martin v. Mac-konochie*, a contemporary reassuringly remarks that "with regard to class No. 1" of the charges brought against the reverend defendant, "SIR R. PHILLIMORE ruled that the charge of undue elevation was not proven." Everybody but the bitterer section of the Nonconformists, and the Teetotal Prohibitionists must surely rejoice to find a Clergyman of the Church of England, whether Ritualist, Broad, or Evangelical acquitted of misconduct so very scandalous as that of undue elevation. At the same time, it is not saying too much to recommend all reverend gentlemen who persist in setting their Bishops at defiance and breaking the law, to keep themselves within the bounds of sobriety. This they will do if they will carefully confine their practice of elevation to endeavouring to elevate their hearers.

A MINE OF WEALTH.

LADY DUDLEY has been robbed of one of her jewel-cases; but while LORD DUDLEY retains his "black diamonds," the loss is not irreparable.

PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR LODGERS.—*Border-land.*

A TRIBUTE TO A VENERABLE FRIEND.

"On the 12th instant, MR. JOHN GREEN, late of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, aged 73."—*Times Obituary Column.*

FAREWELL, poor dear old PADDY GREEN of Evans's! Thy departure from this life below, or rather from that peculiar life of thine beneath the surface of the pavement of Covent Garden, is a source of grief to thousands. How varied was thy knowledge! how marvellous thy store of literary and theatrical anecdotes of bye-gone times! How amusing thou wert, beguiling many an hour of the night with stories of thine own experience. How astonishing thy memory for names and faces! Of all people in the world there was not, there could not be, one like thee for thy place at Evans's. Thou wert "Mine Host" in full swing of, generous hospitality. To pay for our chop or kidney, for our glass or glasses was such a pleasure as no payment for any other chop or drink in any other place could ever be. It did not seem like paying a waiter at the door, but like tipping a servant at the house of a friend where you have been most hospitably entertained and cheerfully served. What a Ducal creature thou wert, old friend, with thy princely wealth of snuff for all comers, thy warm-hearted pressure of the hand for thy special "Dear boys, dear boys," about whose hearths and homes thou wert, for the nonce, as deeply interested as though thou hadst been one of the family. But thou wert of the Family, of all families, for thy name was famous in all quarters of the globe, and familiar in the ears of those who never had, and never could get near to see thee in thine own court. And, be it remembered to thine honour, that

our good PADDY GREEN swept the midnight music platform of all its grossness, not at once, that had been impossible, but gradually, and with perfect and entire success. We of a past generation knew what it was, what he was obliged for a while to suffer it to continue, what he made it, and what he left it. Of what an ambitious scheme has made, and into what a new turn of modern taste has transformed, what once was the cosiest, pleasantest, most harmonious, and most truly melodious fire-side in London, 'tis not here the place to speak. For some time past such *habitués* of the old place as remained dropped in to call on PADDY and hear him talk over old times. *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*—this is the rule with crowned heads, but not with our beloved old friend and gossip PADDY GREEN. There is no one to take his place. It is better so. Long ere this thou hast been welcomed on thy appearance in the Shades by those of thy dear boys who were by thee most loved and cherished. Thou hadst thy full share of domestic trouble and affliction, and didst bear thee bravely before the world. Farewell, "JOHN GREEN, late of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, aged 73." *Requiescat in pace.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR can be enjoyed by every purchaser of *Punch's Pocket Book and Almanack* for 1875.

NO MORE COLDS OR COUGHS!—*Punch's Pocket Book* is a real treat for the Winter, as a publication not to be sneezed at.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.—Read *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1875.



INCIPIENT CHINAMANIA.

"O, MAMMA! O! O!—N-N-NURSE HAS GIVEN ME MY C-C-COD-LIVER OIL OUT OF A P-P-PLAIN WHITE MUG!"

STEAKS IN TOWN.

"A receipt, dated 1776, was produced for a payment of two shillings for eight pounds of steak."—*Times' Law Report.*

O PROGRESS is a noble thought,
Our glowing hopes to kindle!
With rifled guns our wars we've fought,
We've heard the words of TYNDALL.
We've seen the Church go merrily round
Through High, and Broad, and Low:
But we sigh for the steak at threepence a pound
Of a hundred years ago.

We ride by steam at a penny a mile,
And talk to our friends by lightning;
We skate without ice in splendid style,
So a cold bath is not frightening;
And as there isn't a cook to be found,
For they all to College go,
We long for the steak at sixpence a pound
Of fifty years ago.

Why 'tisin't as many years ago
We dwelt in Temple Cloisters,
And used to the cosy "Cook" to go
For steak and sauce of oysters:
But such juicy cuts at a modest price
No more the Cook can show:
And gone is the steak at eightpence a pound
Of twenty years ago.

With lots of science, not much use,
Our luckless brains we pester:
But none of our "ologies" help to produce
Two oysters for less than a tester.
And this Yule-tide, if you wander round
To the butchers' shops, I know
You'll scarce find the steak at a shilling a pound
Of but five years ago.

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."

THE whole of the Monument will be illuminated with coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns, between the hours of eight and twelve on Christmas Eve.

The principal dish on the POPE's table, on Christmas day, will consist of a noble baron of beef, supplied by a beast born and bred on LORD ACTON's Shropshire estate.

All the Bishops will assemble to see DR. COLENSO off.

In the Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques, the young persons who take part in the dances will wear thick dresses coming down to their ancles.

Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH will be serenaded by the Waits.

MR. GLADSTONE and ARCHBISHOP MANNING will exchange Christmas Cards.

The LORD MAYOR, the Sheriffs, the Recorder, the Mace-bearer and Sword-bearer, Gog and Magog, and the rest of the Civic Dignitaries, all in their state robes, will play publicly at Snap-Dragon in the Guildhall, as usual at this festive season.

It is calculated that the strings of sausages, sold in the London Market alone, during Christmas week, reached to upwards of sixty-four miles.

The Directors of the Bank of England will present a new half-crown to every applicant wearing a respirator, and carrying a flag embroidered with the City Arms, who can give satisfactory proof to their Solicitors that he is of kin to the Founder. The loving cup will be passed round in the Bank Parlour on this interesting occasion, and a display of fireworks will take place in the evening, weather and the state of the funds permitting.

With reference to the proposed Arctic Expedition, we are authorised to announce that the most complete arrangements have been made to photograph the North pole on a scale hitherto unattempted.

"CHRISTMAS NUMBERS."—The people who look forward every Christmas to the annual delight of seeing *Punch's Almanack*.



CHRISTMAS UP HIS OWN TREE!!!



- Advertising Genes, 225
 Advertising Offices, 111
 Advice on Explosive Matters, 163
 A la Mode, 102
 Alarming Accident, 62
 Among the Lawyers, 210
 Another Congress, 107
 Another Extinction, 123
 Appealing Idea, 165
 Arch and Key Stone, 1
 "Artissima" (The), 68
 "Arry's Mark, 86
 Art in Fashion, 176
 Astronomer at Home (The), 234
 Atom, the Architect, 128
 August Showers, &c., 101
 Awkward, 208
 All Public, 23
 Bachelors in France, 188
 Barbarity to a Horse, 143
 Bachelors and Bachelors, 83
 Base-Ball in the Vernacular, 86
 Bazzaire's Escape, 87, 133
 "Beating of my own Wife" (The), 211
 Benefit for Babies, 1
 Best Terms Possible (The), 113
 Better Do Nothing than Do-ill, 48
 Between Dog and Man, 74
 Between Puss and Paul, 93
 Beware of Birdstealers, 190
 Big Gooseberry Fuddling, 78
 Birds in the Hand, 220
 Bishop and King, 181
 Bismarck's Master Mind, 144
 Bismarck the Betrayer, 265
 Black Jobs in the Wind, 29
 Blood and Iron, 42
 Blue Book with a Rose Tinge, 145
 Bone of Contention (The), 243
 British Automaton, &c., 105
 British Iden (A), 121
 Bull or an Epigram (A), 152
 Bumping and Bumpers, 231
 Bumpkin on Boots (A), 221
 Bump or Boniface? 158
 By a Glasgow Book-maker, 252
 CABINET Manifestations, 47
 Cadets and Cads, 193
 Canine Proclivity, 218
 Causnet to the Comet, 22
 Capital! 147
 Carlisle and the Chancellor (The), 203
 Casualty Complaint (The), 52
 Caution, 176
 Change of Occupation (A), 164
 Chignons Off! 127
 Chivalry Afloat, 78
 Christian School of Science (A), 144
 Christmas, 267
 Christmas Certainties, 265
 Christmas "Crackers," 370
 Church in an Uproar (The), 166
 Circuitous Traveller (The), 169
 City Mulberry Trees (The), 105
 "Class" Legislation, 101
 Clerical Madcaps, 85
 Comet (The), 26
 Communist Culprit (A), 143
 Comparatively Happy Family, 200
 Competitive Examinations for Entrance into Infant Schools, 30
 Congress Mania (The), 135
 Conservative Schooling, 1
 Constellations and Outfits, 155
 Converse and Contrary, 47
 Conversion in High Life, 122
 Converts worth Crying Over, 165
 "Cool," 205
 "Correct Colour" (The), 188
 Correspondence, 121
 Correspondents to the Front, 207
 "Count-Out" (A), 225
 Cremation and Creed, 32
 Crystal Concerts, 167
 DAWKINSON and Darwinism, 201
 Decals of a Day, 13
 Decals of Daring, 102
 Defence, not Distance, 20
 De Grief, 36
 Deleterious Tracts, 103
 Democritus at Belfast, 85
 "De Profundis," 260
 Desperate Offenders, 230
 Desperate Resolves of the Last Man in Town, 73
 Difficulties of Dramatic Licensing, 268
 Disraeli on Circuit, 118
 Distress at Exeter, 153
 Dockyard Rate, 213
 Dogmatists on Dogmas, 210
 Dog v. Kerr, 209
 Don Carlos on his Country, 72
 Double-Headed Judge (The), 122
 Down in the East, 209
 Dress and Undress, 66
 Dry Humorist (A), 74
 Dual Domestic (A), 125
 Due Elevation, 269
 ECCLIASTICAL Divisions, 178
 Ecclesiastical Ordinance, 190
 Echoes from the East, 127
 Edinburgh at Liverpool, 153
 Effects of the Hot Weather, 45
 "E" in the Shade, 31, 58
 Election Puzzles, 8
 Eligible Investment, 11
 Eligible Tenement, 118
 "Elizabeth's Residence in a French Country House," 117, 126, 147, &c.
 England's Heart Disease, 257
 English Bull to Irish, 19
 Epping Forest for Ever! 218
 Escape of Marshal Bazaine (The), 96
 Essence of Parliament, 2, 12, 51, &c.
 Example to Miners (An), 265
 Execut the Six Resolutions, 40
 Expiring Copyrights, 230
 Extraordinary Juvenility, 167
 FAIR Conclusion (A), 20
 False Alarm (A), 168
 Fashionable Intelligence, &c., 118
 Fashionable Love-Song (A), 8
 "Fatty Degeneration," 41
 Feminine Adulteration, 284
 Fine Old Atom-Molecule (The), 247
 Fine Old Railway Passenger (The), 210
 First Train to Jeyrore (The), 176
 Flight of Fancy (A), 85
 Flowers of the Future, 265
 Food for Reflection, 250
 Force of Example (The), 287
 Foreign Intelligence, 125
 Forsyth Franchises (The), 25
 Forthcoming Novels, 200
 French Parliamentary Uniforms for the Hot Weather, 81
 Friend and Fisher, 72
 From Our Own "Occasional," 51
 GENERAL Good Faith, 32
 Geology of the Garden, 181
 Ghosts and Gosses, 85
 Girl-Market (The), 244
 Glossary to Railway Phrases, 211
 Good Fruit from Kindly Flower, 101
 Good Look-out for a Governor (A), 146
 Gone from our Gaze, 14
 Grave Possibility (A), 186
 Great Escape for the Bishops, 68
 Greatness in Decline, 47
 Greg as Cassandra, 166
 Guisot, 142
 Gun News from the Moors, 87
 HABITS of Eminent Men, 217
 Hamlet's Right Hair, 258
 Hawarden Wood-cutter (The), 214
 Health Question at Hampstead, 243
 Hebrews of the Hebrews, 264
 Heinous Atrocity, 245
 Herald of Doom (The), 51
 Here, There, and Everywhere, 261
 Hero of Romance (A), 146
 High and Low Art, 236
 Hints Gratis for Covent Garden Concert, 77
 History Repeating Itself, 82
 His Word as Good as His Bond, 102
 Holiday Happy Thoughts, 81, 106
 Home-Rating, 63
 Home Rule at Home, 14
 Home Rulers and Hierarchs, 20
 How to Make Home Happy, 146
 How to Receive the Enemy, 94
 Hyman in Exile, 207
 I don't like! 85
 If Fiji feel Fidgety, 67
 Ignorance v. Irony, 247
 Impressive Warning, 226
 In a Certain Direction, 20
 "In all Courts, over all Causes, Supreme," 68
 In 1890—Law! 112
 Infallibility of Punch (The), 226
 Infallible Intelligence, 244
 Infallible Inveigle, 218
 Innocuous Offer (An), 188
 In Highlands and Islands, 77
 Injustice to Ireland, 262
 "In such a Night," 265
 Is it Possible? 41, 162
 Is there a British Army? 217
 JAMES Redivivus, 117
 Kennedy Corrected, 73
 King of Clubs (A), 194
 Knives! 182
 LABOURERS in Devon, 178
 Labour for Hercules, 74
 Ladies v. Lords of Creation, 232
 Lady Advocate (The), 64
 Land Transfer and Law Costs, 25
 Larkly Illogical Association (The), 64
 Last Irish Grievance (The), 281
 Last of an Old Friend (The), 65
 Last of Sir Roger, 222
 Last Week's Work (The), 64
 Latest Intelligence (The), 151
 Law and Right, 9
 Lawn Tennis, 122
 Learning for Ladies, 189
 Le Cynicisme Artistique, 125
 Leicester Square—Renovate, 11
 Legitimate Science for Spain, 75
 Life by the Ocean Wave (A), 111
 Lines by a Stroud Elector, 264
 Literature, Science, and Art, 47
 Little Lay of Lincoln (A), 87
 Looking Over Lincoln, 84
 Lord Mayor in Paris (The), 260
 Lord Mayor's Nest (A), 156
 Lunar Rays, 222
 Luck et Lux, 64
 Lyrics on Lord Mayor's Eve, 194
 MAGUS among the Merchant Taylors, 4
 Man and Dog, 72
 Man of Letters (A), 168
 Many Misses, 147
 Mask on Meaning (A), 122
 Mayors and their Nests, 88
 Men We Don't Want to Meet, 283
 Methinks! 288
 Military Cookery-Book (The), 217
 Mill on Nature, 187
 Misplaced Criticism (A), 77
 Moral Insects (The), 266
 "Moderate Measures," 226
 Modest Proposal (A), 188
 Monk and Monkeys (A), 168
 More Effects of the High Temperature, 78
 More New Music, 181
 Mosquito-phobia, 104
 Movements of M.P.'s, 135
 Mr. Gladstone on Ritual, 145
 Mr. Punch's Own Orphonic Review, 255
 Music and Magic, 170
 Music at Worcester, 190
 Mystery and Music, 167
 Name and Fame, 199
 Name of Omen (A), 41
 New Entertainment, 128
 New Planet (The), 136
 New Steamer (The), 181
 New Tourists, 178
 Next Comet Year (The), 88
 Next War (The), 177
 Night with Lawson (A), 219
 No Alternative, 42
 "No Compulsion—only, you must," 26
 No Credit Given, 168
 No End of Controversy, 261
 No Nonsense, 116
 Northwards Ho! 225
 Notable Omission (A), 66
 Notes from the Highlands, 68
 Notoriety in New York, 167
 Not Quite So Green, 41
 November Fogs, 201
 Nut for Grammarians, 269
 OCCASIONAL Happy Thoughts, 197, 262, 292, &c.
 Oil and Vinegar, 188
 Old-World Omen on Old Ways and New Ones, 68
 One-and-Three! 78
 One for Your Eye, 92
 On the Road, 83

On the Square, 29
Order, Order! 72
Orthodoxy and Fact, 214
Orthodox Church Music, 252
Our Brummagem Lion, 204
Our Mayors, 211
Our New Novel, 7, 17, 24, &c.
Our Railway Relations, 98
Our Representative Man, 32, 121, 181, &c.
Our Sea-side Library, 97
Out-of-Season Speeches, 301
Outrage on a Clergyman, 170
Outrage on the Archdeacon of Taunton, 85
PAMMAL Intelligences, 181
"Pas Encore!" 244
"Passing Through," 112
Paternal Protectionism, 4
Pattern to her Sex (A), 18
Peace and Quiet, 198
Peculiar People, 86
Permissive Principle at Home (The), 10
Permissive Principle (The), 199
Pio-nio (A), 108
Pigeons and Crows, 287
Pilgrim on his Path (A), 118
Pilgrims, Now and Then, 108
Plingitude and Pauperism, 266
Plagues of both our Houses (The), 20
Plants and Animals, 105
Plea for Fair Play (A), 61
Plea in Bar (A), 76
Pleasures of Hope, 287
Plimsoll, 19
Point of Similitude (A), 41
Polar Expedition (The), 332
Polarity of the People, 176
Polemics in the Papers, 154
Politasse de Bismarck, 247
Political Astrology, 31
Post Haste, 138
Priestcraft and Pumperny, 177
Primes of Wales's Debts (The), 125
Professional Funsters, 132
Progress in Japan, 187
"Prohibitionist" Preaching, 238
Prophecy Nursery Rhymes, 245
Protop and Antipap, 160
Protestant Invention, 238
Publications of the Spiritualist Society (Limited), 20
Public Worship Regulation, 64
Punch and Protop, 96
Punch on Hamlet, 224
Punch's New Classical Dictionary, 258
Punch's Special Correspondents, 187, 200
Punch to Archbishop Taft, 88
Punch to Disraeli, 44
Purchase System (The), 219
Puzzling Announcement (A), 145
QUESTIONABLE PUBLICITY, 58
Question for Court Above, 33
Question of Nationality (A), 188
Questions Requiring Answers, 280
Quiet Churchmen, 58
REAL Irish Grievances (A), 18
Rabies among the "Roughs," 148
Railway Cookery-Book (The), 128
Railway Drama for August, 91
Railway Game of Excessions (The), 78
Railway Insurance, 148
Railway Passenger's Duties (The), 47
Railway Reform, 181, 193
Rain in Overdue Season, 9
Rare Sport for Sharpshooters, 161
Real Blessing (A), 128
Redhill Harvest Home (The), 98
Reflections on a Rainy Day, 186
Regal Example (A), 47
Regatta Rain, 10
Representative Women, 265
Reasonable Hours, 1
Regulations for the Jersey Militia, 86
Retired Lion (A), 184
Rite Revised (A), 245
Rival Pronouns, 8
"Rocks Ahead," 178
Roman Regatta (A), 112
Rome on Robinson, 181
Rough Roads, 228
Royal Visitors' Guide for 1875, 197
Rules Britannia! 141, 241
Rules for the Home-Rulers, 9
Rules for the Rail, 58
SACRILEGIOUS and Priestcraft, 175
Scientific Dialogue (The), 170
Saint Patrick, 65
Saint Phœnix, 148
Saints for September, 112
Saints of September, 98
Salmo and Ostræ, 248
"Salopians Flagellat," 62
Sanguine Idea (A), 116
Satisfactory Solution, 187
Save him from his Friends, 246
School-Board Inspector's Soliloquy, 124
Scientific Dialogue (A), 251
Scotch "Wut," 81
Scot in Switzerland (A), 102
Seasonable Advertisements, 266
Seasonable Music, 288

Seasonable Opinion (A), 42
Seasonable Present (A), 14
Seasonable Suggestions, 113
Selfish Surrey, 98
Serious Complaint (A), 13
Service of the Great Seal (The), 241
Shah's Diary (The), 158
Shakespeare's Line, 188
Ships and Men, 148
Shooting too Far, 68
Shorten your Speeches, 68
Shots for September, 112
Signs of Returning Animation, 230
Simple and Compound, 175
Sir Wilfrid at Home, 247
Sir Wilfrid the Good Templar, 97
Sixes and Sevens, 8
"Snoozing," 95
Social Science, 155
Social Science for the Ladies, 158
Soliloquy by a "Swell," 128
Somebody's Luggage, 64
Some New Entries, 252
Something like Business, 1
Something New, 182
Song after Sunset (A), 45
Song by a Certain Prince, 182
Song of a Shareholder, 133
Song of the Genial Schoolboy, 265
Song of Scotland (A), 219
Song with a Variation (A), 175
So Very Simple, 87
Spiritualism and Sanity, 84
Statistics of Conscience, 184
Steaks in Town, 270
Strictly According to Precedent, 11
Stroud—An Ode, 102
Substitute for the Steam-Whistle, 111
"Suburban Quiet," 199
Such Impudence! 23
Summer Manœuvres, 54
Summing up the Session, 65
TEMPERANCE NEWS, 118
Temperance Notes, 192
Testimonial to the Lord Mayor, 175
Test of Faith (A), 230
"Things a Lady would not like to Know," 136
Things Not Generally Known, 187
Things to be Remembered, 254
Thoughts on Returning Home, 165
Three Dinners (The), 184
Tiger-Killers and Tigers Killed, 203
Tithes! 211
To say "Puff, puff," 67
Tongue v. Trade, 145
Too Blunt Bismarck (The), 257
Too Liberal Tory (A), 38
Torpedo Too Many (A), 158
To the Young Ladies of St. Amorous, 233
To Those whom it may Concern, 22
Tourist's Troubles, 126, 168, 185
Tourney against the Turf (The), 67
Transit of Venus (The), 256
Trials of Tallow, 124
"Trifles Light as Hair," 57
Trip to Spaborough (A), 71
Troublesome Trio (The), 242
True and False Test, 56
UNREASONABLE OCCURRENCES, 235
Unseasonably Wut, 94
VASSAL-MAIDENS, 75
Vegetable Carnivora, 101
Venus at Home, 253
Very Same Stuff (The), 157
Very Warm Work, 83
Victimised Avenger, 62
Vivisection and Science, 257

Vocal Science, 152
Voice from the Solitude (A), 33
Voice of the Tempter (The), 63
WAIT of Smellfungus (The), 53
Waiting for a Rise, 167
Wanted, a Publican's Dictionary, 11
Ware Nuts, 166
Washing the Black Country White, 11
Waste Not, Want Not, 42
Wedge in the Workhouse (The), 53
Weary Wives, 74
What we are Coming to, 102
Wholesome, 201
Why and Because, 191
Why the Prince went to France, 179
Winter Amusing, 243
Wise Men of Peterborough (The), 214
Wise Men of the North (The), 242
Wives of Working Men (The), 142
Wolf! 218
Woman's Question (A), 188
Wonder in Wales (A), 226
Wonders of Modern Travel, 48
Wonders of the World Abroad, 123
Word for Winchester (A), 215
Word to the "Rough" (A), 133
Work for Somebody, 4

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AWAKING of Achilles (The), 26
Baber of Berlin (The), 183
Brummagem Lion (A), 205
"Busy B." (The), 119
Christmas up his Own Tree, 271
"Come unto these Yellow Sands," 69
Damp Roman Candle (The), 249
Demon "Rough" (The), 139
Empty Bags, 89
"Give and Take," 99
Great "Trick Act" (The), 5
Home-rule-opathy, 15
North-West Passage (The), 239
November Cracker (A), 227
Our Merchant Navy, 149
Pleasure-Excursion—"First-Class" (A), 79
"Punch" Anti-"Romaine," 49
Railway Responsibility, 129
Railway Revolution (A), 171
Real Conservative Revival (A), 50
"Second Thoughts are Best," 37
"Sick and (not) Sorry," 109
Sweeping the Stage, 261
Unexpected Cut (A), 215
Unsuspected Torpedo (The), 160, 161
"Voice of the Turtle" (The), 193

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

AFRAID he won't Catch his Funeral, 62
Antiquary and the Rubbing-pasts, 156
Artist and Model Class (The), 248
Bargain with a Bobby (A), 41
Benefit of Getting Wet Through, 193
Bishop going to Confirmation (A), 94
Breakfasting at a Bathing-Machine, 84
Brigades à la Mode, 257
"Bus-Drivers" Description of the Comet (A), 95
Car-Driving in Ireland, 74
Caster-oil in a Plain White Mug, 270
Catching a Star, 63
Cave by the Sea (The), 188
Claret Cup without Lemon, 179
Coachman and Good Made ra (A), 211
Coals—not Slates, 245
Compliment to an Author (A), 230
Consolation for Staying in Town (A), 88
Convention on Railway Pass (A), 12
Cook's Buller (The), 209
"Corked" Gynster (A), 173
Country Gent and Landlord on Barnard, 61
Dialogue in Provincial Drama, 254
Doctor's Boy Fishing (A), 26
"Don't buy an Ass-skin for a Hat," 218
Dreadful Murder in the Paper (A), 9
Easy Reading in Long Vacation, 14
Effect of Cooling Brevity, 235
Effect of Chugging Bear, 125
Effect of the Captain's Liver, 124
English or Scotch? 182
Fair Tennis-Players (The), 115
Fancy (Hall) Sketch (A), 13
First and Second Love (The), 250
First and Third-class Tickets, 187
Footman and the Library Volume, 21
Fox v. Phœnix, 191
George's Lesson in Physics, 213
"George's Toast is Extract of the Red," 254
Grandmamma and the Telegram, 31
"Hagyard's" "Man (A), 29
Halden's Advice to Hall Customer, 11
Hansom Cabby "Taking it Easy," 16
Highlander and Naval Lieutenant (A), 112
Hindoo's Religion (A), 130
Horse's Tail (A), 105
How the Jersey Cow was Bled, 184
How to Form a Yachting Party, 118
Insecticide for the Cattle-Show, 21
Jack and his Friend on Pony, 214
Junior Clerk wants a Holiday, 223
Kissing Dr. McQuackie, 36
Ladies in Striped Attire, 255
Lady District Visitor (A), 210
La Folle Musicale, 115
Leaving off Drinking, 261
Light-weight Groom (A), 235
Listening with his Nose, 33
Living Cattle and Cattle on Canvas, 171
Lord Tomnoddy's Drag, 152
Love (at Tennis) Means Nothing, 162
Maid and the Earwigs, 170
Maiden Lady and Dublin Street Boy, 134
Mamma's Muse at Home, 194
Master Tommy Doll-Drawing, 74
Miss Annie's "Kicking-Strap," 180
Moun's Distance from the Earth (The), 18
Mosquitoes or Gnats? 102
Mr. Muff and his Gamekeeper, 284
Mrs. Malaprop on Collations, 113
Mr. Punch "A-chasing the Liver," 41
No Second-class Smoking, 170
Not Currents, but Flies, 143
No Time to Look at the Pictures, 43
Old and New Pictures, 48
Oldest Inhabitant and New Curate, 223
Old Lady and Telegraph Clerk, 161
Omnibus Passenger's Destination, 242
One of the Three Living Painters, 82
"Only to be Won by a Horse," &c., 219
Paddlewheel's Collapsible Boat, 10
Paddy at the Chemist's, 231
Peas and the Latin Exercise, 269
Peace and War, 114
Pleasure Indulgence (A), 59
Four Sport and Dear Birds, 144
Footman's Offer of Marriage (A), 85
"Primordial Atomic Globule" (A), 135
Railway Porter's Bedtime (A), 220
Railway Ticket, with London (A), 65
Reading "The Burial of Sir John Moore," 4
Reason for being Carried (A), 198
Refusing his own Umbrella, 75
Rev. Mr. Dashleigh's Shippers, 153
Rustic's Appreciation of Sketching (A), 154
Sally and the Lapse of Time, 204
School-Board Perplexity (A), 92
Scotch Maherwoman's Business (A), 40
Scotch Uncle's Sunday Clothes (A), 174
Sea-Sick on the Wedding Trip, 8
Seeing the Comet Sideways, 31
Servants' Small and Early "At Home," 80
Settling Son-in-law (A), 19
Shooting the Better, 198
Sketch at Goodwood (A), 54
Strike against Long Sermons (A), 42
Studying Chronology, 53
Swell in the Club Smoking-Room, 14
Swell tired of Climbing (A), 18
Substitute for the Seaside (A), 145
Taking the Bride-Path, 104
Tame Phœnix, 164
Treeing a Tom-Cat, 176
Waistcoat for the Cattle Show (A), 265
Waiting for the Phœnix, 274
Warning the Thermometer, 266
Watching the Dogs, and Killing Game, 142
Watering the Gas, 123
Whiskey diluted with Gdn, 252
Wishing to see the Folly of One Ball, 157
Wonderful Sea-side Appetite (A), 133
Uncle George's Grey Hair, 58
Young Smoker on a Railway (A), 44



